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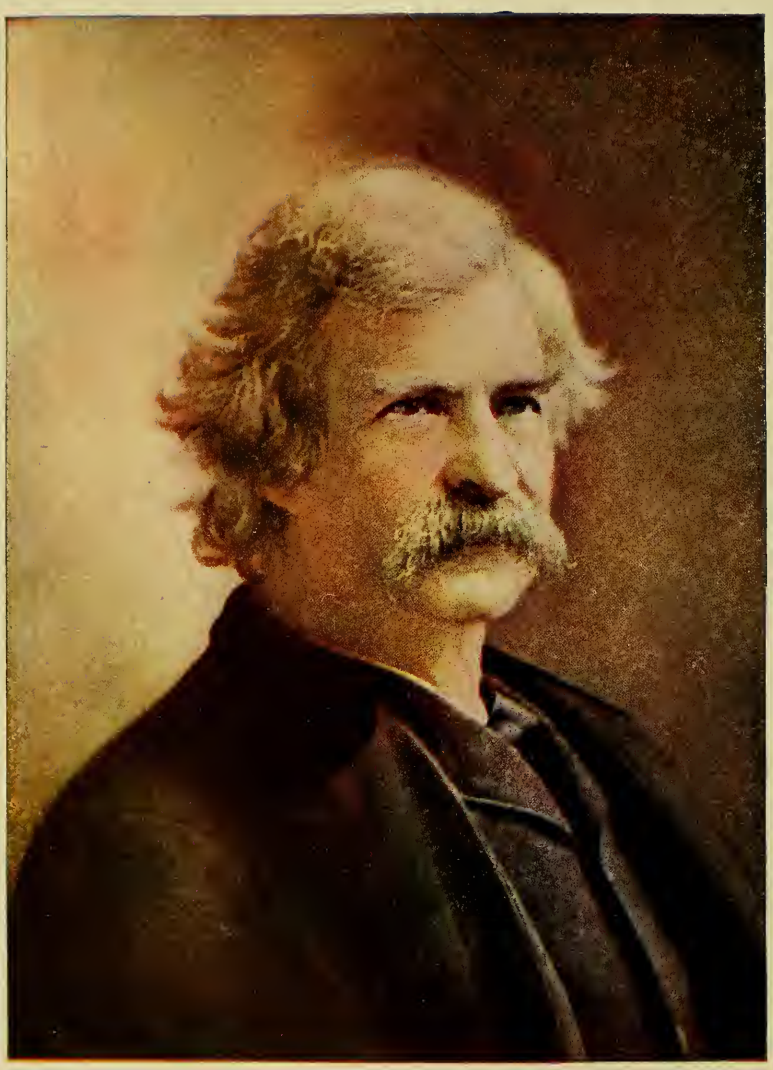

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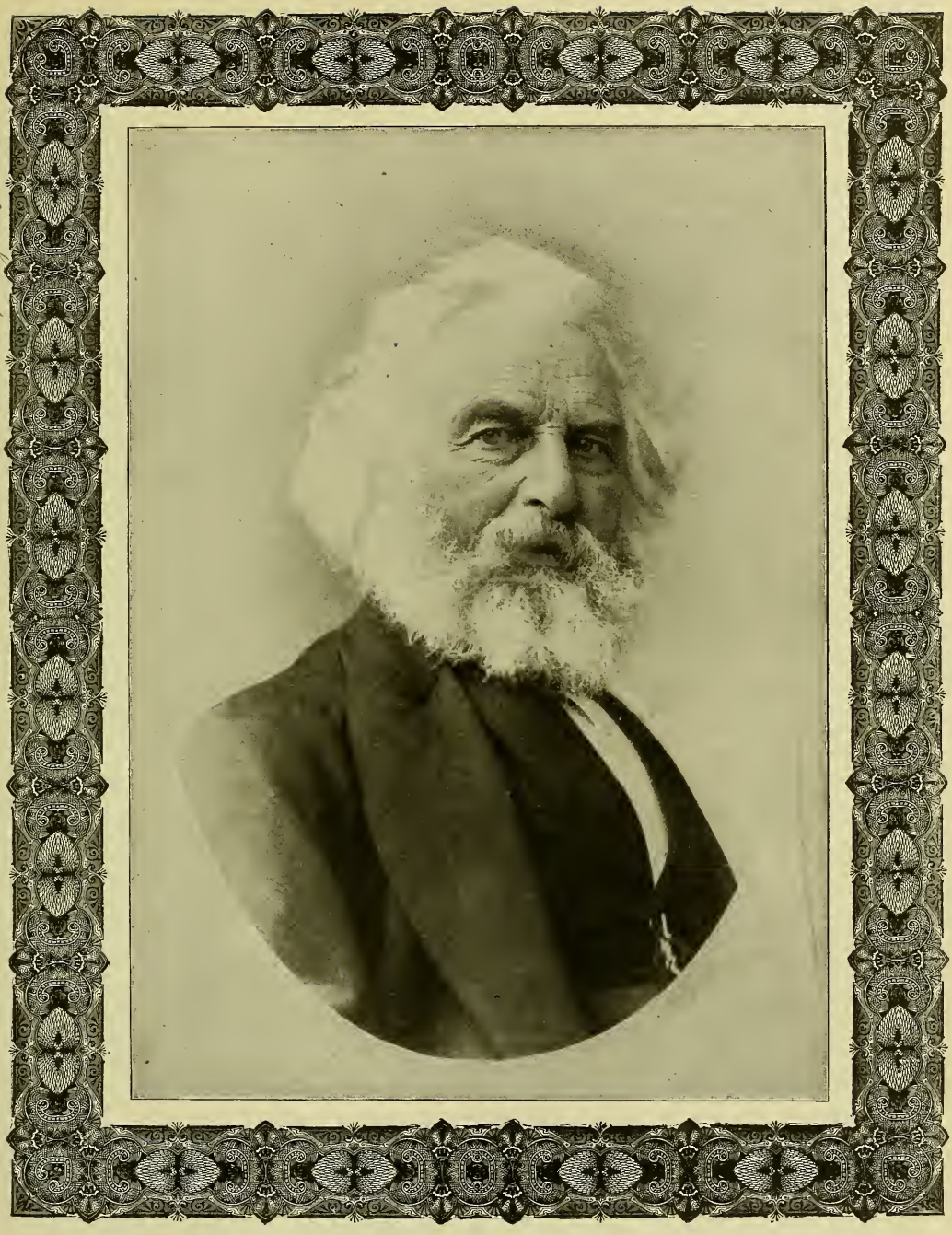
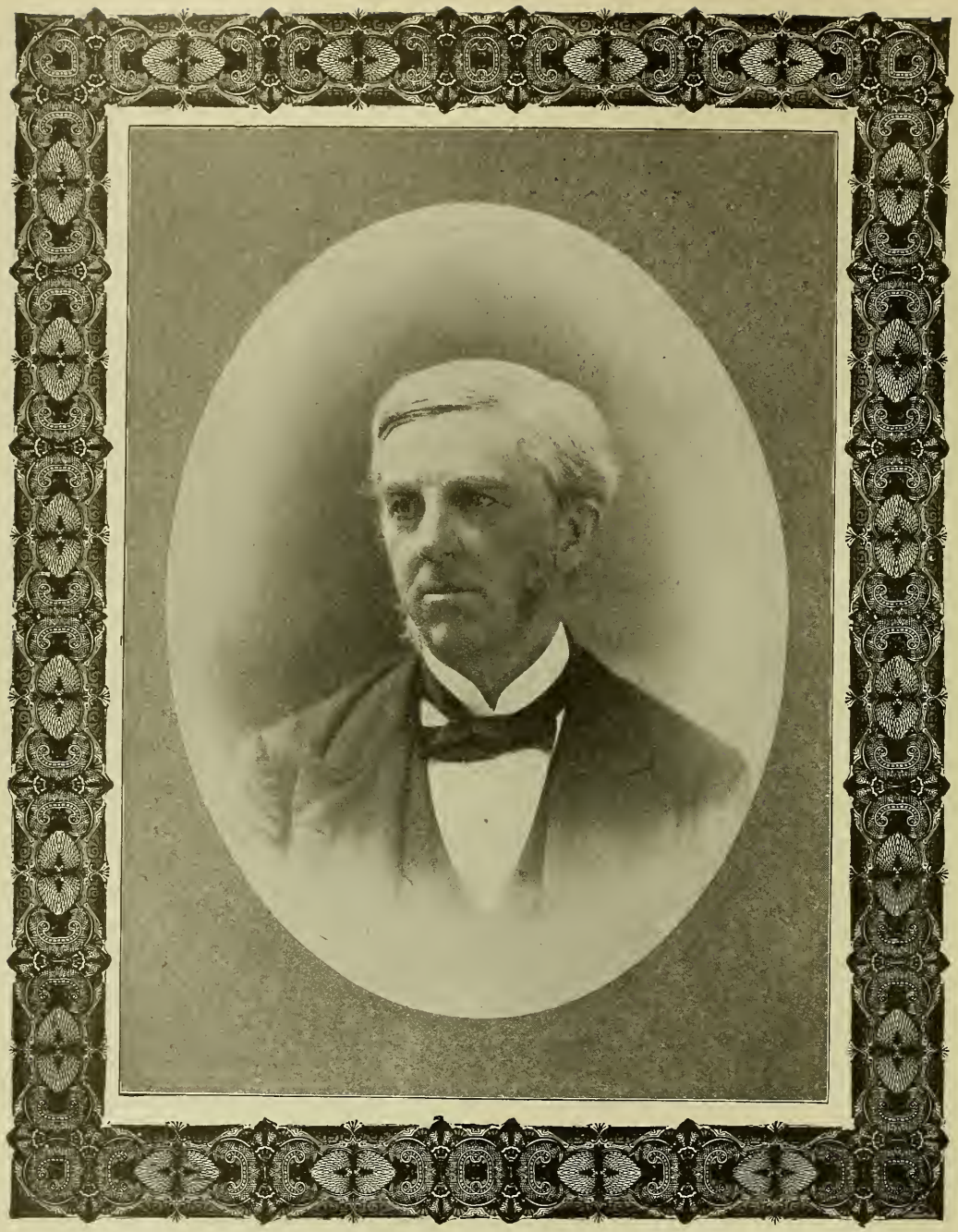


HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was thirty-two years of age when his first book of verses was published. When "Hiawatha," "Evangeline," "Miles Standish," and creations of that class came out, the sales were very large. Longfellow was a scholar, a devoted student and a literary genius, whose fame will grow with the advancing years. He spent many years in Europe, and at the time of his death, in 1882, had occupied the chair of belles lettres at Harvard University nearly forty-five years. He was born in Maine in 1807. He is regarded by many as the most representative poet to whom America has given birth.

a. m. P. Aug 27, 1915



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, the poet, was primarily a physician, although he studied law at the same time he was attending a medical school. He was professor of anatomy at Dartmouth College and Harvard University for a time, and then began the practice of medicine in Boston. Writing verses was natural to him, and he first began his poetic career while a student at college. In 1857, when forty years of age, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" was issued, which made his standing in the literary world secure. He was a native of Massachusetts. His death occurred in 1894. His son is now a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

PREFACE

FOREMOST in the preparation and presentation of this work one great object has been sought—to place in the hands of the entire household gems of literature calculated to uplift, broaden and awaken that which is noblest in each nature. The grandest and most sublime efforts of the world's greatest authors have been gathered in concise form, affording to the busiest man, the woman encompassed by multitudinous duties or the child barred by circumstances from access to the great libraries opportunity to become familiar with those who achieved most in the world of letters and to enjoy the most striking types of their literary products.

Poet, novelist, historian and dramatist alike find a place within its covers. The honored writers of the past who have gone to their last reward breathe forth their messages of hope, love and ambition from these pages. The living members of this guild that has done so much to enrich mankind have not been neglected. Their burning words in story, song and essay will here be found, inviting closer acquaintance, and endless source of amusement, instruction, and—to the thoughtful—inspiration.

In this day of universal education and of popular cultivation of the arts and sciences it is the acknowledged duty of each individual to move with the procession to the best of his ability and assimilate his full share of knowledge and culture.

Books are the only things that never die. To that fact we owe the education, culture and refinement of this period, for we have as our grandest heritage everything that man has acquired of a useful, enlightening or entertaining character, and set down in books, through the ages of the past.

Carnegie and other great men of vast resources have felt it their obligation to the world to devote their wealth to the dissemination of learning, inspiration and hope through the establishment of libraries where less favored men could draw on this heritage through the medium of books. The same work has long been undertaken by municipalities, villages and organizations of all kinds, including churches and Sunday schools.

A grand result has been accomplished, yet the lofty aim has failed in part. The failure is in this: although we as a people maintain all men are born equal, no solemn declaration nor effort on our part has ever resulted in equalizing opportunity. While libraries teem with the wealth of the ages in book form, the business cares and demands crowding on many men prevent them from bestowing upon themselves the time to read that for which their souls crave and which would do so much to advance them socially and in a business way. The same is true of countless thousands of busy housewives, devoting their time and energy to husband and children at the sacrifice of their own mental development.

The circumstances that abridge the opportunities of the parents reflect with increased force upon the children and deprive them of the intellectual food that has now

become a necessity. To those living amid the fields that feed the world this analysis will appeal as a bitter truism. With ample means at hand and the leisure that winter brings, they must still contend with environment as a handicap in the race of life. The isolation of the small town and the farm operate to abridge opportunity in this direction regardless of prosperity in a material way and the proud independence that is the chief glory of the husbandman.

It was with a full appreciation of these facts that the work of preparing this volume was undertaken, in the belief that a fruitful yet neglected field invited the labor. From almost innumerable volumes the best efforts of their authors have been culled, affording at least one example of the writer's ablest effort. In many instances several selections are given, affording opportunity to contrast the style and moods in which the producer worked.

Here then is in brief an introduction to the recognized authors of the world, both those of today and those who have gone before. It is an opportunity to meet the famous writer in his happiest mood when he is at his best without the expenditure of time necessary to grope with him from his early efforts until the period when recognition has been forced. Instead of pursuing that long and tortuous method of gaining close acquaintance, we greet him at the psychological moment when he has won fame and attained success with a stroke of the pen. The very words that won for him are the medium of the introduction.

More than a mere introduction to any single author, however, it is the aim to make this volume the literary "open door"—not to the east, nor to any section, but to the entire world of letters. Through this "open door" we will enter at the most interesting moment, being ushered into a vast congress of writers of all climes and all ages. Each is seeking to bestow upon us the best he has to give. Casting aside in forgetfulness our unpreparedness, due to neglect or lack of opportunity in the past, the common usages of good society compel us to feel at home at this reception.

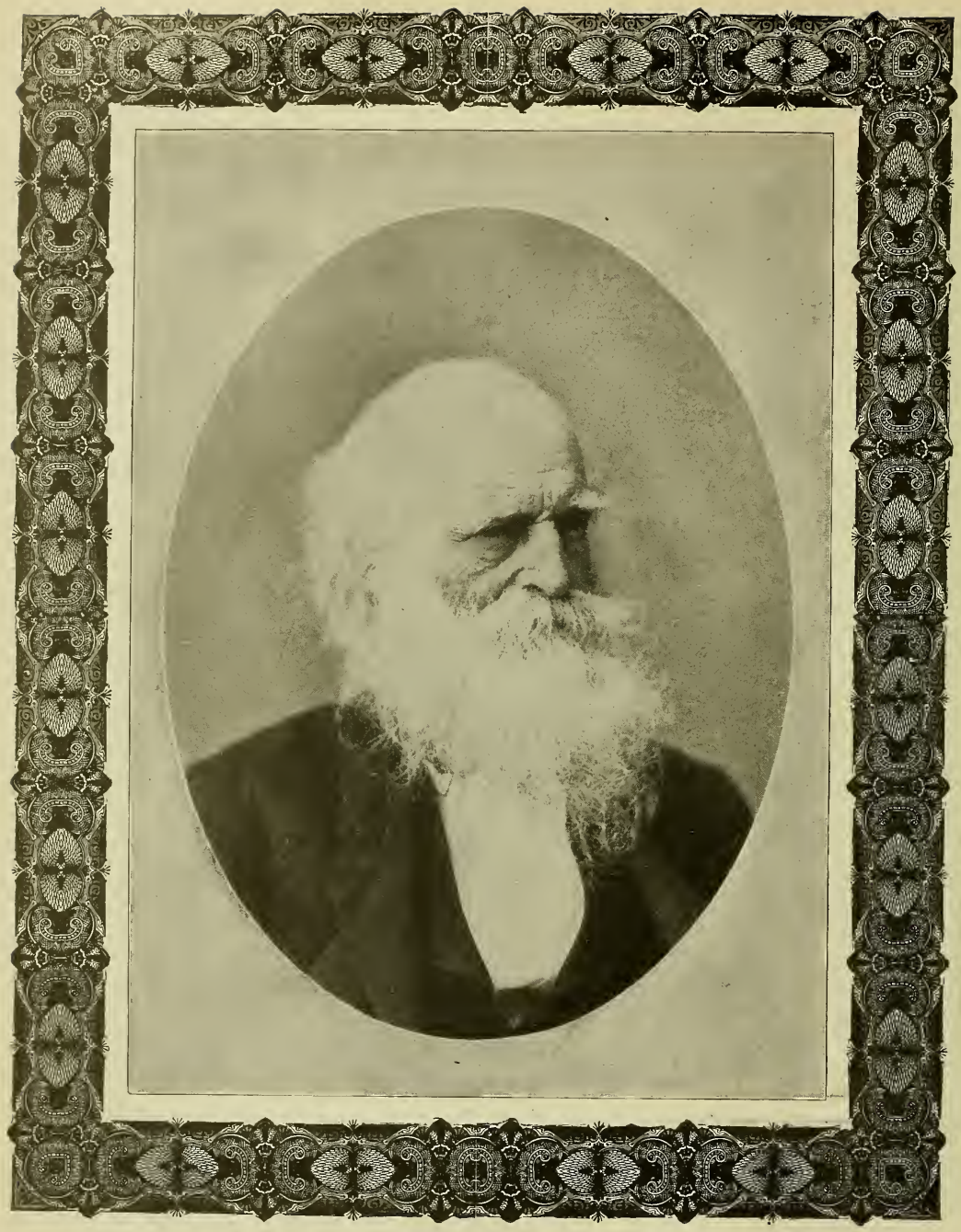
Concealing from even ourselves for the moment the countless demands upon our time, duty compels us to enjoy the hour to the uttermost. The hour! Not one, but many hours—yea days, weeks and months may be passed in this goodly company with profit to ourselves and to those with whom we will come in contact and upon whom will reflect the lofty thought, the polish and the understanding we shall acquire in this classic society.

Nor will the flight of time dim the friendships we shall make or the vistas of sound thought and the avenues of pleasure our new acquaintances open to us. Throughout the fleeting years the "open door" shall beckon, enticing us to brief sessions with old and honored friends and inviting us to make new ones.

And these friends are the kind that are firm and true. Neither trouble nor adversity will cause them to desert us. If we drink deeply of the proffered glass of friendship, if we quaff in hearty spirit from the loving-cup, loneliness shall become a forgotten term, meaning naught to us. Who would be lonely when on the book shelf or table near at hand rests a magic casket, which needs but to be lifted and opened to send trooping forth an army of comforters and entertainers. To prove such a boon this work was designed.

To the tired man, wearied with the common-place drudgeries of business or industrial life, this casket will summon philosophers with soothing and optimistic truths that will drive dull care away. Or, if occasion require, from its depths he may call forth orators whose noble and inspiring utterances will impart new strength and awaken dormant

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS is one of the most popular writers of fiction in America, and his works have had a wide circulation. The most conspicuous feature of his books is their absolute cleanliness. He has never written anything of an immoral or suggestive nature, and for this reason his influence upon the literature of the United States has been for the greatest good. He is one of the classic authors of the time, the purity of his English being worthy of study by young men and women who have an ambition to make names for themselves in the realm of literature. Mr. Howells has lived in the East many years, having journeyed there from Ohio, where he was born in 1837.



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, poet, editor, lawyer, and ardent student of literature, was a descendant, on his mother's side, of John Alden; his family characteristics were those of the stern and severe Puritans. Bryant was born at Cummington, Massachusetts, in 1794, and died in New York City in 1878, where, for many years, he had been the editor of the Evening Post. He began to write verses at an early age, his father encouraging him in this, and was but eighteen years old when he composed the imperishable "Thanatopsis."

ambition, urging him on to action when he would procrastinate and perchance do nothing more. Wit, too, that most subtle of gifts, will obey his call and come forth with smiling face and unctuous jest to make merry an otherwise sad hour.

Woman, weighted down with the multiplicity of details that are the lot of the sacrificing wife and mother, will find within this magic casket many valued friends. The soft voice of the poet will assail her in unhappy moments with a message of love and cheer and hope, awakening the echoes of music of other days, half forgotten in the humdrum of daily existence. To her the writers of her sex will softly whisper words that will awaken vibrations in her own heart. Their tears will mingle in a common cause, in the sunshine of their pages she will find joy and in the incidental philosophy repose and peace.

The growing child, budding to manhood or young womanhood, who ere long must bear the brunt and burden that is the common fate of all on this mundane sphere, may turn to this modern Aladdin's lamp with a certain knowledge that the genii it will call forth shall serve with faithful purpose today, tomorrow, and so long as life may last. Truth, virtue, honesty, uprightness, honor, morality, wisdom, philosophy, ambition, courage, charity, steadfastness of purpose—all these and many more constitute the genii.

It is with these attributes the great writers of prose have dealt. They have formed the topic of the poet's song and the foundations on which the eloquence of the orator have rested. Shall it not profit the growing child to have these grand qualities exalted before his receptive mind while that mind is yet forming? Exalted, not in commonplace, homely and unattractive phraseology, but with all the force and with all the embelishment that the master minds of the world have been able to bestow!

The child may summon one of the genii and receive a selection suited to his or her elocutionary ability for rendition in school or elsewhere, proud in the knowledge that the selection is the best of its kind the world affords. He may find comfort, pleasure and education within the pages of this book and at the same time without effort grasp with lasting force the great truths upon which character is founded.

It has been no small undertaking to attempt so comprehensive a work within the covers of one volume and it was with a spirit of reverence the task was approached. It is not contended that all that is masterful, beautiful or entitled to recognition is presented. Rather it has been the aim to select the best production, or group of productions, of each author and publish it as a sort of key to the character and ability of the producing genius. To weigh the literature of the world in order to reject that considered unavailable for a volume of this kind has been no light and inconsequential undertaking.

It is not unlikely that discussion may arise over the selections made. After all, individual judgment of literary values narrows down largely to individual preferences, and in this respect the greatest differences prevail. The most casual glance, however, will make it at once apparent that the compilers have exercised conscientious judgment, free from all prejudice in assembling the gems of thought that have been included. Physical limitations alone made necessary the rejection of many writings entitled to high praise. The latter, while in many instances popular, are in no instance as close to the heart interest of the people at large as those accepted for publication.

Heart interest—the real preference of real people of flesh and blood and thought and action—has ever been kept uppermost in mind in the work of selection, without,

however, losing sight of the primary question of literary worth. In consequence the volume breathes of action, attainment, accomplishment. It is well that such is the case for the modern demands on our energy are so great that every stimulus that is pure, wholesome and healthy is a blessing.

Any who may feel that their favorite author has been slighted in not receiving greater recognition than has been accorded him or her will do well to bear this explanation in mind. All have been treated fairly and all deserve the space allotted them—and perhaps more. Others, perhaps thousands, who are struggling to enrich the world in thought and sentiment are worthy of every consideration. Yet it must be remembered that this volume is not an attempt to present all that is good in literature, but all that is best.

In conclusion it is to be hoped that sometime, somewhere in this volume each reader will find something that will awaken within him a desire to follow the thought of some particular author further and to partake more fully of the good things he or she may have given to the world. If that result follows mankind shall have indeed profited through this little echo of the great voice that speaks in all tongues, in all lands and throughout all time—literature.

The book has worked miracles since first human ingenuity guided by divine intelligence gave it birth. It has been, perhaps, the most potent factor in working out human destiny through evolution. It has brought down through the centuries religion and the story of the fellowship of man; it has opened the way for laws and reforms that have made whole nations free; it has handed from generation to generation the ever increasing scientific knowledge that enables the almost blind to see, the lame to walk, and the dying man to look with hope for the coming of the hurriedly summoned physician.

Today the book is teaching all men, rich and poor alike, to think; and with the growth of thought all despotism, injustice and dishonesty shall ultimately pass away. Equality in capability to think is the coming power that gives promise of making all men truly equal in fact, in opportunity and in prospects.

Accept, then, this "open door" not only as a personal introduction to some of the great men who have aided in setting this mighty power in motion, but as a tribute to them and to their work. Let us enter, then, as gladly as though it were a triumphal arch erected to their glorification. We shall be well repaid by the sunshine that glows within.

MARSHALL EVERETT.

MURAT HALSTEAD is a journalist whose career began about 1850. He was present at the execution of John Brown, in 1859; was correspondent and staff officer during the War of the Rebellion; was correspondent during the Franco-Prussian War; has reported every Republican National Convention since 1856, and was editor and proprietor of the Cincinnati Commercial many years. He was born in 1829. He has written many books that have had an extra large sale, some of them selling over a million copies.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, author, preacher and scholar, was of Boston birth; he died at Concord, in 1882, at the advanced age of seventy-nine. Emerson's character was a beautiful one in every way; his writings have a grace and charm possessed by none others; his ideals were always high, as is evidenced by his advice to the aspiring youth of America—"Hitch your wagon to a star." His pulpit oratory was simple, eloquent and effective. In 1833, while in England, he visited Carlyle, Coleridge and Wordsworth and formed friendships which were only terminated by death.

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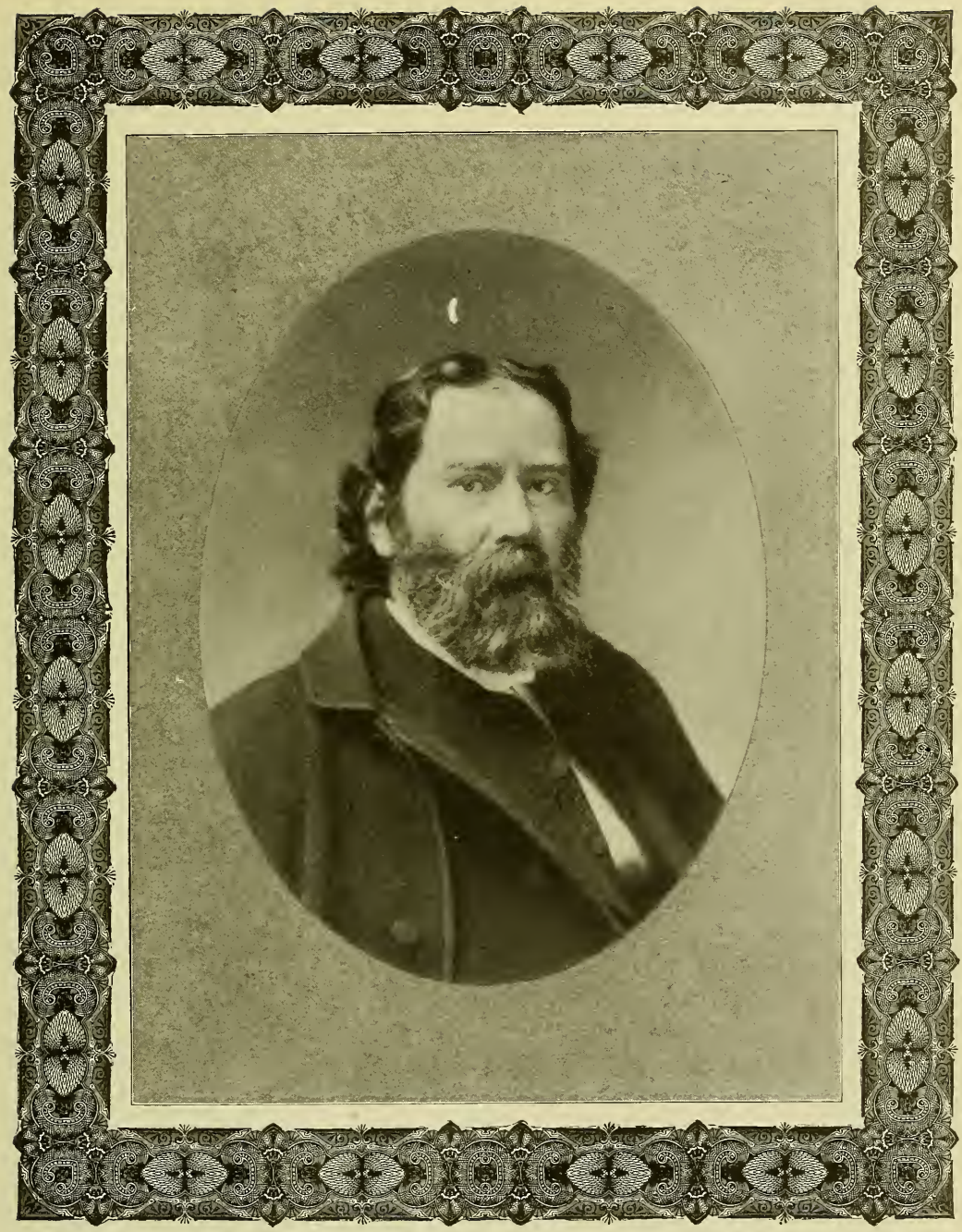
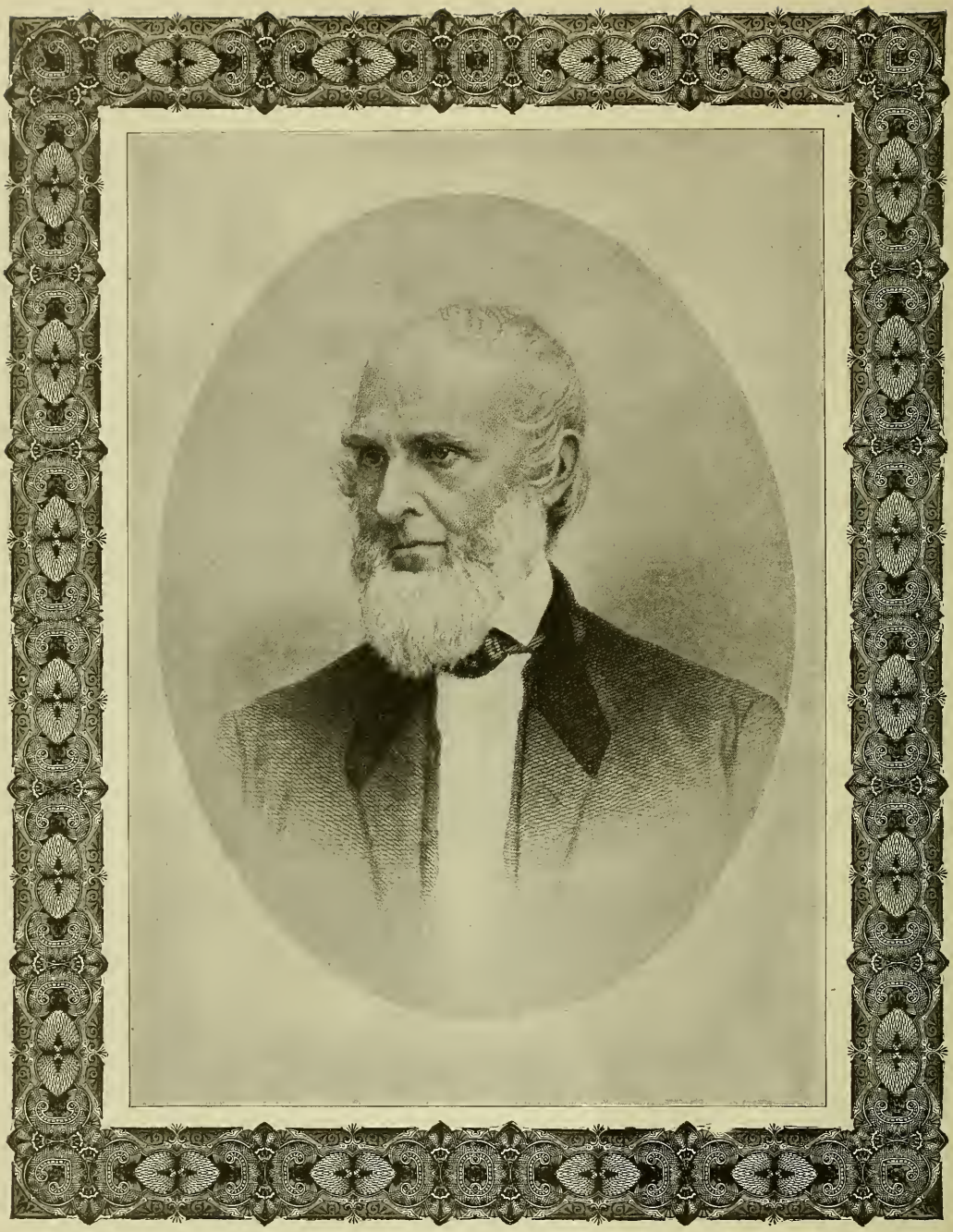


JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, poet, lecturer and diplomat, is given high place among the eminent literary geniuses of the Nineteenth Century. He was sent to Spain and England to represent the United States at Madrid and London, and his labors there were of the utmost advantage and benefit to this country. Among his poetic productions the "Vision of Sir Launfal" and the "Biglow Papers" are the best known. Many of his essays were written while occupying the chair of modern languages and literature at Harvard University. He was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1819, and died there in 1891.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, the Poet of Freedom, is dear to every American; he wrote for the human heart, for the affections, wrote of pure love and sweet affection. His poem about the little girl, who was his sweetheart in his school days, will live as long as language itself. The first line, "Still sits the school house by the road," recalls sweet memories of childhood's happy days. He was born in Massachusetts in 1807 and died in 1892. A life well spent and full of honor.

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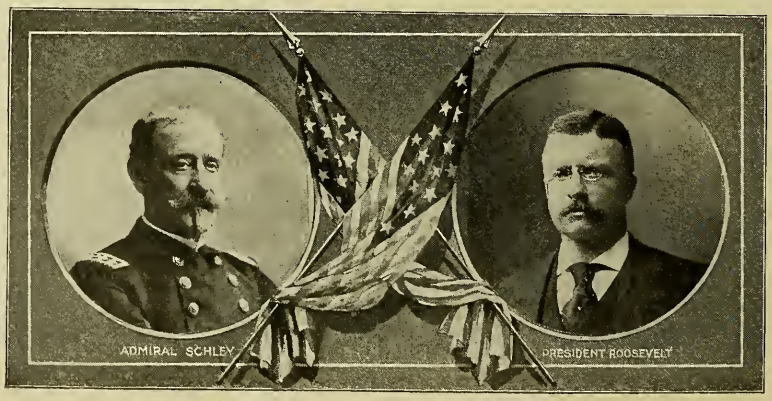
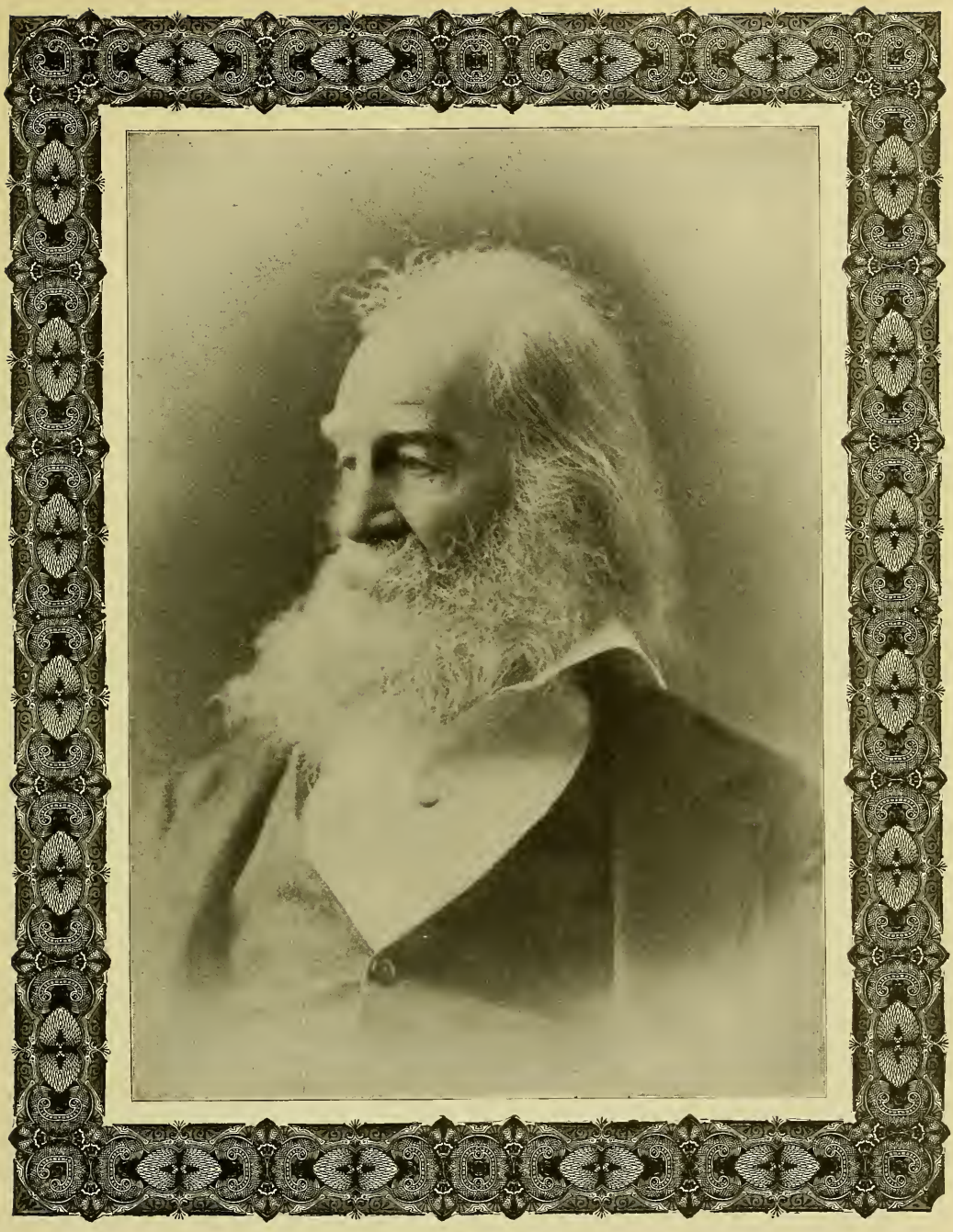


HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, sister of Henry Ward Beecher and author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a work which has been translated into nearly every language on earth, did more, in all probability, to arouse the people regarding slavery than any other person. It is somewhat surprising to learn that for two years or more Mrs. Stowe could not find a publisher to take chances and issue the book. When it finally came out the sales were phenomenal. Within a year fully a million copies were taken in the United States and Great Britain. She was a native of Connecticut, born in 1812, and died in 1896.



WALTER—"WALT"—WHITMAN, the "Good Gray Poet," had a love for humanity and nature which was ever abiding. Whitman learned the printer's trade, taught school, and during the Civil War, from 1862 until 1865, nursed the sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals and at the front. Whitman was a poet of broad sensibilities, humanitarian impulses and boundless affection. Whitman loved to wander in the woods and fields, delighting in everything, finally embalming his joyousness in verse. Among his productions, "Leaves of Grass" is the most familiar. He was born on Long Island in 1819, and died in 1892.

HOMES OF SOME LOVED POETS.

WITH Longfellow can be associated with interest three homes—two in Portland, Me., his birthplace and his second home. Of the first little can be said in connection with his life, more than its being his birthplace, as so short a period of it was spent there. It is a four-story frame of square pattern, and it was built more for room than elegance. It is now a tenement house. Quite an amusing incident is told of an answer given one of the Portland teachers when she asked a class where Mr. Longfellow was born. A bright little fellow's hand went up and his answer was "In Patsy Milligan's bed-room." While the boy was correct, as the said Mr. Milligan was at the time occupying part of the house and had as his bedroom the one in which Mr. Longfellow was born, the statement seemed so laughable that it soon became a standing story told to each visitor.

In this house were spent many of the days of his youth, and in it were written some of his choicest productions. To the right as you face the house, the second-story front room is the one in which the "Rainy Day" was written. That alone makes it worth quite a pilgrimage to see, and if ever you should be near Portland, Me., by all means make his birthplace and home a visit, and you will be more than repaid.

The world of to-day and for all time to come will almost universally associate Mr. Longfellow with his last home—the one at Cambridge, Mass. Here he spent about forty years of his life and gathered about him those treasures and gifts which make his home such an interesting place to visit.

"Craigie House" stands on Brattle Street, and has a history. Built about the middle of the eighteenth century, it passed from owner to owner, each of whom was widely noted in his day and way, and has continually been a house of public notice. Possibly more exciting events occurred within its walls while in the possession of its former owners, but the sweetest memories cluster around it since 1843, the time Mr. Longfellow bought it. The first owner was Colonel John Vassol, a gentleman of distinction, and it remained in his possession until after the Revolutionary War. For a time General Washington made the house his headquarters, and Mrs. Washington held a number of formal receptions there. "Lady Washington's Drawing-room" has ever since retained the prominence she gave it.

From Colonel Vassol the house passed into the hands of Thomas Tracy, who gave it the name of Vassol Hall. Mr. Tracy was a man given to the pursuits of pleasure, to the detriment of all business prosperity, and great are the tales that are handed down of the banquets and balls held there during his time. When next we hear of it, it was owned by Andrew Craigie. The expense of maintaining the 200 acres was too much for his means, and he was forced to sell all but eight acres. Originally it was a brick house, but in later years it was incased in wood, which is painted in buff. The doors, the balustrade on the roof, and

the four pilasters are all of white, which blends into a beautiful relief. It stands upon a quaintly terraced lawn in the shade of the wide-spreading elms, and a broad veranda runs on each side, and upon the door is the old traditional brass knocker. Entering the wainscoted hall with its broad stairway and oddly twisted baluster, the first door on the right opens into a most interesting room, the poet's study. This is indeed a storehouse of rare treasure; the walls on three sides covered with old-fashioned paper, while the fourth is wholly wainscoted. An excellent view is had from one of the windows of the beautiful Charles River. Here, there, and everywhere are treasures and presents, many with an interesting history—one of which is a book-case containing original manuscripts of his work, handsomely and appropriately bound. It is one of the most interesting objects to us in the whole house, and we can but linger a moment in looking it over. We gaze with admiring wonder upon the days, weeks, and months of labor they represent. An inkstand of the poet Crabbe, which was once owned by Tom Moore; another, once the property of Coleridge. These keep company with Mr. Longfellow's own and the last he used, beside which are his quills. These we find on the center table with many books, photographs, and letters, aranged to our poet's own taste in a "sweet disorder." A chair made from a part of the chestnut tree under which the "Village Smithy" stood, presented to him on his seventy-second birthday by the children of Cambridge, stands near a writing desk.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S ELMWOOD.

A POETIC halo seems to surround the staid old town of Cambridge. James Russell Lowell, deeply in love with Nature as he was, found his home in Elmwood as fair a spot for his meditations as heart could wish. Here no skill of the florist's handicraft is seen, but unmolested Nature has had full sway, and well has she done her work. Longfellow's beautiful surroundings, the well-kept lawn, perfectly trimmed hedge and profusion of flowers do not surpass the rural and rustic beauty of Elmwood. It stands about half a mile west of Harvard Square, on the base line of a triangle, the apex of which almost reaches to the gate of Mount Auburn Cemetery. From the road only the gables and chimneys can be seen, over the shrubbery and through the trees, so closely hemmed in is the stately old mansion.

An abundance of sturdy native and English elms (from which it takes its name) abound over the entire grounds, and so affectionately do they caress the house on every side as to greatly shelter it from the intrusion of sun and storm

The house is a frame, of three stories, of the old Revolutionary pattern, built just before the breaking out of the struggle for freedom with the mother country, and for a Mr. Oliver, the last loyal Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Massachusetts. When war was fairly opened Mr. Oliver returned to England, and the house became the property of Elbridge Gerry, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and later Governor of Massachusetts and Vice-President of the United States. From Governor Gerry's estate, Rev. Charles Lowell, father of James Russell, bought the place, and here, on the 22d of February, 1819, was born the poet. By Rev. Lowell were most of the elms planted, and by him was it given its

THE LIBRARY IN A HAPPY HOME.

name. Although over a century old, it stands to-day, with no sign of decay. It was erected by honest and masterly hands. The body of the house is painted buff, the balustrade and eaves are white, the shutters are dark green.

If we could visit the interior, we would again see the contrast between the two poets' homes on Brattle Street, in Cambridge—for Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Lowell lived on the same street—we would find a library well filled, and a study, the former on the first floor, the latter in the third story, up among the branches of the trees, where best he could see and enjoy Nature while at his work.

WHITTIER HAD THREE HOMES.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, like Longfellow, is associated with three homes—his birth-place, near Haverhill, Mass.; at Amesbury, and his last home at "Oak Knoll," near Danvers, Mass. Whittier, in describing his first home, says:

"Within our beds awhile we heard
The wind that round the gables roared,
With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedsteads rock.
We heard the loosened clapboards tost,
The brad nails snapping in the frost,
And on us through the unplastered wall,
Felt the light-sifted snow-flakes fall.
But sleep stole on as sleep will do,
When hearts are light and life is new."

This, from "Snow-Bound," gives a faint idea of it. In that poem Mr. Whittier describes in beautiful language his birth-place. Its great age has brought it somewhat into decay in recent years, yet many of the old familiar landmarks remain. In the simple, exquisite and neat little house in Amesbury were spent the best days of his life, and here were written most of those moral, political, and pastoral poems that have made Mr. Whittier known wherever the English language is spoken. The house, plain and neat, is situated in the outskirts of the town, pleasantly surrounded by shrubs and trees. Near it stands a Quaker meeting-house, where Mr. Whittier loved to attend worship. The road leading from town winds by his house, on past the church, close by shady trees, and out into the beautiful and boundless country. In the rear rolls the picturesque Merrimac through woody hills away to the ocean. All combined form indeed a pretty picture and a lovely spot to call home.

WHERE BRYANT LIVED AND WROTE.

THE home of William Cullen Bryant, which we associate him with since his death, is "Cedarmere," at Roslyn, L. I., a small village of less than 1,000 people, in Queens County, N. Y., on the Sound, about twenty-five miles from New York City, which is most accessibly made by a steamer that daily plies to the great metropolis and return. The birth-place and early home of Mr. Bryant was Cummington, Mass., a village of about the same size as Roslyn. His first home was an unpretentious one, with no marked difference from any other of the houses of the town, and Mr. Bryant left it too early in his life to give it much interest as his home, while his poetic genius was given to and appreciated by the public. While he had produced a number of his masterpieces prior to 1825, at that time dated the beginning of his literary career proper.

"Cedarmere" seems the most appropriate

place for our beloved and gifted idol. Were you to make it a visit and not know its history, you, of an imaginative turn of mind, would instinctively say, "What a grand old place, just the spot for a poet's retreat, from the busy whirl of the outer world, where he can give free rein to his choicest thoughts." Indeed it is the old-fashioned house, buried in a labyrinth of foliage, gives it the ideal charm of the most soaring flights of an intelligent imagination. Having seen the bloom and decay of many summers, Nature, guided by the skilled hand of the landscape gardener, has truly done her work well and made "Cedarmere" the idol of our poet's eye. A lover and student and writer of Nature as he was, the pleasant days he spent there are proverbial of the love he had for the place.

In such circumstances, do we wonder that poetic inspiration of the highest type was at his command? We who love him are glad to know that under these circumstances that he so much loved, and that gave him such beneficial rest, he was permitted more than thirty years to live, and when

"His summons came to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams,"

Nature folded her poet in her own bosom, and the grass and the leaves, his near neighbors in life, are still the same as he sleeps his long and peaceful rest in the little Roslyn graveyard.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S DREAM OF HOME.

The words of John Howard Payne:

"'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which seek through the world is not met with elsewhere,"

found a responsive chord in the heart of Bayard Taylor. Through all the struggles of his early life his eyes had been fixed on a piece of ground just opposite the Taylor homestead. It had been his day-dream to possess it, and many were the air-castles he built upon it. At last the dream became a reality, and "Cedar Croft" was the reward of sixteen years of diligent labor. It stands opposite his birth-place—Kennett Square, Chester County, Pa. The ground is bordered with tall trees, enclosing a beautiful undulating plot. A piece of ground thus enclosed is often termed in England a croft; and as many of the trees were cedar, Mr. Taylor christened his home "Cedar Croft." It is a large, comfortable country house, on the highest elevation in the grounds, which slope away in natural terraces to a beautiful level bordering on the road. The observatory, or look-out, enables one to have a magnificent view of the surrounding country, and the scene is indeed charming.

The grounds have all the attractiveness of a modern and elegant country-seat. By symmetrical walks you pass tastefully laid out flower-beds, and reach the orchard and grapery. A little farther on the pond at the end of the grounds; coming on down to the roadside, you can follow in the shade of a belt of trees up to the drive which takes you to the base of the observatory. All in all, the spot seems intended by nature for seclusion.

A SOUTHERN HOME OF LITERARY REFINEMENT.

ASSUMED NAMES OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS.

MANY authors and writers, for reasons satisfactory to themselves, do not append their own names to their productions but use a nom de plume. When Mrs. James Parton, wife of the historian, was alive, many people thought "Fanny Fern" was her real name, and, in fact, had never heard of Mrs. Parton. George Sand was never known as Mme. Dudevant; more people have heard of Mark Twain than Samuel L. Clemens; George Eliot is not remembered as Mrs. Cross; Gail Hamilton is rarely referred to as Miss Abigail Dodge; Ned Buntline was E. C. Z. Judson to but few, and none of the boys who read Oliver Optic's books ever cared to learn that his real name was W. T. Adams. They preferred Oliver Optic.

ASSUMED NAME.	REAL NAME.
A Country Parson	Archbishop Whateley.
Acton Bell	Anne Bronte, sister of Charlotte.
Agate	Whitelaw Reid.
A. K. H. B	Rev. A. K. H. Boyd.
Alfred Crowquill	A. H. Forrester.
A. L. O. E	Mrs. Charlotte Tucker.
Americus	Dr. Francis Lieber.
Amy Lothrop	Miss Anna B. Warner.
American Girl Abroad	Miss Trafton.
Artemus Ward	Charles F. Browne.
Asa Trenchard	Henry Watterson.
Aunt Kitty	Maria J. Macintosh.
Aunt Mary	Mary A. Lathbury.
Barnacle	A. C. Barnes.
Barry Cornwall	Bryan Waller Procter.
Benauly	Benjamin, Austin, and Lyman Abbott.
Besieged Resident	Henry Labouchere.
Bibliophile	Samuel Austin Allibone.
Bill Arp	Charles H. Smith.
Blythe White, Jr	Solon Robinson.
Bookworm	Thomas F. Donnelly.
Boston Bard	Robert S. Coffin.
Boz	Charles Dickens.
Brick Pomeroy	Mark M. Pomeroy.
Burleigh	Rev. Matthew Hale Smith.
Burlington	Robert Saunders.
Charles Egbert Craddock	Miss Murfree.

ASSUMED NAME.	REAL NAME.
Christopher Crowfield	Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.
Chrystal Croftangry	Sir Walter Scott.
Claribel	Mrs. Caroline Barnard.
Country Parson	A. K. H. Boyd.
Cousin Alice	Mrs. Alice B. Haven.
Chartist Parson	Rev. Charles Kingsley.
Carl Benson	Charles A. Bristed.
Cousin Kate	Catherine D. Bell.
Chinese Philosopher	Oliver Goldsmith.
Currer Bell	Charlotte Bronte (Mrs. Nichols).
"Danbury News Man"	J. M. Bailey.
Diedrich Knickerbocker	Washington Irving.
Dolores	Miss Dickson.
Dooley	F. P. Dunne.
Dow, Jr	Elbridge G. Page.
Dr. Syntax	William Combe.
Dunn Browne	Rev. Samuel Fiske.
E. D. E. N	Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth.
Edmund Kirke	James Roberts Gilmore.
Eleanor Kirke	Mrs. Nolly Ames.
Elia	Charles Lamb.
Eli Perkins	Matthew D. Landon.
Elizabeth Wetherell	Susan Warner.
Ella Rodman	Mrs. Eliza Rodman.
Ellis Bell	Emily Bronte.
Ettrick Shepherd	James Hogg.
Eugene Pomeroy	Thomas F. Donnelly.
English Opium Eater	Thomas De Quincey.
Fanny Fielding	Mary J. S. Upsher.
Falconbridge	Jonathan F. Kelly.
Fanny Fern	wife of Jas. Parton and sister of N. P. Willis.
Fanny Forester	Emily C. Judson.
Fat Contributor	A. M. Griswold.
Father Prout	Francis Mahoney.
Florence Percy	Mrs. Elizabeth Akers.
Frank Forrester	Henry W. Herbert.
Gail Hamilton	Miss Mary Abigail Dodge, of Hamilton.
Gath, also Laertes	George Alfred Townsend.
Geoffrey Crayon	Washington Irving.
George Forrest	Rev. J. G. Wood.
George Eliot	Mrs. Marian Lewes Cross.
George Fitz Boodle	William Makepeace Thackeray.
George Sand	Mme. Amantine Lucille Aurore Dudevant
Grace Greenwood	Mrs. Sara J. Lippincott.

MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN.
A Well-Known American Author.

ASSUMED NAME.	REAL NAME.
Grace Wharton	A. T. Thompson.
Hans Breitmann	Charles Godfrey Leland.
Hans Yokel	A. Oakey Hall.
Harriet Myrtle	Mrs. Lydia F. F. Miller.
Harry Hazell	Justin Jones.
Harry Lorrequer	Charles Lever.
Hesba Stretton	Miss Hannah Smith.
Hibernicus	De Witt Clinton.
Historicus	Wm. Geo. Vernon Harcourt.
Hosea Bigelow	James Russell Lowell.
Howadji	George William Curtis.
Howard	Mordecai Manuel Noah.
Howard Glyndon	Laura C. Redden.
Hyperion	Josiah Quincy.
Ik Marvel	Donald G. Mitchell.
Ianthe	Emma C. Embury.
Irenæus	Rev. S. Irenæus S. Prime, D. D.
Isabel	William Gilmore Simms.
Janus	Dr. Dollinger.
Jaques	J. Hain Friswell.
Jay Charlton	J. C. Goldsmith.
Jedediah Cleislebotham	Sir Walter Scott.
Jennie June	Mrs. Jennie Cunningham Croly.
John Chalkhill	Izaak Walton.
John Darby	J. C. Garretson.
John Oliver Hobbs	Mrs. Perry Cragie.
John Paul	C. H. Webb.
John Phœnix, Gentleman	George H. Derby.
John Strange Winter	Mrs. Stannard.
Josh Billings	Henry W. Shaw.
Joshua Coffin	H. W. Longfellow.
Kate Campbell	Jane Elizabeth Lincoln.
Kirwan	Rev. Nicholas Murray.
K. N. Pepper	James M. Morris.
Launcelot Wagstaffe, Jr	Charles Mackay.
Lemuel Gulliver	Jonathan Swift.
Louise Muhlbach	Clara Mundt.
Laicus	Rev. Lyman Abbott.
Major Jack Downing	Seba Smith.
Mark Twain	Samuel L. Clemens.
Max Adler	Charles H. Clark.
Marion Harland	Mary V. Terhune.
Minnie Myrtle	Miss Anna C. Johnson.
Mintwood	Miss Mary A. E. Wager.

ASSUMED NAME.	REAL NAME.
M. Quad	Charles B. Lewis.
Mrs. Partington	B. P. Shillaber.
M. T. Jug	Joseph Howard.
Ned Buntline	Edward Z. C. Judson.
Nym Crinkle	A. C. Wheeler.
Old Bachelor	Geo. Wm. Curtis.
Old Humphrey	George Mogridge.
Ollapod	Willis G. Clark.
Old Cabinet	R. Watson Gilder.
Old 'Un	Francis Alexander Durivage.
Olivia	Emily Edson Grigg.
Oliver Optic	William Taylor Adams.
Octave Thanet	Alice French.
Orpheus C. Kerr	Robert H. Newell.
Ouida	Louisa De La Réme.
Owen Meredith	Lord Lytton.
Parson Brownlow	William Gunnaway Brownlow.
Patty Lee	Alice Cary.
Paul Creyton	J. T. Trowbridge.
Pen Holder	Rev. Edward Eggleston.
Pequot	Charles W. March.
Perdita	Mrs. Mary Robinson.
Perley	Benj. Perley Poore.
Peter Parley	S. G. Goodrich.
Peter Pindar	Dr. John Wolcot.
Petroleum V. Nasby	D. R. Locke.
Phœnix	Sir Henry Martin.
Poor Richard	Benjamin Franklin.
Porte Crayon	David H. Strother.
Private Miles O'Reilly	Charles G. Halpine.
Q. K. Philander Doesticks, P. B	Mortimer M. Thompson.
Robinson Crusoe	Daniel Defoe.
Runnymede	Lord Beaconsfield.
Rustic Bard	Robert Dinsmore.
Sam Slick	Thomas C. Halliburton.
Saxe Holm	Miss Rush Ellis.
Shirley Dare	Miss Susan Dunning.
Sophie May	Mrs. Eckerson.
Sophie Sparkle	Jennie E. Hicks.
Sparrowgrass	T. S. Cozzens.
Straws, Jr.	Kate Field.
Susan Coolidge	Miss Woolsey.
Teufelsdroeckh	Thomas Carlyle.
Teutha	William Jerdan.

ASSUMED NAME.	REAL NAME.
The Black Dwarf	Thomas J. Wooler.
The Celt	Thomas Davis.
The Druid	Henry H. Dixon.
The Governor	Henry Morford.
The Traveller	Isaac Stary.
Theodore Taylor	J. C. Hotten.
Thomas Ingoldsby	Rev. R. H. Barham.
Thomas Little	Thomas Moore.
Thomas Rowley	Thomas Chatterton.
Timon Fieldmouse	William B. Rands.
Timothy Tickler	Robert Syme.
Timothy Titcomb	Dr. J. G. Holland.
Tom Brown	Thomas Hughes.
Tom Folio	Joseph E. Babson.
Tom Hawkins	Theodore W. A. Buckley.
Trinculo	John A. Cockerill.
Tristam Merton	Thomas B. Macaulay.
Two Brothers	A. and C. Tennyson.
Ubique	Parker Gilmore.
Una	Mary A. Ford.
Uncle Hardy	William Senior.
Uncle John	Elisha Noyce.
Uncle Philip	Rev. Dr. F. L. Hawks.
Uncle Toby	Rev. Tobias H. Miller.
Veteran Observer	E. D. Mansfield.
Vigilant	John Corlett.
Vivian	George H. Lewes.
Vivian Joyeux	W. M. Praed.
Walter Maynard	William Beale.
Warhawk	William Palmer.
Warrington	W. P. Robinson.
Warwick	F. O. Otterson.
Waters	William H. Russell.
What's His Name	E. C. Massey.
Wilibald, Alexis	William Haering.
Wizard	John Corlett.

ART AND LITERATURE IN THE HOME.

"Ring out the Old. Ring in the New.
Ring out the False. Ring in the True."

SHORT AND SWEET SAYINGS.

IT IS often the case that a world of meaning can be put into a short saying—a saying or phrase that tells the whole story in a few words. Here are some of the brilliant utterances of the great orators, authors, dramatists and poets:

Self-praise is odious.

Set a thief to catch a thief.

Talk is cheap.

Tell the truth and shame the devil.

A barking dog never bites.

Foes to God are never true to man.

Borrowed clothes never fit.

Brevity is the soul of wit.

Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.

Care is the canker of the soul.

Let well enough alone.

It takes a smart man to be a fool.

Wise men change their minds; a fool, never.

A bet is a fool's argument.

Wisdom is better than valor.

Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.

Shoemakers' children always go barefooted.

Fair exchange is no robbery.

The liar should have a good memory.

A new broom always sweeps clean.

Miserly fathers make prodigal sons.

A miss is as good as a mile.

Never say die.

You must attend your own funeral.

Rogues have a poor opinion of the law.

None are so blind as those who will not see.

Revolutions never go backward.

Honest men are not always popular.

Prevention is better than cure.

Proverbs are the condensed wisdom of the ages.

Owe no man anything.

Distance lends enchantment to the view.

Save at the spigot and spend at the bung.

Necessity is the mother of invention.

Opportunity never knocks twice at any man's door.

Men are usually the authors of their own misfortunes.

Poverty, misfortune and politics make strange bedfellows.

None but the brave deserve the fair.

Keep out of debt and bad company.

Poets are born, not made.

Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.

A soft answer turneth away wrath.

Count fifty before you answer a taunt.

The contented man is truly rich.

Wealth rarely brings happiness.

Don't criticise your neighbors.

Spare the rod and spoil the child.

Don't carry tales.

Don't cross a bridge until you come to it.

Stand by old friends.

Dead men tell no tales.

Murder will out.

Circumstances alter cases.

Misery loves company.

Money talks; silence is golden.

Every man has his weak side.

Feather your nest.

Always mind your own business.

Fools and children tell the truth.

Cleanliness is next to Godliness.

A burnt child dreads the fire.
An honest confession is good for the soul.
All's fair in love and war.
All's not gold that glitters.
Appearances are deceptive.
The child is father of the man.
The morning shows the day.
As the twig is bent the tree's inclined.
Be well dressed, but never overdressed.
It's better to be right than be President.
Be sure you're right, then go ahead.
It's better to be lucky than rich.
Never borrow trouble.
Too many cooks spoil the broth.
Blood is thicker than water.
Money in hand is a good friend in time of trouble.
Charity covers a multitude of sins.
Coming events cast their shadows before.
Curses, like chickens, come home to roost.
Heaven helps those who help themselves.
The world owes no man a living.
Half a loaf's better than none
Haste always makes waste.
Hell is paved with good intentions.
You can't teach an old dog new tricks.
It makes a difference as to whose ox is gored.
It is easy to bear the sorrows of others.
Honesty is the best policy.
Live within your income.
Look before you leap.
Marry in haste; repent at leisure.
Vinegar catches few flies.
The end justifies the means.
Make hay while the sun shines.
Lies travel faster than truths.
Fools are wise in their own conceits.
Fools and their money are soon parted.
A good heart is half the battle.
A good name is better than riches.
A man's life is his epitaph
Great ships need deep water.
Pictures are silent yet speaking poems.
Have a place for everything and everything in its place.
Rolling stones gather no moss.
One rotten apple spoils the whole barrel.
A bad beginning leads to a bad ending.
A cheerful spirit sweetens toil.
Drowning men catch at straws.
Facts are better than theories.
A living dog is better than a dead lion.
Men apt to promise are apt to forget.
Men are no better than their conversation.
A miss is as good as a mile.
Nimble pennies are better than slow shillings.
Poor men have no friends.
Prudent men leave something behind.
Pennies saved are pennies earned.
Secrets when told are not secrets.
Setting hens never grow fat.
Rich men have luck; poor men have children.
Beware of snakes in the grass.
Small leaks sink great ships.
Streams never rise higher than their sources.
Watch a pot and it will never boil.
A wise head has a close mouth.
The idle brain is the devil's workshop.
Remember that appearances usually deceive.
Avarice is the spur to industry.
Do not trumpet your own praises.
Be just before you are generous.

WISE AS WELL AS WITTY.

What the Funny Men Say and Write—Philosophy in Disguise.

THERE is a deal of wisdom to be found in the sayings and writings of the men regarded as mere laughmakers; in fact, they would not be so popular if their productions were not replete with human nature. They hold the mirror up to us, in fact, and we see, by proxy, as it were, the reflections of ourselves, but we do not know this—at least, if we recognize the reflections in this looking-glass we say nothing about them.

We laugh at these effusions of these humorists because they are so true to life; because what is thus written is the epitome of every-day experiences which we cannot embalm in print for lack of this peculiar talent but which irresistibly appeal to our sense of the fitness of things the moment we see them pictured by the pen of the "funny man" or the pencil of the caricaturist.

What a world of wit and wisdom, philosophy and homely truth one finds in "David Harum." Here is a character we often see, but no one, save a genius and an original thinker, would think of painting his portrait. When we pass David Harum on the street we take little or no notice of him; when we find him immortalized by Edward Noyes Westcott, who, by reason of the irony of fate, died at the very moment his work had achieved fame, we eagerly read everything regarding his sayings and doings.

What is more natural than this description of David Harum's first insight into the mysteries of horse-trading? David had traded an old family horse for a faster young horse. The horse-trader at Jordan, after praising his horse, finally guaranteed that he would "go in 2:40."

"Can he really make a mile in 2:40?" asked Mr. Brown (who told the story), afterwards.

"Well, no, he can't," said David, regretfully.

"Then that Jordan man deceived you?"

"Well, I did think so, but he explained it at the bank this morning. When I asked him what he meant by saying the horse could go a mile in 2:40, he said, 'Why, I didn't guarantee that he could go a mile or any other distance in 2:40.' "

" 'When I guaranteed that he'd go in 2:40,' continued the Jordan man, solemnly, 'I meant it just as it is written, that he'd go as far as he could in 2:40, and so, by ginger, he will.' "

Mr. Westcott was a genuine humorist, and, as might have been expected, gave his creation credit for more wit than he really possessed, although the character of David Harum was an elaboration of a quaint old horse-trader and peddler who traveled around in New York state and sold the people of the countryside all sorts of jim-cracks. His name was Hannum, but no one thought he was worthy of a place in history until Mr. Westcott put him there.

Shortly before his death the author, in a letter to a friend, wrote:

"I'm afraid I'm going to write a posthumous book. Now, I never expected to write a posthumous book. I should not die happy if I thought I was to be a posthumous writer. However, I've had lots of fun writing it, and nobody will get more fun out of it than I have."

He wrote up to the very day of his death. The book was slow in coming out, and Westcott, not in an impatient way, though, wrote:

"I wrote the book for fun and my own amusement, but if the publisher don't hurry it up, I will die before it is out, and miss the fun of reading it."

When it actually came before the public he wrote that.

While he was dying, but still writing his quaint stories, he wrote:

"I am enjoying David Harum immensely. I never have to think what he is going to say next. David is always ready to talk before it is his turn."

"David Harum" is intensely practical, and that is why people took so much interest in it. David lifted the mortgage from a poor widow's farm because her husband took him to the circus when he was a poor boy, and in this he showed practical Christianity.

"Father," he said, "never wore fine clothes and showed off in the choir, nor acted like a drum-major at a funeral. He simply did his duty and paid his pew rent. When frisky Deacon Marsh said he was a Christian and a gentleman, father said: 'Well, I am a simple, plain every-day Christian.'

"The difference between a Christian and a gentleman," continued David, "is this: Every Christian is always a gentleman, but not one gentleman in ten is a Christian; the Christian covers the whole ground. If a man carries out the new commandment of our Savior, which is 'to do unto others,' etc., he is a Christian and a gentleman."

"BILL NYE'S" PHILOSOPHY.

THE late Edgar W. Nye, the "Bill Nye," who was known the country over, had a great deal of philosophy in his makeup. In one of his lectures he said:

"The earth is composed of land and water. Some of the water has large chunks of ice in it. The earth revolves around its own axle once in twenty-four hours, though it seems to revolve faster than that, and to wobble a good deal, during the holidays. Nothing tickles the earth more than to confuse a man when he is coming home late at night, and then to rise up suddenly and hit him in the back with a town lot. People who think there is no fun or relaxation among the heavenly bodies certainly have not studied their habits.

"A friend of mine, who was returning late at night from a regular meeting of the Society for the Amelioration of Something-or-other, said that the earth rose up suddenly in front of him, and hit him with a right of way, and as he was about to rise up again he was stunned by a terrific blow between the shoulder blades with an old land grant that he thought had lapsed years ago. When he staggered to his feet he found that the moon, in order to add to his confusion, had gone down in front of him, and risen again behind him, with her thumb on her nose.

"So I say, without fear of successful contradiction, that if you do not think that planets and orbs and one thing and another have fun on the quiet, you are grossly ignorant of their habits.

"The earth is about half-way between Mercury and Saturn in the matter of density. Mercury is of about the specific grav-

MISS GRACE DUFFIE BOYLAN.

Author of many beautiful poems and sketches on home life.

ity of iron, while that of Saturn corresponds with that of cork in the matter of density and specific gravity. The earth, of course, does not compare with Mercury in the matter of solidity, yet it is amply firm for all practical purposes. A negro who fell out of the tower of a twelve-story building while trying to clean the upper window by drinking a quart of alcohol and then breathing hard on the glass, says that he regards the earth as perfectly solid, and safe to do business on for years to come. He claims that those who maintain that the earth's crust is only 2,500 miles in thickness have not thoroughly tested the matter by a system of practical experiments.

"The poles of the earth are merely imaginary. I hate to make this statement in public in such a way as to injure the reputation of great writers on this subject who still cling to the theory that the earth revolves upon large poles, and that the aurora borealis is but the reflection from a hot box at the North Pole, but I am here to tell the truth."

THE SPELLING BEE.

IN John S. Draper's "Shams; or Uncle Ben's Experience with Hypocrites," occurs this quaint and humorous description of an old-fashioned "Spelling Bee:"

Bilger and Plunket were appointed captains to choose sides for the spelling. On one side were Uncle Ben, Sarah Smuggins, George Waddles, Tom Clark, Zolliver Ramsdell, and others; on the other side were Clarissa (Ben's wife), Pegleg Tompkins, Mehitable Tompkins and several more.

When all was ready the teacher put out the words.

"The first word was 'plough,' a verb,' and 'Squire Bigler spelled 'p-l-o-u-g-h,' plow. The next was 'rough,' and Ebenezer spelled it 'r-o-u-g-h,' ruf. The next word was 'cow,' and Clarissa thought if 'Squire Bilger was right in spelling 'plow,' she would be correct in spelling it 'c-o-u-g-h,' cow, and the teacher bawled out 'next!'

"I don't think I ever saw Clarissa's face more carroty-colored in my life; and she sat down with a visible surprise in her complexion. While Clarissa was sitting down Ebenezer whispered to me, 'c-o-w,' and I spoke up loud and said:

"Well, my opinion is that animal ought to be spelled with a 'k,' but the way is 'c-o-w,' cow. And for once I felt proud to think that I had beaten Clarissa, as she always conveys that I am not very smart.

"Several words went around, till it came my turn again, when the teacher called out 'Chicago.' I asked him if we had got that far from home so soon—there was such a humming and noise that I didn't know but what we was on a lightning express train.

" 'No, Mr. Morgan,' he said; 'if you can't spell the word, sit down.' He spoke so mighty sharp it made me mad; and I said, 'Any fool can spell that word.' I spelled the word 'S-h-e-c-a-g-o,' and he called out 'next' with a broad smile on his face, while I sat down.

"Pegleg Tompkins spelled it 'C-h-i-c-a-g-o,' and the teacher said 'correct,' and looked at me with a grin.

"It made me mad, and I said: 'Didn't I say any fool could spell it? I didn't try to spell it right; for I wanted to see what fool would spell it!' That made Pegleg hot, and he said:

" 'If it wa'n't for the respect I have for

Clarissa Morgan I'd show these folks what a smart husband she had.'

"Clarissa spoke up and said, 'La, me, Pegleg, don't mind Benjamin; that's the way he always does when he gits in a tight pinch, and don't know how to get out. He couldn't spell Chicago right no more than he could git music out of that orgin;' and Clarissa seemed to glory in my downfall. Her remarks just caused a perfect uproar of laughter; but I didn't feel a bit like laughing. I was fighting mad, but I meant to kep cool and not show it. Things didn't pan out as me and Clarissa imagined they would when we proposed the spelling-match—and the teacher kind of nettled me.

"George Waddles spelled 'cattle,' 'Durham,' 'Holstein' and 'money' all right, but when they gave him the word 'religion,' he sat down. He couldn't spell it right, though the teacher gave him two chances on it. I concluded that a man could spell any word right that his whole heart is interested in, but is likely to miss words that doesn't particularly interst him.

" 'Squire Bilger went down on the very next word after 'religion,' 'honesty.' He spelled 'policy' all right, but 'honesty' was too much for him and he fell down on it."

SOME OF "ROSE" FIELD'S CONCLUSIONS.

OF the truly classical yet soulful humorists of the country, none ranks higher than Roswell M. Field, brother of the late Eugene Field, and his legitimate successor. His wit is golden, his wisdom gratifying and his sarcasm tempered with gentleness. Among other bright things written by him are these:

"When lovely woman took our collars we grinned. When she appropriated our shirts we smiled. When she grabbed our short coats and jackets we began to look at life a little seriously, and when she calmly put on our white duck trousers we thought of calling a national convention. But the final blow remained to be administered. It came down with a more or less sickening thud this morning.

" 'Already the alert hosiers have planned the extended sock. This will be nineteen inches long, and its ribbed top, exactly like a man's short sock, will, in cases more or less numerous, obviate the necessity of wearing garters.'

"Friends and fellow citizens, we are lost. That is, our wardrobe is now lost, which is practically the same thing. The man who is now foolish enough to permit his wife to rise first in the morning will be compelled to go downtown in a sheet and pillow case, like a Roman senator. With the capture of our socks we have nothing which we can deliberately and with accuracy call our own, hence a return to the classic costume of Rome is inevitable. Personally we are unmoved by this last catastrophe. Our spirit was crushed and our hope had fled, and if we had the caudal appendage of the buffalo we should lose no time in running wild. This is the age of woman's advancement, and if our socks and other trifles of apparel will facilitate the noble work, why let her have them. We doubt not that in some way the wind will be tempered to the shorn lamb and the fallen sparrow will be raised up. 'Here, take an inventory of all I have'—to the last garment. Where's Tom Edison? Can't he invent something we can put on for a few months until the ladies weary of our fashions?"

"We have been much gratified to learn that our young friend, Kwang Su (Emperor of China at the time of the "Boxer"

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MRS. MARGARET POTTER BLACK.

A Young Author of Promise.

outbreak in 1900.—Ed.), or words to that effect, has again risen merrily from the dead and sent out a cheering pronunciamento. It adds to our pleasure that his empress mother has entirely recovered from the effects of her overdose of opium and is beginning to enjoy her meals, which are rigorously inspected in order to guard against possible unhealthful ingredients. Advices from China are not always reliable, for it is impossible that Minister Conger or Kwang Su could die so many times without some impairment of his general health. In his latest work on China Mr. Colquhoun pays a high tribute to the Chinese skill in the noble art of lying, and we are beginning to appreciate the justice of the compliment. At the same time it is likely that thousands of native converts have surrendered their lives in defense of their religious convictions, and the only consolation we have as Christians is the ever-soothing reflection that they passed away in the triumphs of faith. The results of Christianity in the Orient seem to be the preparation of the natives for an immediate and successful journey to the islands of the blessed."

"The Department of Agriculture announces in a bulletin of special interest that about 250 specimens of mosquitoes are known, of which thirty are found in the United States, chiefly in New Jersey and Winnetka, Ill. It has also discovered that mosquitoes are carried from place to place by railway trains, that 'many of the cars contained mosquitoes by the hundreds,' and that "with the improvement of railway service and the increase in the number of through trains the danger is constantly increasing.' A mosquito leaving Jersey City at 9 o'clock in the morning will reach Cook county at the corresponding hour the following day and be refreshed and ready for business that night, returning home on any of the limited trains as his taste and preference may dictate. Having warned us of this 'constantly increasing danger,' the department suggests the ignition of pyrethrum powder, the catching of mosquitoes on the walls in kerosene cups, and bars and screens for beds as a preventive, with the liberal use of glycerine, indigo and household ammonia as a cure for bites. All these experiments have been tried in the tropical foliage extending from Winnetka to Lake Forest, and we are told by the victims of the country and mosquito habit that the only sure cure is quick removal to Chicago. But with the 'improvement of railway service' even we are no longer safe, and shall not be until the railways include mosquitoes in a tariff of discrimination. There was a time when sleeping cars were overrun by the cimex lectularius, but this disturber of nocturnal repose was gradually and surely eliminated. May we not believe that railway engineering will ingeniously conquer the problem of mosquito transportation?"

"Nothing could be more dignified, more fitting, in better temper, than the advice proffered to the Ohio boxers by the Texas rangers, one sentence of which we reprint, with expressions of the most cordial approbation:

" 'We protest against uncivilized conduct on the part of citizens of our sister State of Ohio, and admonish them of the pernicious example thus displayed in setting the laws of the land at defiance in this age of civilization and land of Christianity.'

"Every word of this is true, and we have no doubt that the resolutions were inspired by a feeling of the deepest grief and keenest solicitude. We understand that there are now in Luzon and in China many valiant sons of Texas, fighting for Christianity and civilization and establishing the supremacy of Anglo-Saxon law. And we cannot for-

get that Ohio is the mother of politicians and office-holders, including a few Presidents, and should be therefore the shining example of all the virtues. We confess that a reproof from Texas is not the most agreeable Christmas gift the fancy might picture, but we are greatly encouraged at this exhibition of a clear perception of right on the part of the rangers, and we must believe that the protest, so kindly and delicately presented, will be productive of much good in the unsettled districts of Northern Ohio. Mr. Peck, the cause of the boxer outbreak, has been sentenced to the penitentiary for life, and with his incarceration and the manifestation of prudence on the part of Mr. Dowie's missionaries we may look for a return to that state of law and order so gratifying to Texas. We shall examine the Ohio papers for expressions of appreciation to the rangers for their gentle and conciliatory words of sorrow and regret."

GEORGE ADE AND THE MODERN SORT OF FABLE.

ONCE Upon a Time George Ade ventured outside the Natural Limits of the State known as Indiana (which is allowed upon the Map).

Since that Fortunate Escape both Money and Reputation have come his Way.

Lately he has been concocting Fables of all sorts, but written in a Different Style from those he Manufactured while on a Salary and employed by Someone Else.

George works for Himself now, and does nothing except collect specimens of things called Royalties.

One of George's Fables was a coagulated version of the Manner in which a German named Van Winkle got Lost and Found.

Ade's idea of Rip was a City Chap, who, on Vacation, while sailing a small boat, was blown out to Sea from the Seashore, leaving a Sorrowing but Faithful Sweetheart in Chicago.

She thought her Love was Drowned, so she Grieved to Beat the Band.

The Fugitive was picked up at Sea by a big Ship and after being Robbed of his small boat was set Ashore in a Foreign Land.

All the While he was thinking of his Loved One back in Chicago, only stopping for Meals.

Finally he Worked his way back in the Furnace-Room of a Steamer to the United States, and engaged the state-room of a forward truck on the Limited which stopped at Chicago.

He had been away full Six long Months.

As he came into a Street leading to a main Thoroughfare he saw Men in Strange Hats and Garments of Fantastic Pattern walking with Women enveloped in long Masculine Coats of a most Amazing Bagginess, while each balanced on her head an immense Disk trimmed gayly.

In the show windows were fabrics woven in such designs as he had never seen before.

A surprising kind of Auto-Vehicle whizzed over the Pavements.

The bill-boards advertised new Kinds of Pickles and other Things, the names of which he failed to recognize.

George, in his Fable, then went on to Say:

"Arrived at the Corner where the Humble Boarding House once reared its three Stories he found himself at a Family Hotel with Nine Floors, an Office with two thousand five hundred Electric-Lights in it and a Flunkey in Livery standing at the Edge of the Sidewalk to lift Well-to-Do People in and out of their Carriages.

MRS. WARREN SPRINGER.
A Chicago Author.

" 'Where is Mrs. Phillips now?' asked the latter-day Rip Van Winkle.

"The Flunkey looked at Randolph and saw that his Collar was Six Months behind the Style, so he refused to answer.

"Across the Street there happened to be a Man who remembered that there had been a Mrs. Phillips in that Neighborhood, but she had disposed of her Lease to a Syndicate for $200,000 and was now in Antwerp having a painter fix up a set of Ancestors in Oil.

"All at once the Homeless Wretch happened to think of the Art Student, his regular Dulciana and Sunday Night Stand-By, so he dug for the House.

"She was not at Home, but Mamma was.

"Mamma came out, and after a lot of hard Mental Concentration and having him recall certain incidents she managed to remember that he had been engaged to her Daughter some eight months previously.

"She said there had been so many it was hard to keep Tab on the whole Bunch.

" 'And where is my Darling Fiancee now?' asked Randolph.

" 'She Mourned for three long weeks after the Sad News came,' reported Mamma.

" 'Then the Color came back to her Cheeks and she Smiled Occasionally and at Once married a Divorced Man named Thompson, who is on the Stock Exchange. They lived Happily for about Forty-five Minutes and then the Persecuted Lamb gave him the Run and forced him to a Settlement. She is now the wife of a Concert Tenor. They are on the Road and appear at Quincy, Illinois, this evening.'

"The Broken-Hearted Lover went out into the Street again. He was very Lonesome. Everyone was whistling Coon Songs that were New Ones on him.

"He bought an Evening Paper and found that the Information he was seeking had become Ancient History.

"He asked about the Siege of Pekin and the Boer War and the Pedestrians threw things at him.

"He was afraid to ask how the Election came out or who was the Champion Pugilist, or how much the Transatlantic Record had been lowered.

"The great World of Thought had moved ahead Six Months, leaving him shell-roaded far Behind."

The Worst of it All was that he didn't get his Trunk, although he put up a Talk at the place where it had been Stored.

His Accent was so far behind the one Chicago had adopted in the Meantime that the Cold Storage-House man couldn't make out a word he said.

In the Fugitive's own line of performance an entirely new leader for Dress Goods had come in, and he had to Flee for his Life.

Then he Shipped as a Chef on a Norwegian lumber boat which Ploughed the Raging Main up as far as Muskegon, became Rich and Overbearing, and finally Died in a Hotel Conflagration which absorbed the building and contents, as well as a few of the Guests and Employes.

He left all his money to an Old Maids' Home.

MR. BOWSER AND THE NORTH POLE.

C. B. LEWIS, the famous "M. Quad," and writer of stories regarding the Lime Kiln Club and Mr. Bowser's varied experiences, tells how it was that Bowser's experiment in the interest of science and his desire to reach the celebrated North Pole didn't come out exactly as he had anticipated.

"Do you know," began Mr. Bowser after dinner the other evening—"do you know what prevents men from reaching the North Pole?"

"Several things," replied Mrs. Bowser, who, being the only one present, took it that the query was addressed to her.

"Yes, several things, but principally because of the cold. But for the awful temperature around the pole men could easily overcome the other difficulties. When the thermometer registers 10 degrees below zero the life blood of the strongest man congeals. He must either retreat or die."

"Well, what of it?" she asked.

"What of it?" he repeated with a chuckle. "If you overcome the cold, you discover the pole, don't you?"

"And you have found a way of overcoming the cold, I suppose. It is two weeks since you had a fad, and I was wondering what would come next. If you are going to visit the North Pole with a lot of hot-water bags strapped around your body to keep your temperature at summer heat, let's hear about it."

"Being as you are a woman and being as every woman is about half idiot, I can overlook your sarcasm. Your way of encouraging a husband to seek for fame is to belittle every plan he originates. Had Columbus had a wife like you this American continent would have continued to be a paradise for woodchucks. Expecting nothing but ridicule and sarcasm in reply, I will, however, ask you a question or two. Suppose that a man going out with a temperature of 20 degrees below zero raises the temperature of his body 30 or 40 degrees?"

"That would offset the cold," replied Mrs. Bowser.

"Your head is not filled with sawdust after all. Yes, it would work that way, and don't you see my plan? To meet the cold of the North Pole we simply keep on raising the temperature. It's the simplest thing in the world, and yet nobody seems to have thought of it. Mrs. Bowser, consider the North Pole as discovered. Consider it discovered by Mr. Bowser."

He stepped back and bowed before her and the cat came out from under the lounge and squinted at both and wondered whether it was a question of science or mousetraps.

"Yes, but how are you going to raise the temperature of the body 100 degrees or more?" queried Mrs. Bowser.

"Just as easy as lifting up your foot. Do you see these lozenges? They contain no less than six different redhot ingredients, including cayenne pepper. Two of them are warranted to make the blood fairly boil and cause the temperature around the pole to seem like an August day in America. I shall at once consult the government about sending out an expedition. The government provides the ship and Bowser's lozenges do the rest."

"But you haven't tried them yet."

"No; but I am about to do so. I wonder if our cook wouldn't eat one and then sit on a snow bank in the back yard and see how it worked?"

"Of course she wouldn't."

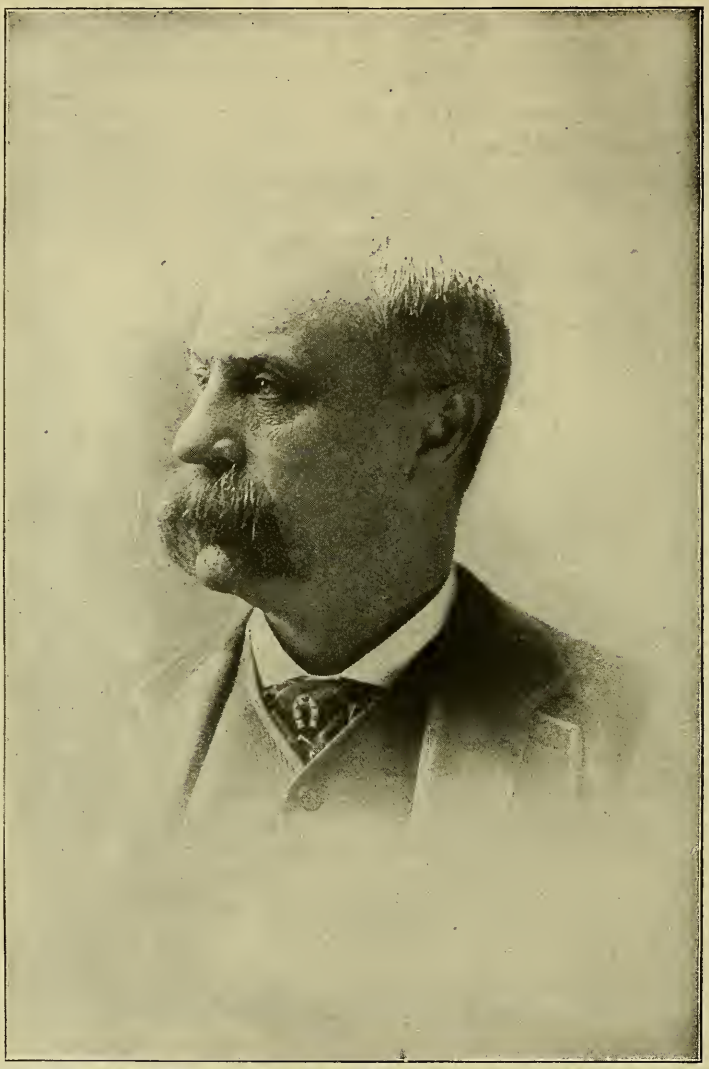
"Well, there are others. I'll find a couple of tramps who'll sit out all night for a quarter apiece. I'll run a pair of them in at once and get the experiment under way."

"You'd—you'd better wait!" she faltered, as he started for the door.

"Why wait?" he asked. "It's a cold night, with snow and tramps at hand for experiment. If an expedition is to be sent out it will wish to start in the spring."

"But it will end in a row."

"It will end in the discovery of the North Pole and make the name of Bowser better known than that of Columbus. You just keep quiet and let me run this thing."



JOSEPH C. S. BLACKBURN, Congressman and United States Senator from Kentucky for many years, is one of the most eloquent men in the South, a section which has given birth to many orators of the highest class. He was born in Kentucky in 1838, his family being a noted one. He entered the Confederate Army and fought until the close of the Civil War. Being very popular, he was sent to the Legislature several times, and in 1875 was elected to the Lower House of Congress, succeeding himself until his election to the United States Senate in 1885. After his retirement from that body he took up the practice of law in Washington.

He put on his hat and overcoat, and it did not take him five minutes to find a couple of tramps who were sloshing around between his house and the corner. When he explained what he wanted and his willingness to pay they both cheerfully accompanied him. As they stood with their backs to the range in the kitchen and hungrily eyed the remains of dinner he took their temperature and pronounced it normal, and then escorted them to the back yard. There were snowbanks against the fence, and he selected positions and sat them down. It was a keen, cold night, one made to order for such an experiment.

"Now, then," said Mr. Bowser, as all was ready, "I take it that you feel cold?"

"W-e d-o!" replied the men in chorus through their chattering teeth.

"That is splendid. I estimate that there is a difference of at least 40 degrees between your temperature and that of the weather. You will now each of you take a lozenge in your mouth and let it slowly dissolve. In two minutes your blood ought to be the same temperature as the weather. In five you ought to imagine that robins are singing and daisies blooming around you."

As Mr. Bowser wasn't experimenting on himself he discreetly retired to the warm atmosphere of the kitchen and took his stand at a window. He had scarcely begun his observations when one of the tramps rolled over and began to kick like a horse tangled up in his harness, while the other sprang to his feet and spat and spluttered and coughed and crammed his mouth full of snow.

"What are you fellows up to?" shouted Mr. Bowser as he rushed out.

They gave him no heed. They seemed to be acrobats let loose, and they went through more antics than if they had picked up a dozen hot horseshoes. It was five minutes before either of them could speak, and then one cooled his mouth with an icicle hanging to the clothesline and stuttered:

"B-b-boss what s-s-sort of a g-g-game is this?"

"Yes, what sort of a g-g-game?" added the other as a snowball melted in his mouth.

"It's no game at all. It's an experiment, as I told you. What have you done with those lozenges?"

"S-s-spit 'em out, durn ye!"

"Yes; sp-spit 'em out!"

"But you mustn't do it. These are to raise the temperature of your blood until it affects the temperature of the atmosphere. If you'd kept sucking the lozenges you'd have been perspiring by this time. Sit down and try it again."

"Bill," said the first, as he continued to eat snow and draw in long breaths of the frosty air, "does it look like a cold-blooded attempt to burn up the vitals of two respectable gents?"

"It do, Sam; it do."

"And by burnin' up our vitals take away our appetites?"

"That's the game."

"If I was playing any game would I promise you a quarter apiece?" asked Mr. Bowser.

"It's my solemn opinyun that ye would."

"That's our solemn opinyun."

Mr. Bowser was about to protest and increase his cash offers when the two gentlemen with burned vitals fell upon him. The three went down together and Mrs. Bowser, looking from a back window, and the cook and cat, looking from a back door, could see nothing for the next two minutes for the cloud of snow in the air. Then the two tramps detached themselves from the circus and climbed the yard fence and the household went out to look for Mr. Bowser.

There were thousands of traces of him at hand, but it took three minutes to discover his actual presence and dig it out from un-

der the snow. He had been thumped and kicked and choked, but life had not departed. He soon rallied and sat up, and after being helped to his feet he made his woozy way to the kitchen and thence upstairs. He did not ask what had happened and Mrs. Bowser gave him a rest of fifteen minutes on the lounge before she said:

"With your temperature at the point it is do you think you can reach the North Pole?"

He lifted up his head and glared at her.

"I suppose the government ought to be notified at once, and if you don't feel well I can do it myself."

Another glare, followed by a gritting of his teeth, and it was ten minutes before she observed:

"I've told the cook to heat some witch hazel to wash off the blood. Do you wish for any particular temperature?"

But Mr. Bowser had grown weary of the North Pole and had fallen asleep and she counted seven different scratches on his nose and wondered how he'd look on the street on the morrow.

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HOW TO GET RID OF BURGLARS.

A CHICAGO citizen, addicted to poetry and a sufferer from nocturnal burglaries, bethought himself of writing to President McKinley in a suggestive way. Having lost faith in the police he requested the President to send a few West Point cadets to Chicago as a protection against robbers:

Dear Mr. Bill McKinley: You'll excuse this tearful letter,
For we are weighted down with grief—in future we'll do better.
A heavy gloom is stifling us, we know not where to go,
Unless, indeed, you are the man to banish all our woe.
We heard that you were well disposed toward all mankind; in fact,
That you were there with arching back when it came time to act.

We stood the racket, oh, so long, we can't compute how long,
We faced the music when there was no music in the song.
And now we must appeal to you and humbly we would beg
For help, while we have under us for our support one leg.
We sorrow much to bother you and tender our regrets,
But will you, please, dispatch to us some young West Point cadets?

The barkeep's in the ice box, there is everything to pay—
We fear to go to dinner lest our jewels flit away.
The hold-up man deprived us of our money, watch and gun,
And of the hopes we treasured once there is not left us one.
E'en when the car man comes around to gather up his fare
We shudder as we elevate both hands high in the air.

N. B.—So let us have your brave cadets in trials so amazing
And let them give our thieves and thugs a gentle West Point hazing.

WILLIAM B. ALLISON was first chosen to the Upper House of Congress in 1873 and has served continuously since that time. An Ohioan by nativity, being born at Perry, O., in 1829, he received his education at the Western Reserve College, studied law and practiced his profession in his native State until 1857, when he moved to Iowa. Senator Allison was among those prominent in the formation of the Republican party, and was elected to the Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth, Fortieth and Forty-first Congresses.

HENRY CABOT LODGE was born at Boston in 1850, was graduated from Harvard University in 1871, and the Law School of that institution four years later, but took up literature as his profession, his bent being toward history and biography. In 1895, in conjunction with Vice-President Theodore Roosevelt, he prepared "Hero Tales From American History," and has also written lives of Washington, Webster, Hamilton, and other great Americans.

ANECDOTES OF GREAT ORATORS.

SENATOR JOHN J. INGALLS was feared for his sharp tongue, and when, in the United States Senate, he engaged in controversy, he usually had the best of his opponent. However, he tilted with Senator Roscoe Conkling one day, and met defeat. Ingalls said something Conkling did not relish—the two were great friends, by the way—and retorted with:

"I do not care to reply to the Senator, who, after all, is merely after the style of a Kansas cabbage with a literary flavor."

Secretary of State William M. Evarts was a confirmed joker, while President Hayes, an able man in many ways, could never see the point of a jest. One day, after a Cabinet meeting at the White House, Secretary Evarts and others were telling stories, and while much laughter was indulged in the President never even smiled.

Said Secretary Evarts: "A darky took his cotton to the gin at his county town and after selling it invited his friends to 'have something.' In this case, as you can see, he 'ginned' his cotton twice."

After the uproar had subsided, the President remarked (he had not moved a muscle of his face), "Really, Mr. Secretary, I must confess I don't see where the laugh comes in."

"Pardon me, Mr. President," returned the Secretary of State, "I haven't a mallet and chisel with me."

And President Hayes never found out what the others discovered in this reply to make merry over.

When Daniel Webster had money in his pocket he was very liberal, and he did not care whether he had borrowed the cash from a friend or received it from a client. One day—he was to leave Boston for Washington—he secured a loan of $100, and thrusting the bill carelessly into a vest pocket called to a bootblack.

When his shoes were shined Webster searched his pockets but, save for the $100 note, they were empty of money. Without a thought Webster handed the boy the $100 and calmly walked away.

John Randolph, "of Roanoke," one of the proudest of Virginia's aristocracy, delighted in saying things which had "a sting in the tail," as he expressed it. He was, at times, the incarnation of malevolence, and during his many years' service in the Lower House of Congress he made innumerable enemies. One of Randolph's boasts was that he was descended from Pocahontas.

In the House one day a member from Massachusetts, who was at one time a blacksmith, had the temerity to question one of Randolph's statements.

Looking at the Massachusetts man in an insulting way, Randolph asked sneeringly what he had done with his blacksmith's apron before coming to Washington.

"Cut it up to make moccasins for the descendants of Pocahontas," promptly replied the New Englander, and Randolph acknowledged himself beaten.

Senator Garland, of Arkansas, was one of the sedate men of the Upper House, and regarded as the possessor of great ability. He engaged Senator Ingalls in heated debate during the progress of the consideration of a most important bill, and, having directed a shaft at Ingalls waited courteously, although he had the floor, for a reply.

"Never mind," broke in Ingalls in his clear tones, "I will not say anything; the only thing which could compete with the gentleman from Arkansas is the machine that pumps wind into the Senate chamber."

The remark so disconcerted Garland that he was unable to finish his speech.

Charles O'Conor was, by many, considered the ablest lawyer this country ever knew. He was clear-headed, cold, logical, passionless, self-contained and never at a loss in any situation. He it was who characterized "Home, Sweet Home"—"The words are drivel and the air is stolen;" but that has nothing to do with the story.

When Roscoe Conkling was young in the law he defended a man charged with arson, and, as an unfriendly attorney expressed it, "secured his conviction." Conkling's client demurred at his lawyer's $3,000 fee, and Conkling went to O'Conor about it.

After some deliberation the great counsel replied, "To tell you the truth, Mr. Conkling, your client could have been convicted for half the money."

Although inordinately vain, and abnormally sensitive, this was one joke on himself Conkling enjoyed telling, but he never forgave James G. Blaine for the latter's vitriolic outbreak one day when both were members of the House of Representatives. It was in this conflict that the "hyperion curl," which was the distinguishing mark on Conkling's classic forehead, received such an advertisement at the hands of the Maine orator that for a time the haughty New Yorker thought seriously of having it cut off.

Conkling "got even," however, during the campaign of 1884, when Blaine was the Republican candidate for President. The former was "sulking in his tent," taking no part in the political fray, and when asked if he would make a few speeches for the man at the head of the Republican ticket merely replied, "You'll have to excuse me; I'm out of the criminal practice." He did not mourn when Blaine was defeated.

In the United States Senate, while a general debate was in progress, a rather obtrusive Western member cried out, angered at something Daniel Webster had said, "I don't pretend to have had the advantages of education; I am a self-made man, sir."

"I am glad to learn this," was Senator Webster's reply; "it certainly relieves the Lord of a great responsibility."

"I stand on my head, sir," was the pompous declaration of a well-known clergyman who was not making much headway against Henry Ward Beecher in a rather spirited debate.

"Don't make it a regular practice," was Mr. Beecher's cautionary rejoinder; "you are apt to wear your hair out."

The preacher was exceedingly bald on top of his cranium, and readily understood why the people laughed.

THOMAS BRACKETT REED, famous as an orator and master of the art of crushing opposition with a few pointed sentences, was born at Portland, Maine, in 1839, and was, upon his first election, the thirty-first Speaker of the National House of Representatives. He was first elected to Congress in 1876 and served continuously until 1898, when he refused to represent his State longer, retiring to private life in order that he might devote all his time to the practice of the law, locating in the City of New York. He died in 1904.

CUSHMAN K. DAVIS, United States Senator from Minnesota, who died at St. Paul in the latter part of 1900, was born at Henderson, Jefferson County, New York, in 1843, and was acknowledged to be one of the ablest constitutional lawyers in the country. He served one term as Governor of his State, declining a re-election, and in 1887 was elected to the Senate, being re-elected to succeed himself in 1893 and 1900. He was a forceful speaker and an orator of a high order.

Abraham Lincoln, when "stumping" Illinois in the 40's, was much annoyed by a young man with a loud voice and ready flow of language, but poverty-stricken in the way of ideas. He could talk for hours and never say anything. He frequently challenged Mr. Lincoln to joint debate, but the latter invariably refused. Neither would Mr. Lincoln pay attention to him in his speeches, until, when the importunities of the other had become monotonous, he said in the course of an address one night:

"I merely want to remark in this connection that this young Mr. Blank reminds me of a steamboat that used to run on the Illinois river. It had a six-foot boiler and an eight-foot whistle, and every time the whistle blew the boat stopped."

The young man did not bother Mr. Lincoln thereafter.

It is told—one of the tales of the early days of our country—that when Thomas Jefferson, afterwards President of the United States, was sent to Paris as Minister to France, his predecessor having been Benjamin Franklin, a fellow-diplomat remarked to him, "Mr. Jefferson, you replace Mr. Franklin at this court, I believe?"

"Indeed, no," was Jefferson's prompt return. "No man can replace Dr. Franklin, sir. I merely succeed him."

This honest reply gained Jefferson many friends in Paris and throughout France, where Dr. Franklin was loved, venerated and esteemed by all classes.

When David Bennett Hill was serving the last days of his term as Governor of New York it was expected he would resign in favor of Lieutenant Governor Jones, in order that the latter might have the satisfaction of having been really the chief executive of the Empire Commonwealth. Hill had been elected to the United States Senate, and Jones' friends thought it would be doing the graceful thing to resign and thus let Jones realize the great ambition of his life.

"Governor," said a friend of Jones, "the old man would never cease to be grateful to you if you would let him take your seat even for a few hours. He almost weeps at times when the fear that you will continue obstinate overcomes him."

"They should be tears of joy," replied Hill, "for I've been in this chair many years, and it's upholstered with nothing but thorns. Better weep for fear than from pain."

And Hill continued obstinate.

Just before Garfield was inaugurated President he consented to a conference at his hotel in Washington with Conkling and several others who were Grant men to the last at the Chicago convention. They wanted recognition for the Stalwarts, being afraid Blaine, who was to be Secretary of State in the new Cabinet, might influence Garfield too strongly in favor of the Half-Breeds. One of those present said afterwards that Conkling made the finest speech he ever listened to, but it was manifest the President-elect was bored, as he said nothing and his manner indicated indifference.

When the rupture between Garfield and Conkling was complete a friend asked the President what he thought of the Knickerbocker Senator's effort at the hotel conference.

"Oh," replied Garfield smilingly, "it was 'inn-keeping' with a vengeance, but as I don't know much about such things I had to mark Conkling's course off the menu card."

A few days afterwards Garfield was shot by Guiteau.

William M. Evarts was distinguished, at the bar and in the United States Senate, for his extremely long sentences, some of them containing several hundred words and often involved to an astonishing degree.

A brother Senator made a facetious remark, shortly after Evarts had concluded an argument upon a pending bill, regarding Evarts' wealth of words and seeming dearth of the little punctuation point with which a sentence is concluded.

"Mr. President," rejoined Evarts, there being the faintest suspicion of a twinkle in his eye, "I have often noticed during the years I have practiced law that the people who object most strongly to long sentences are the criminal classes."

William Jennings Bryan had the exceptional honor of being twice beaten for the presidency by the same man, and the second time the victor was the recipient of a plurality approaching 1,000,000.

"If you keep on, William," said an old-time friend a few days after the general election of 1900, "you may make McKinley a millionaire."

"What's the use?" returned the defeated but not despondent young Nebraskan. "He'd have to divide with Mark Hanna."

Senator Albert J. Beveridge is the youngest member of the Upper House of Congress, having just passed his thirty-sixth birthday when the Indiana Legislature elected him. He is a remarkably keen man, a student, a fine debater and very quick-witted.

The day after his election the story was published in the newspapers that he had at one time defeated William J. Bryan in joint debate, and he was asked if there was any truth in it.

"Not the slightest," was his reply; "I have never had the honor of beating Mr. Bryan at anything at any time, and am probably the only man in the United States who can or does say this—truthfully."

John B. Gough, the great temperance orator, was interrupted in the course of an address one night by an auditor, who asked permission to put a question.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Gough, "I am always glad to have questions of any sort put to me, and I'll answer them to the best of my ability."

"Well," rejoined the man, the peculiar smile on his face indicating his belief that he had a query the lecturer would find it hard to answer, "you remember that at a certain feast mentioned in the New Testament, the Savior, who was present, made wine out of water for the guests, and they all drank it. Now, the Savior was a temperance man and preached abstinence, and yet here is a case where he made wine for people to drink. What do you think of that, Mr. Gough?"

"I think it was all right," was the latter's quick reply; "and, although I am a cold water advocate from the very bottom of my heart, I would never oppose the drinking of wine made out of water. So far as I am concerned, you can drink all you want of it"

Rev. Dwight L. Moody was addressing a rather rough assemblage one night in that part of Chicago which is not deemed exactly safe after nightfall. He was frequently interrupted, but always had a pleasant, conciliatory reply for the most evident insults.

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE, JR., United States Senator from Indiana, is a native of that State, and was born in 1862. He was but little over the required age when elected to the Senate in January, 1899, and is the youngest member of that august body. After his graduation from DePauw University he studied law. His great speech in the Senate on the Philippine question demonstrated his ability in argument and showed him worthy of a high rank among the orators of the country.

"When you want to get warm on a cold night I notice you don't find the poor, homeless men, women and children going into the churches," snarled a half-drunken individual. "They go into the saloons."

"How do you know?" asked Moody.

"Oh, well, I know all right."

"My friend," the revivalist went on to say, "where do most of the murders occur?"

No answer.

"Not in the churches, do they?"

Still no reply.

"Are people held up and robbed in church?" persisted Mr. Moody. "Do the police watch the churches after a robbery or a murder? Where do thieves take their plunder? How many sober men commit homicide? How many sober men kill themselves? Do the families of sober men have their goods thrown out into the street for non-payment of rent? Sober men buy carpets for the floors of their houses; they clothe their wives and children, and they stay at home at night and let the saloons alone. Their homes are warm, too —just as warm as the saloons."

"Someone tells me you are writing your autobiography, Mark," said Senator Chauncey M. Depew to Mark Twain just after the latter's return in the fall of 1900 from his long sojourn in Europe. "I hope you'll be as tender and easy as you can with the subject you are dealing with. But let me advise you on one point; don't dally too much with facts; they're dangerous."

"Don't fear for me or any facts in which you may be interested," was the humorist's reply; "I won't start on the autobiography until I can find some fellow who is willing to pose for it, and then, in my will, I propose to insert a provision that the stuff shall not be printed until I have been dead fifty years. By that time I'll be so thoroughly forgotten that whatever is said in the book can't be made even a misdemeanor, and even if the publisher is indicted by the grand jury, I won't care, as I can easily prove an alibi."

Charles Sumner, although distant in manner and regarded as the embodiment of intellectual aristocracy, was ever eager to learn, and never failed to manifest respect for one who could or did teach him. One day while walking in Cambridge, he nearly fell into a ditch some laborers were digging, an accident being prevented only by the prompt action of one of the workers. Senator Sumner thanked the laborer, the two began to talk, and soon the statesman was interested.

A grave and learned Harvard professor happened to pass just then, and his horror was unconcealed. Senator Sumner talking with a laboring man! And apparently interested, too! It was horrible!

He stepped up to the Senator and inquired sarcastically, "Learning how to dig ditches, Mr. Sumner?"

As gravely as though addressing the Senate, Sumner replied—after lifting his hat to the laborer as he walked away—"I got more from that man, professor, in five minutes than I ever got from you, and I've known you twenty-five years."

President Theodore Roosevelt was elected to the lower house of the New York Legislature when twenty-one years old. He was not a heavy young man, but firmly knit and athletic. In the house was a member from New York City who fairly dominated that body, so fierce was he; he was a bully and did not hesitate to insult his colleagues upon the slightest

provocation. He was a heavy fellow, physically, and had the reputation of being afraid of nothing.

Young Roosevelt made no demonstration for the first few days, although the bully had sneered at him two or three times and denominated him as "one of de girlie boys dat tinks dey knows it all," but there is an end to all things. Encouraged by Roosevelt's apparent peaceableness, the autocrat openly insulted the youthful legislator.

Roosevelt, when the other had finished, arose in his seat and without heat or passion, but in the calmest of tones, told the tyrant, in a deliberate way, that he was a liar. There could be no mistake, for Roosevelt was looking straight at the fellow. Before taking his seat again Roosevelt ventured the statement that he was ready at all times to back up whatever he said.

The bully colored up, glared at his antagonist, settled himself in his chair and said nothing. He was cowed by a really brave man.

No one loved a joke more than President McKinley, and the dignity of his lofty station did not always debar the Chief Magistrate from having a hearty laugh. However, during his residence in the White House official etiquette has served to keep the presidential pleasantries from escaping to the outside world.

It may not be known, generally at least, that President McKinley was the originator of a popular phrase. In 1896, during the progress of the campaign of that year, he went to the railway station to bid goodbye to several western newspaper men who had stopped off to pay him a visit.

As the train moved out of the station Major McKinley waved his right hand in an admonitory sort of a way, smiled and said, "Now, boys, be as good as you can." "Be as good as you can" has been a standard saying since that time, for all the daily newspapers of the United States printed it the following morning.

Rev. Phillips Brooks and two or three other noted American clergymen were together in London one Sunday and decided to go and hear a prominent English divine that day. This divine was not permeated with a love for the United States and its people; on the contrary, he never neglected an opportunity to say something uncomplimentary.

This day he was evidently in a bad humor, for he gave the Americans several "digs," winding up with the assertion that the Yankees could always be singled out in a crowd because of their lack of height.

"If there are any Americans in the house let them stand up," remarked the clergyman, "and you will see that I am right in what I have said."

Dr. Brooks arose and the congregation looked upon him with amazement. A magnificent specimen of manhood he was, and the man in the pulpit was bothered.

"I am not among the largest, physically, of the men of my country," said Dr. Brooks in his sonorous voice, which penetrated to every part of the sacred edifice; "on the contrary I would not attract more than passing attention in an assemblage of people in the United States; but I have two or three friends with me who can be said to fairly represent the voting and fighting population of the republic."

One after another the reverend gentleman's companions arose and stood erect, and in spite of the fact that Englishmen are not easily provoked to laughter, some of the smiles indulged in at the British divine's expense were rather audible.

STORIES TOLD OF AND BY LINCOLN.

THE stories told of and by Abraham Lincoln are innumerable. The great President always illustrated his speeches (before his election to the Presidency) with anecdotes, and when in the White House usually resorted to them to make his meaning clearer to those with whom he was talking.

At the White House one day some gentlemen were present from the West, excited and troubled about the commissions or omissions of the administration.

The President heard them patiently, and then replied:

"Gentlemen, suppose all the property you have were in gold, and you had put it in the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara river on a rope, would you shake the cable, or keep shouting out to him, 'Blondin, stand up a little straighter—Blondin, stoop a little more—go a little faster—lean a little more to the north—lean a little more to the south?' No! you would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safe over.

"The government is carrying an immense weight. Untold treasures are in her hands. They are doing the very best they can. Don't badger them. Keep silence, and we'll get you safe across."

At one of the afternoon receptions at the White House, a stranger shook hands with the President, and as he did so remarked, casually, that he was elected to Congress about the time Mr. Lincoln's term as Representative expired.

"Yes," said the President, "you are from ——," mentioning the state. "I remember reading of your election in a newspaper one morning on a steamboat going down to Mount Vernon."

At another time a gentleman addressed him, saying:

"I presume, Mr. President, you have forgotten me?"

"No," was the prompt reply; "your name is Flood. I saw you last twelve years ago, at ——," naming the place and the occasion. "I am glad to see," he continued, "that the Flood flows on."

Subsequent to his re-election a deputation of bankers from various sections were introduced one day by the Secretary of the Treasury. After a few moments of general conversation, Mr. Lincoln turned to one of them and said:

"Your district did not give me so strong a vote at the last election as it did in 1860."

"I think, sir, that you must be mistaken," replied the banker. "I have the impression that your majority was considerably increased at the last election."

"No," rejoined the President, "you fell off about six hundred votes."

Then taking down from the bookcase the official canvass of 1860 and 1864, he referred to the vote of the district named, and proved to be quite right in his assertion.

When Lincoln was a farm-hand, when his chances of becoming President were apparently the slimmest of any boy living, he had hopes, and would assert that some day he would be a great man. Mrs. Crawford, wife of the farmer for whom "Abe" was working, reproved him one day for bothering the girls in her kitchen, and asked him what he supposed would ever become of him. He answered that he was going to be President of the United States.

Abe usually did the milling for the family, and at first had to go a long distance, but later on a horse-mill was started near Gen-

CHARLES SUMNER, one of the most classic of American statesmen and orators, was born at Boston in 1811, and died at Washington in 1874. His one great ambition, manifested early in life, was to become a scholar, and to that end he studied all subjects and languages. He was chosen to the United States Senate, taking high rank in that body, the membership of which previous to 1860 included many of the most famous men of the country. As a statesman and legislator he was conscientious to a fault, and Massachusetts will always fondly cherish the memory of one of her greatest sons.

tryville. Abe hitched his "old mare" to the mill and started her, with impatience. She did not move very lively, and he "touched her up" and started to say, "Get up, you old hussy!"

The words "get up" fell from his lips, and then he became unconscious, caused by a kick from the mare. After several hours he came to, and the first thing he said was, "You old hussy!"

In after years he explained it thus: "Probably the muscles of my tongue had been set to speak the words when the animal's heels knocked me down, and my mind, like a gun, stopped half-cocked, and only went off when consciousness returned."

Regarding the murmurings to the effect that he was "too easy" when applied to for pardons on behalf of soldiers, he said:

"Some of our generals complain that I impair discipline and subordination in the army by my pardons and respites, but it makes me rested, after a day's hard work, if I can find some good excuse for saving a man's life; and I go to bed happy as I think how joyous the signing of my name makes him and his family."

"Abe" "flatboated" on the Mississippi once. One day two strangers asked to be taken to the steamer coming up the river. "Abe" did so, and when he had them and their luggage on the boat, they threw him a silver half dollar each.

One day, while the Cabinet was assembled in the White House, Mr. Lincoln related the incident to Secretary of State Seward, and said:

"I could scarcely believe my eyes. You may think it was a very little thing, but it was the most important instant of my life. I could scarcely believe that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day. The world seemed wider and fairer to me, and I was a more hopeful and confident being from that time."

After the "Trent" affair, when Mason and Slidell had been given up, President Lincoln was asked if it was not a great trial to surrender the two captured commissioners. Said he:

"Yes, that was a pretty bitter pill to swallow, but I contented myself with believing that England's triumph in the matter would be short-lived, and that after ending our war successfully we should be so powerful that we could call England to account for all the embarrassments she had inflicted upon us.

"I felt a good deal like the sick man in Illinois, who was told he probably hadn't many days longer to live, and he ought to make peace with any enemies he might have.

"He said the man he hated worst of all was a fellow named Brown, in the next village, and he guessed he had better commence on him first. So Brown was sent for, and when he came the sick man began to say, in a voice as meek as Moses, that he wanted to die at peace with all his fellow-creatures, and hoped he and Brown could now shake hands and bury all their enmity.

"The scene was becoming altogether too pathetic for Brown, who had to get out his handkerchief and wipe the gathering tears from his eyes. It wasn't long before he melted and gave his hand to his neighbor, and they had a regular love-feast.

"After a parting that would have softened the heart of a grindstone, Brown had about reached the room door, when the sick man rose up on his elbow and said, 'But see here, Brown; if I should happen to get well, mind, that old grudge stands.'

"So I thought if this nation should happen to get well, we might want that old grudge against England to stand."

AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES.

What Orators Have Said When the Cigars and Coffee Were Passed Around.

POSSIBLY more bright things have been said in the course of after-dinner speeches than in the labored efforts of statesmen; and, for that matter, some of the utterances of those who have spoken at banquets have had more influence in determining the fate of nations than the studied addresses of Cabinet Ministers and others in Congress, Parliament, and other law-making bodies.

GROVER CLEVELAND SAYS "PUSH."

IN an address delivered by ex-President Grover Cleveland to the graduates of Pierce College at Philadelphia on December 21, 1900, is contained so many good points that it is worth reading and preserving.

In his talk to the students Mr. Cleveland said in part:

"The true golden rule lies at the foundation of all that makes life worth living and is the parent of every success worth gaining.

"Of course, in attempting to win success you are in a race with your fellows, but you need not run a foul race nor treacherously disable your competitors."

Continuing, Mr. Cleveland said the world owes us just such a living as we can gain by hard work, the exercise of all our mental faculties, a scrupulous adherence to the rules of honesty, and a never failing obedience to the dictates of enlightened conscience.

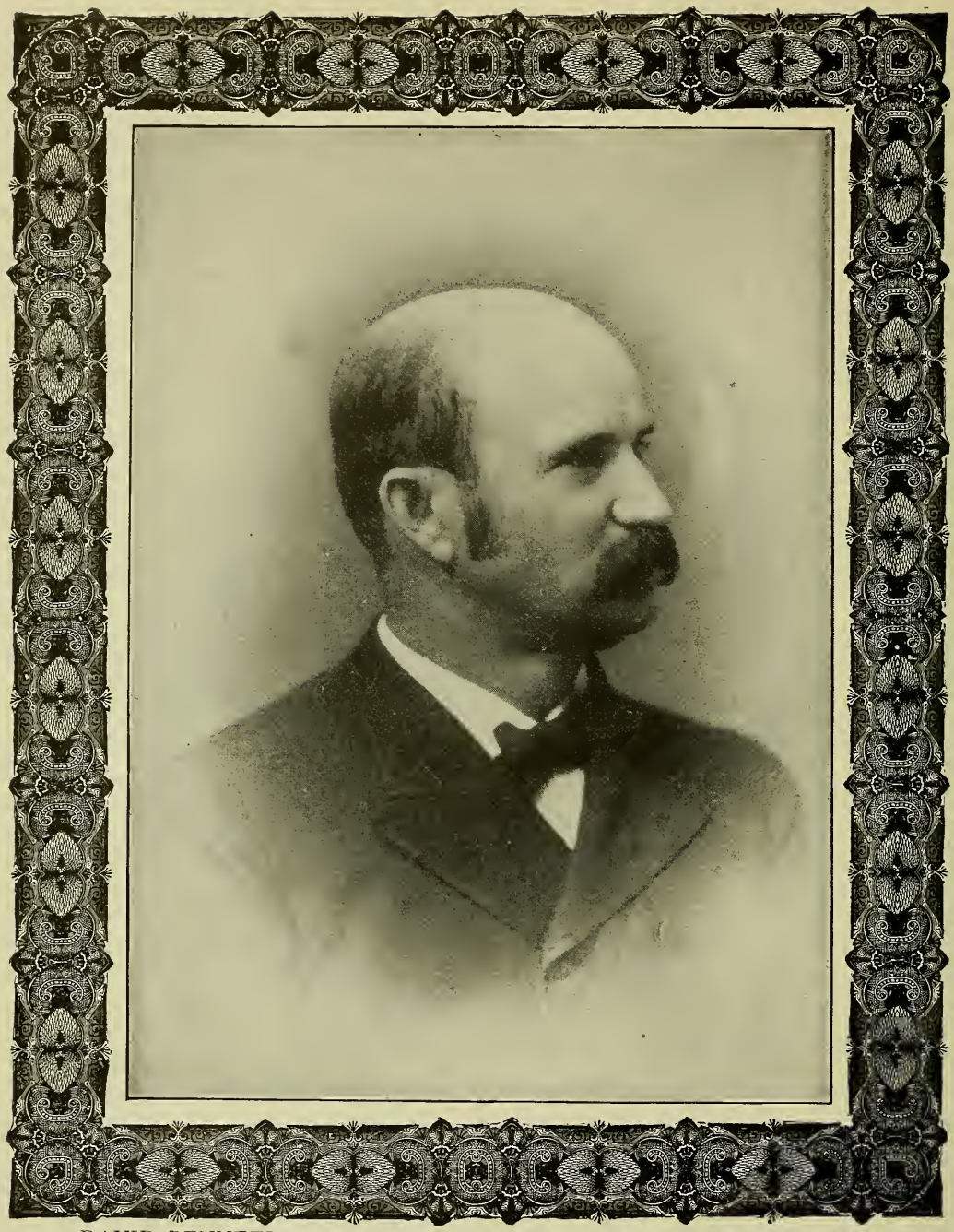
"To one thus properly conditioned," he added, "there is nothing more exhilarating or stimulating than to see gathering together in his path adverse circumstances and to feel the thrill that gives signal of the determined rush against him."

Mr. Cleveland emphasized the importance of self-reliance and perseverance, and continuing, said:

"If you find the rock of impossibility in your path, go around it rather than beat yourself to death against it, but in the new path still persevere, and if it shall plainly appear to you that an overruling Providence is directing you in a way different from that of your choice, follow the new way submissively, and again perseveringly."

After citing several instances of perseverance and self-reliance on the part of individuals, Mr. Cleveland resumed:

"When an in-door crowd disperses, and together leaves the audience-room, each individual must push ahead or lose the position already gained. So in the pursuit of the living the world owes us we must push —not to injure or trample on others, but to hold and improve our positions in the general onward rush. A young man in search of employment found himself in the



DAVID BENNETT HILL is one of the most resourceful and astute politicians the country ever produced. He was born at Havana, Chemung (now Schuyler) County, New York, August 29, 1843, and took up his residence at Elmira twenty years later, entering upon the practice of law there. In 1882 he was elected Mayor of that city, but resigned the same year to take the Lieutenant-Governorship, when Grover Cleveland was chosen Governor. Two years later he became Governor, and in 1885 was elected Governor. When his term was ended he was elected to the United States Senate by the New York Legislature, and served six years.

counting-room of a large establishment, in the presence of the proprietor, who, after telling him he had no need of his services, began questioning him for amusement. Among other things he asked him if he had adopted any motto for his guidance.

"'I have,' said the young man, 'and I saw it on the door of the room as I entered.'

"'What was that?' said the merchant.

"'Push,' was the prompt reply.

"Of course, such a story could not be worth telling if it had not the usual sequel —employment on the spot—a life-long career of prosperity, and an immense fortune for the young man. If the counting-room door had opened outward, with 'pull' on it instead of 'push,' I suppose it would have been quite a different matter; but for all that the young man's motto was not a bad one.

"I must not longer delay reference to one of the most vicious errors that by any possibility can gain a lodgment in the mind of any one who has set out to make a fight for the living that the world owes us all—I mean the notion that if the daily allotted task is done and if the exact time prescribed for daily labors is spent in work—every duty that can profitably be discharged has been met and every advantage that can follow faithful service has been gained.

"It is a dreadful mistake to suppose that a little extra effort in favor of the work in hand and in the interest of an employer passes unnoticed, or that it will remain unnoticed. The neglect of such effort may, therefore, be a serious hindrance to present advancement, besides breeding habits and methods of business which, if the field of independent activity and competition is ever reached, will prove a handicap to success.

"We must promptly and finally exclude as our standard of success mere money getting for its own sake. It would be a strange perversion of our conception of life and its aims and aspirations if we should be brought to the conclusion that the fortunate gambler, the bold and lucky robber or burglar, or even the idle, weak, purposeless inheritor of riches is a successful man.

"When we speak of life, we mean a life of decency and active usefulness, and when we speak of success, we mean something that aids such a life and makes it more useful and not less decent—something that does not smother conscience or dull the sense of moral responsibility which no one should attempt to escape. We mean the accomplishment of such ends as enable us to discharge better and easier our obligations to others and which fit us to make the world or at least a larger section of it happier by our lives and efforts."

In conclusion Mr. Cleveland said that the greatest danger attending the accumulation of wealth is found in its hardening effect upon the heart and conscience and its suffocation of our best feelings and impulses, and added:

"It is decreed that we can surely exact our dues from the world and at the same time can achieve a success that shall be glorious. To do this it is only required of us to be true to ourselves, true to our duty to humanity, obedient to the divine law, and submissive to the will of God."

MARK TWAIN'S ACCOUNT OF IT.

THERE has been much said and written in connection with the downfall of the Confederacy, but until Mark Twain stepped forward and in a burst of confidence "fessed up," there were several details which remained to be adjusted and dovetailed. At

WILLIAM BOURKE COCKRAN, one of the most eloquent men in public life during the latter years of the Nineteenth Century, was born in Ireland in 1854, received a fine education in his native country and in France, and then came to the United States. He was a natural politician, and New York City sent him to the Fifty-second and Fifty-third Congresses. In 1892 he made a stirring speech at the Democratic National Convention in opposition to the nomination of Mr. Cleveland for the Presidency, being then a favorite with Tammany, and although Mr. Cleveland was successful Mr. Cockran's effort gave him national fame. Gifted with a striking presence and a superb voice, Mr. Cockran has, in addition, a flow of language excelled by few.

a banquet of veterans in Baltimore Mr. Twain openly conceded, in the hearing of all present, that when he took his shoulder out from under the Confederacy it had to come down. He assumed all responsibility for his action and said he thought perhaps things were as they should be.

After telling the story of a battle in 1861 in which he was engaged — he couldn't remember the name it went by, but it was the bloodiest engagement, Mr. Twain said, in the history of wars—he proceeded to remark:

"That battle had a name, but I have forgotten it. It is no use to keep private information which you can't show off. Now look at the way history does. It takes the battle of Boonville, fought near by, about the date of our slaughter and shouts its teeth loose over it, and yet never even mentions ours; doesn't even call it an 'affair;' doesn't call it anything at all; never even heard of it. Whereas, what are the facts? Why, these: In the battle of Boonville there were two thousand men engaged on the Union side, and about as many on the other—supposed to be. The casualties, all told, were two men killed; and not all of these were killed outright, but only half of them, for the other man died in hospital next day. I know that, because his great-uncle was second cousin to my grandfather, who spoke three languages, and was perfectly honorable and upright, though he had warts all over him, and used to—but never mind about that, the facts are just as I say, and I can prove it. Two men killed in that battle of Boonville, that's the whole result. All the others got away—on both sides.

"Now, then, in our battle there were just fifteen men engaged, on our side—all brigadier generals but me, and I was a second lieutenant. On the other side there was one man. He was a stranger. We killed him. It was night, and we thought he was an army of observation; he looked like an army of observation—in fact, he looked bigger than an army of observation would in the daytime; and some of us believed he was trying to surround us, and some thought he was going to try to turn our position, and so we shot him. Poor fellow, he probably wasn't an army of observation, after all; but that wasn't our fault; as I say, he had all the look of it in that dim light. It was a sorrowful circumstance, but he took the chances of war, and he drew the wrong card; he overestimated his fighting strength, and he suffered the likely result; but he fell as the brave should fall—with his face to the foe and feet to the field—so we buried him with the honors of war, and took his things.

"So began and ended the only battle in the history of the world where the opposing force WAS UTTERLY EXTERMINATED, swept from the face of the earth—to the last man. And yet, you don't know the name of that battle; you don't even know the name of that man. Now, then, for the argument. Suppose I had continued in the war, and gone on as I began, and exterminated the opposing force every time — every two weeks—where would your war have been? Why, you see yourself, the conflict would have been too one-sided. There was but one honorable course for me to pursue, and I pursued it. I withdrew to private life, and gave the Union cause a chance.

"There, now, you have the whole thing in a nutshell; it was not my presence in the Civil War that determined that tremendous contest—it was my retirement from it that brought the crash. It left the Confederate side too weak.

"And yet, when I stop and think, I cannot regret my course. No, when I look abroad over this happy land, with its wounds healed and its enmities forgotten;

this reunited sisterhood of majestic States; this freest of free commonwealths the sun in his course shines upon; this one sole country nameable in history or tradition where a man *is* a man and manhood the only royalty; this people ruled by the justest and wholesomest laws and government yet devised by the wisdom of men; this mightiest of the civilized empires of the earth, in numbers, in prosperity, in progress and in promise; and reflect that there is no North, no South any more, but that as in the old time, it is now and will remain forever, in the hearts and speech of Americans, our land, our country, our giant empire, and the flag floating in its firmament our flag, I would not wish it otherwise."

PRESIDENT McKINLEY ON "DANGERS OF EMPIRE."

WILLIAM McKINLEY, President of the United States, delivered an address before the Union League Club the evening of November 24th, 1900, shortly after his second election as Chief Magistrate, in which he said:

"Nothing in government can be more impressive than a national election, where the people delegate their power and invest their constitutional agents with authority to execute their behests. The very character of the transaction clothes it with solemnity. It is serious business. Its issues are always momentous. What a lesson in self-government it teaches! Nearly fourteen million voters on the same day, throughout every section of the United States, depositing their mandate and recording their will. Done by the people in their own communities, in the very precincts of the home, under the supervision of their fellow citizens and chosen officials, and, to insure its freedom and independence, the ballot a secret one. God forbid that any citizen selected for that sacred trust should ever attempt to divert the will of the sovereign people or tamper with the sanctity of their ballots.

"Some disappointments follow all elections; but all men rejoice when an election is so decisive as to admit of neither dispute nor contest. The value of a national victory can only be rightly measured and appreciated by what it averts as well as by what it accomplishes. It is fortunate for the party in power if it understands the true meaning of the result. Those charged by the people with administration and legislation are required to interpret as well as to execute the public will, and its rightful interpretation is essential to its faithful execution.

"Liberty has not lost, but gained in strength. The structure of the fathers stands secure upon the foundations on which they raised it, and is to-day, as it has been in the years past, and as it will be in the years to come, the 'government of the people, by the people and for the people.'

"Be not disturbed; there is no danger from empire; there is no fear for the republic.

"We cannot overestimate the great importance and the far-reaching consequences of the electoral contest which ended on the 6th of November. It has to me no personal phase. It is not the triumph of an individual, nor altogether of a party, but an emphatic declaration by the people of what they believe and would have maintained in government. A great variety of subjects was presented and discussed in the progress of the campaign. We may differ as to the extent of the influence of the several issues involved, but we are all agreed as to certain things which it settled.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT. Twenty-fifth President of the United States; born in New York City, Oct. 27, 1858. He is of Dutch ancestry, and a member of the Dutch Reformed Church; a soldier and a statesman; graduated at Harvard College in 1880; served several terms in the New York Assembly. April 6, 1897, he was appointed assistant secretary of the navy by President Wm. McKinley. The Republicans elected him governor of New York, for the term beginning Jan. 2, 1899, and the twenty-fifth Vice-President of the United States for the twenty-ninth quadrennial term, beginning March 4, 1901. At the death of President McKinley he became President, taking the oath of office at Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 14, 1901. He was elected President in 1904.

"It records the unquestioned indorsement of the gold standard, industrial independence, broader markets, commercial expansion, reciprocal trade, the open door in China, the inviolability of public faith, the independence and authority of the judiciary, and peace and beneficent government under American sovereignty in the Philippines. American credit remains unimpaired, the American name unimpeached, the honor of American arms unsullied and the obligations of a righteous war and treaty of peace unrepudiated.

"Nor is any accounting for the victory either just or accurate which leaves out of the calculation the almost unbroken column of labor engaged in mechanics and agriculture, which rejected the false doctrine of class distinction as having no place in this republic, and which rebuked those teachings which would destroy the faith of American manhood in American character and American institutions. The business men in every part of the country, typified by this great organization, were a mighty factor in the recent contest. And may we not also ascribe much to the influence of the home, with its affiliations? In any previous election, was it greater, or in any did the deliberate counsels of the fireside determine more largely the vote of the electors?"

WHAT TO DO WITH EX-PRESIDENTS.

EX-PRESIDENT BENJAMIN HARRISON made the response to the toast "Hail, Columbia," at the banquet of the Columbia Club, of Indianapolis, given the night of December 31st, 1900, in which he suggested a new plan for the disposal of ex-Presidents of the United States. His idea was in accordance with the popular Chinese method of getting rid of superfluous persons. Said he:

"The decapitation of the ex-President when the oath of office has been administered to his successor would greatly vivify a somewhat tiresome ceremonial. And we may some time solve the newspaper problem, what to do with our ex-Presidents, in that conclusive way. Until then, I hope an ex-President may be permitted to live somewhere midway between the house of the gossip and the crypt of the mummy. He will know, perhaps, in an especial way, how to show the highest honor to the Presidential office and the most courteous deference to the President. Upon great questions, however—especially upon questions of constitutional law—you must give an ex-President his freedom or the ax—and it is too late to give me the ax."

He was very happy, too, in his remarks in connection with the name of the Club.

"Columbia should have been the name of the Western Hemisphere—the republican half of the world, the hemisphere without a King on the ground, the reserved world where God sent the trodden spirits of men to be revived; to find, where all things were primitive, man's primitive rights.

"I estimate the gift of governing faculty to be God's greatest gift to the Anglo-Saxon, and in the constitution of the United States, with its division of powers, its limitations upon the governing departments, and its sublime reservations in the interests of individual liberty, I see the highest achievement of that most rare faculty.

"I have no argument to make here or anywhere against territorial expansion; but I do not, as some do, look to expansion as the safest and most attractive avenue of national development. By the advantages of abundant and cheap coal and iron, of an enormous surplus of food products, and of

invention and economy in production we are now leading by a nose the original and the greatest of the colonizing nations. Australia and New Zealand loyally send their contingents to South Africa, but Great Britain cannot hold the trade of her colonies against American offerings of a better or cheaper product. The Central and South American states, assured of our purpose not only to respect but to defend their autonomy, and finding the peace and social order which a closer and larger commercial intercourse with the world will bring, offer to our commerce a field, the full development of which will realize the eldorado. Hail to Columbia, the home of the free and from which only freedom can go out."

BRIGHT THINGS SENATOR DEPEW HAS SAID.

UNITED STATES Senator Chauncey Mitchell Depew is conceded to be one of the cleverest after-dinner speakers in the world. Even the English like him, although they do not, all at once, catch the points made by him. He is a favorite in London, and is kept busy every hour while in the metropolis of the world.

Senator Depew has probably made more after-dinner talks than any man living.

Here are a few of the good things he has said from time to time while at the banquet-board:

"When I found that I was to respond to a toast, my astonishment was as intense as that which was expressed by the telegraph operator when she read a certain message under these circumstances: A man received an order in the morning to get up a panel and have a motto painted in it for Christmas. He was so busy all day that he forgot the details, and telegraphed to his wife for them. The answer came back to him: 'Unto us this day a child was born, nine feet long and three feet wide.'

"One day, not long ago, I met a soldier who had been wounded in the face. He was a Union man, and I asked him in which battle he had been injured.

"'In the last battle of Bull Run, sir,' he replied.

"'But how could you get hit in the face at Bull Run?' I asked.

"'Well, sir,' said the man, half-apologetically, 'after I had run a mile or two I got careless and looked back.'

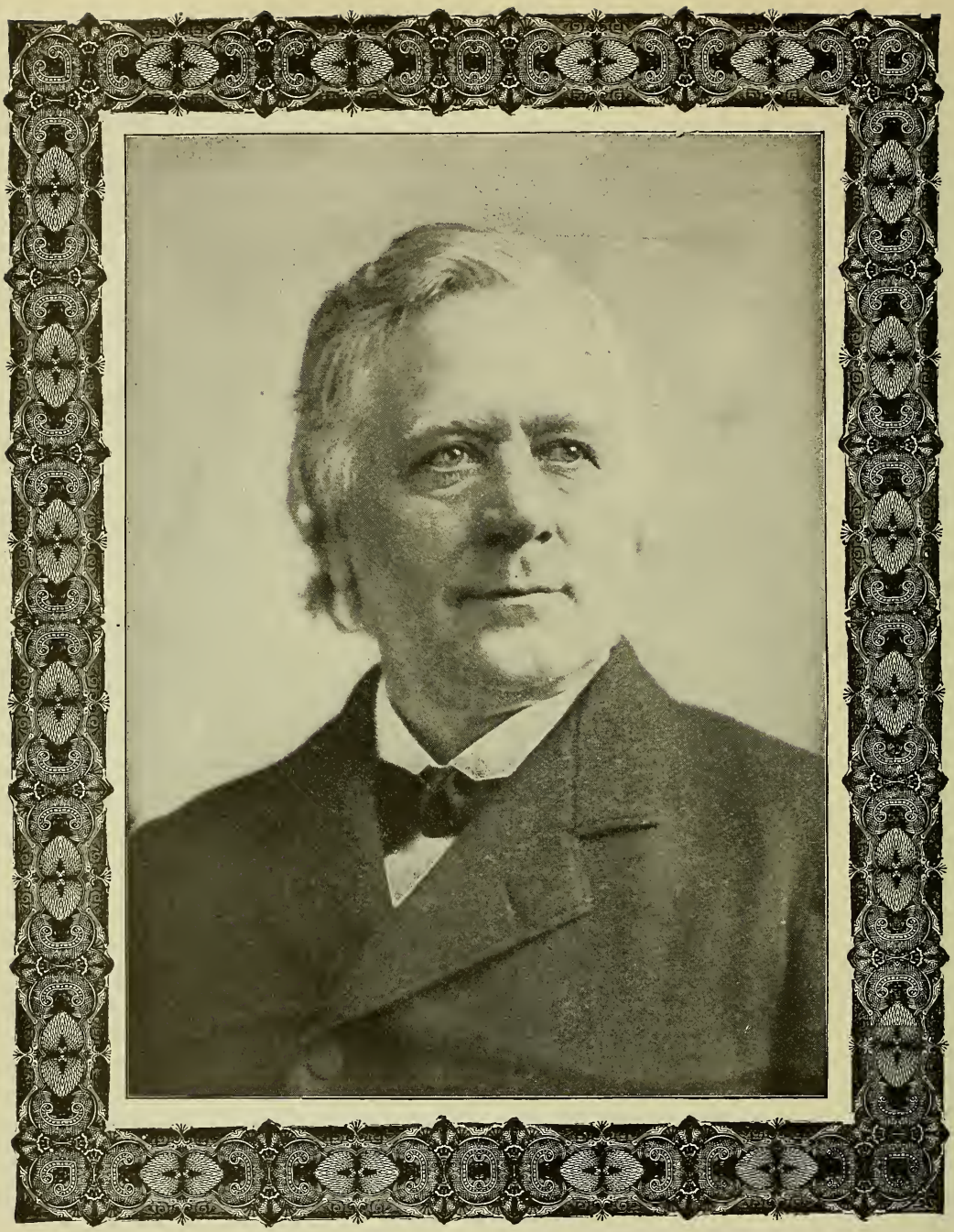
"Speaking at a St. Andrew's Society dinner, I remarked that if my jokes were not always appreciated immediately by the Scotsmen, by the time the next yearly dinner came round they had always seen the point. 'I don't think that's a very funny thing to say,' growled a handsome old Scot, who was sitting beside me.

"'Oh,' said I, 'that's all right. You'll see the fun in it in a year from now.'

"There are certain portions of Vermont where the only recreation and pleasure of the inhabitants is the attendance upon funerals. A friend of mine once went to one of these gatherings. After the preacher had concluded, he was startled by the undertaker, who got up and announced:

"'Friends will be patient; the exercises are briefly postponed because the corpse has been mislaid.'

"They tell the story of a Senator being shaved by an aged colored barber at the Arlington Hotel in Washington, and remarking to him, 'Uncle, you must have had among



ROBERT COLLYER.—One of the most influential preachers in the United States is Rev. Robert Collyer, of New York City, and while this country claims him as her own he was born in Yorkshire, England, the year of his birth being 1822. When he came here he settled in a small Pennsylvania village, where he worked at his trade, meantime studying hard to fit himself for the pulpit. He felt that he was not in his element, and his rapid rise in his profession demonstrated that he was right. In appearance Mr. Collyer is one of the handsomest of men, being a giant in stature, well proportioned and possessing a pleasant face.

your customers many of my distinguished predecessors in the Senate—many of the men now dead who have occupied the place I now fill.'

"'Yes, sah,' said the barber, 'I'se known most all of dem. By de way, Senator, you remind me of Daniel Webster.'

"The gratified statesman raised himself in his chair and placed his hand upon his forehead. "Is it my brow?'

"'No, boss,' said the barber, 'it is you breath.'

"I went to a hotel in Georgia and said to the clerk, 'Where shall I autograph?'

"'Autograph?' said the clerk.

"'Yes; sign my name, you know.'

"'Oh, right here.' I signed my name in the register. In a little while in came some Georgia crackers. One of them advanced to the desk.

"'Will you autograph?' asked the clerk, with a smile.

"'Cert'nly,' said the Georgia cracker, beaming. 'Mine's rye. What's yours, fellows?'

"The clerk treated with good grace. Then he leaned back and glared at me. I felt sorry for him and was somewhat conscience stricken.

"'Too bad,' I said 'This is what comes from speaking a foreign language in one's own country.'

"The wife of a fisherman was approached one day by his fellow workers with a statement that her husband had been drowned. Her grief was inconsolable, and her despair was heard through the whole village. She went into convulsions. Next day they came to her again with the somewhat alleviating announcement that the body had been found. 'But,' they said, 'it's condition is dreadful.'

"'Well,' she said, 'tell me the worst.'

"'Well,' said they, 'madam, he is covered with eels.'

"'Covered with eels?'

"'Yes, madam; we hated to tell you, but it is true. He is covered with eels.'

"'Well,' said the widow, drying her tears, 'set him again.'

"In the Berkshire hills there was a funeral, and as they gathered in the little parlor, there came the typical New England female, who mingles curiosity with her sympathy. As she glanced around the darkened room she said to the bereaved widow:

"'When did you get that new eight-day clock?'

"'We ain't got no new eight-day clock,' was the reply.

"'You ain't? What's that in the corner there?'

"'Why, no, that's not an eight-day clock; that's the deceased; we stood him on end to make room for the mourners.'

"One day I held a conversation with old John, the farmer.

"'Well, Uncle John,' I said, 'how are things?'

"'Bad enough, Chauncey, bad enough,' replied the old man.

"'But,' said I, 'things look prosperous hereabouts.'

"'Yes,' said John, 'they do, for dang it all, Providence has interfered; but we can't expect Providence to interfere every year. After all, we must have whisky for comfort and the grave for rest.'

"A college friend of mine, translated from the law to railroading, rescued a bankrupt corporation from ruin and placed it upon a prosperous basis, and then administered its affairs with consummate ability. When he returned, many years afterwards, to his

country home and sat as of old upon the nail keg of the corner grocery, the wise men of the neighborhood gathered about him, and one said:

"'Is is true that you are getting a salary of more than ten thousand dollars a year?'

"My friend said it was true.

"'Well,' said the local oracle, 'that shows what check and circumstances will do for a man.'

"While in Peekskill, I went to call on two old friends, a widow and maiden lady.

"Said the widow:

"'Well, I married when I was quite young. My husband died and I had him cremated. In about two years I married again; he died and I had him cremated. I married a third time and lived to cremate him.'

"'Ah,' answered the maiden lady, 'wonderful are the ways of Providence. Here I've lived all these years and never have been able to get married to one man, and you've had husbands to burn.'

"The teacher of the district school up at Peekskill called up the three brightest boys in his class one day and said:

"'Tom, you are a Republican?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'And, Jim, you are a Prohibitionist?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'And, Sam, you are a Democrat?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Well, now, the one of you that can give me the best reason why he belongs to his party can have this woodchuck I caught on my way to school this morning. Now, Tom, why are you a Republican?'

"'I am a Republican,' said the boy, 'because the Republican party saved the country in this war, abolished slavery, and brought about the resumption of specie payments, and has done everything for the good of the country.'

"'That's very good,' said the teacher.

"'I am a Prohibitionist,' said the Prohibition boy glibly, 'because rum is filling the jail and filling the poorhouse, and ultimately it will ruin the country, and if we could have prohibition we would not need any prison or poorhouse. Everybody would be well off.'

"'That is a good reason,' said the teacher.

"'Now, what is the reason you are a Democrat, Sam?'

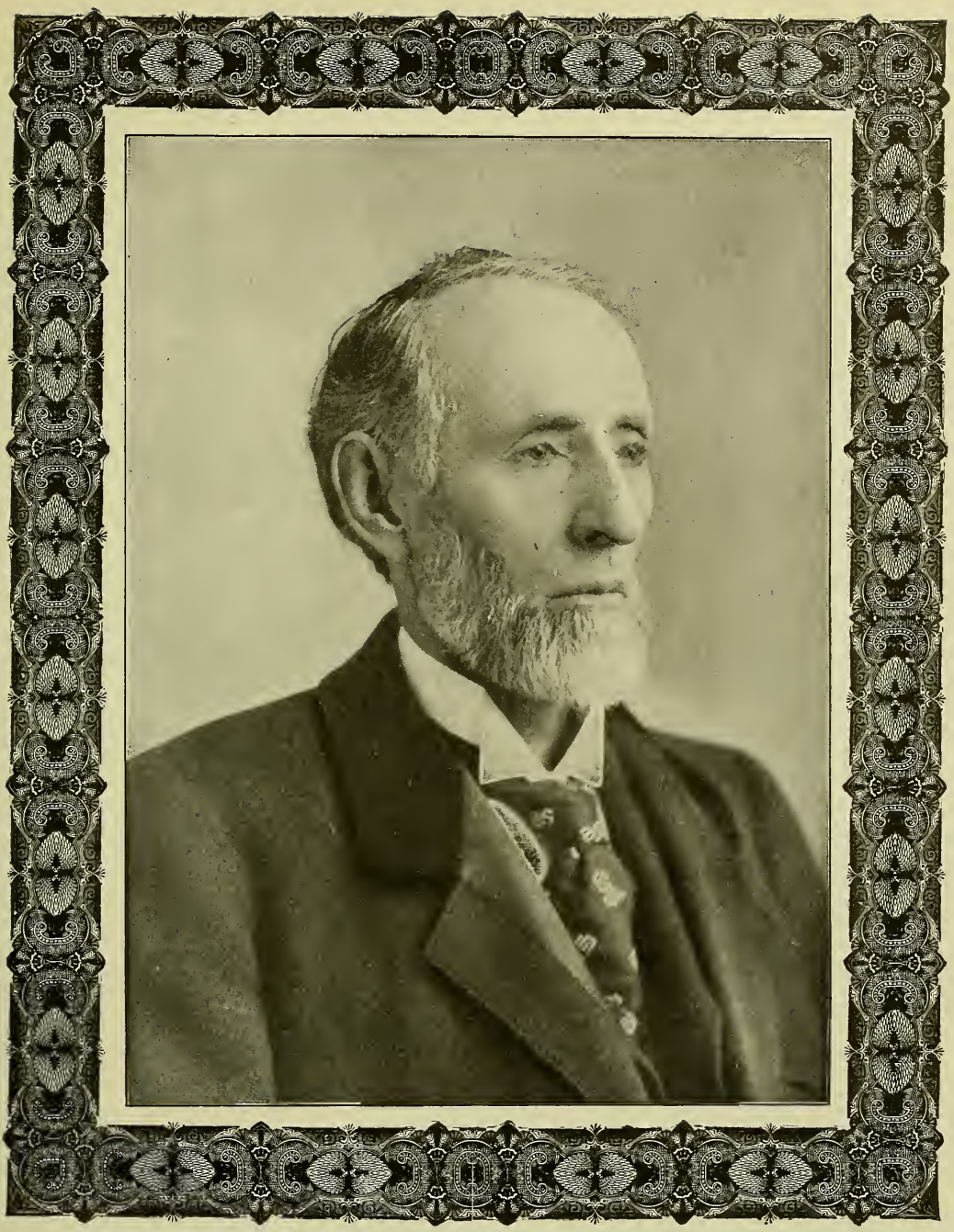
"'Well, sir,' was the reply, 'I am a Democrat because I want the woodchuck.'

"It is easier for a man of ability to get on in a new country and with fresh surroundings than in the neighborhood where he was born. Where everyone has known him from childhood he often is handicapped by the unforgotten frivolities of youth, and reaches middle life before he has outgrown the feeling that he is still a boy, while as a new settler he starts at once at the level of his ascertained capabilities.

"There is not a joke, nor a mot, nor a scintilla of humor irradiating the Revolutionary statesmen. There is a stilted dignity about their utterances which shows that they were always posing in heroic attitudes. If they lived and moved in family, social and club life as we understand it, the dismal gloom of their companionship accounts for the ecstatic enjoyment which their contemporaries took in the three-hour sermons then common from the pulpit.

"There is an old story of a lawyer named Strange and his wife having a conference as to the things he wished done after he had departed this life.

"'I want a headstone put over me, my



SHELBY M. CULLOM, senior United States Senator from Illinois, was complimented by a fourth election in 1901 by the Legislature of his State. He succeeded David Davis in 1883. Senator Cullom has been in public life nearly fifty years, and is regarded as one of the strongest men in the United States Senate in debate. Born in Wayne County, Kentucky, in 1829, Senator Cullom has been a resident of Illinois since 1853; received an academic and university education. He was elected Governor in 1876 and 1880, resigning in 1883 to take his seat in the United States Senate. He has been a delegate to many Republican National Conventions, and placed General Grant in nomination in 1872.

dear,' said the lawyer, 'with the simple inscription—"Here lies an honest lawyer."

"The wife expressed surprise that he did not wish his name put on the headstone.

" 'It will not be needful,' he responded, 'for those who pass by and read that inscription will invariably remark: "That's Strange."

"An Englishman who had heard the story essayed to repeat it to his friend.

" 'I heard a good one the other night,' he says, 'a very good one, indeed. There was a barrister by the name of—his name was—well, I don't just think of the name now, ye know; but it's of no consequence whatever. You see, he was telling his widow—that is, his wife—what to do after he died, and he says: "I want this inscription on my monument: 'here lies an honest barrister.' You'll get the point in a moment. It's very funny. Well, his wife says, "How in the world is that going to tell who you are?" Says he: "Well, everybody that reads the inscription will say: 'That's devilish singular.' "

"As an employer of thirty-five thousand men, in all sorts of positions, I wish to say that my experience leads me to believe that the men who fail to succeed fail because they do not grasp the opportunities before them. I went into the office of one of the great lawyers of New York and said to him:

" 'You are working yourself to death!'

"He replied:

" 'I know it, and will tell you why. It is because everyone in that room full of clerks is watching to see when I go out, so that he can fool away his time, or watching the clock for the hour to quit work.

" 'If there were a single one who would take a case and work on it all the afternoon and into the evening and the night, if necessary, as I did, I would make him my partner, but there is no one; so I am working myself to death.'

"When the Puritans reached Amsterdam, though there were only four hundred of them, and all in the direst penury and misery, yet they found ample time and opportunity to dispute about creeds and beliefs. So grave were their differences that there would have been four hundred churches, each with a single member, but for the pure spirit and lofty zeal of John Robinson. It was Robinson who once preached a sermon which lasted all day, and then they were refreshed by psalm singing which continued all night, and according to Puritan standards of enjoyment, of that period, they had a thoroughly good time.

"A story goes further than an argument, and a joke captures more than a speech. It matters not whether it be a crisis in national affairs, a critical time in finance, disturbing contentions in the church or varying fortunes of party leaders; the public finds comfort somewhere by the presentation and universal acceptance of a humorous or ludicrous side of the situation.

"The American government of the people is stable because the people are satisfied with what they do for themselves; because in all that makes citizenship worth the having, in larger returns from labor, the more frequent possession of individual homes, in the general intelligence of the people, in the universal exercise by educated intelligence of the right of sovereignty, in respect for law and order, and the results which come from the enforcement of law and the maintenance of order, the citizen gets more out of life in this country than he does anywhere in the world an hundredfold.

"The Yankee can adapt himself to the necessities of his environment. In Egypt he is the general of the forces of the Khedive; in the Sandwich Islands he is the

prime minister, and a recent traveler says that in Ashantee he found him acting as the master of amusements in the court of his sable and savage majesty.

"The good ship Mayflower was only sixty tons burden, and yet she carried more furniture than could the largest of the Anglo-American fleet of ocean steamers to-day. There are twenty millions claiming Puritan descent in this country, and every one of them can show you a chair, chest, or table, which came over in the Mayflower.

"My fish story is a remarkable one. For many years my numerous friends have honored me by sending me their first salmon catch of the season. It began fully ten years ago from a dinner speech of mine when I requested all the guests to send me a big fish in the spring. That year, by a preconcerted action, they managed to deliver all the fish on the same day, and my house was filled with them.

"Now, if you approach my home any pleasant day in the late spring, you will see a messenger boy struggling under the weight of a pail of ice. 'What have you got there, my little man?' you ask.

" 'Oh, a big salmon packed in ice for Mr. Depew,' he will answer. Sometimes I have counted twenty messenger boys distributed along the road from my country house to the station. And my cellar is overflowing with cracked ice and salmon. Of course, I send a few to my neighbors, and the rest I have pickled, and mighty good it is that way. But the most pleasing part of my fishing experience comes in when I meet the people who have sent the fish. 'Your salmon was the finest I ever in my life tasted,' is what I invariably say to each and every one.

"Abraham Lincoln once remarked that nothing could be quite as contagious as a good fish story, for if you tell one everybody else immediately thinks of another lie as big as yours, and so the yarns go round.

Senator Depew, when asked how it was he had lived to attend so many dinners and banquets—more than 2,000—he replied that the man who would dine out and often, must lay down four rules for himself, and obey them:

"He must drink very little.
"He must smoke very little.
"He must never eat a late supper.
"He must eat very little of solids only.

"The man who eats much or drinks much cannot make a good speech. The old-time orator neither ate nor drank for hours before speaking. When Henry Ward Beecher was going to speak in the evening he generally took a glass of milk and a piece of bread about five o'clock.

"When I speak at a banquet I eat the same as if I were at home, but I am careful about the wine. I drink only champagne, and not much of that. The story that Daniel Webster could only make a good speech when full of brandy, and which is universally believed, has sent thousands of young lawyers and clergymen to drunkards' graves.

"Very hard drinkers, after a time, can do nothing at all except under the influence of stimulants; but unless a man is a confirmed drunkard the more liquor he takes the muddier his thoughts.

"My funny stories are made up from incidents in my everyday life, with a change of characters and an invention of dialogue to fit whatever they are intended to illustrate."

GOVERNMENT AND THE PEOPLE.

GENERAL DAVID B. HENDERSON, of Iowa, Speaker of the National House of Representatives, who was the guest of honor at a banquet of the Hamilton Club of Chicago the night of August 29th, 1900, said in reply to a toast:

"The name of Hamilton suggests three thoughts that may be appropriate. First, a strong government; second, a just government; third, a protective government.

"In this great world of ours, full of powerful, massive, aggressive governments, this nation as a government must be strong to take care of our people and their interests. No government can be strong that is not just. We cannot hold the love and support of our people unless we are just in the enactment, in the interpretation, and in the execution of law.

"No government will answer the duties of the American people that is not a protective government. These three principles were the cardinal ones of that great statesman and patriot, Alexander Hamilton. This government must protect capital and labor and give each a fair chance. It must protect the rich and the poor, the black and the white and the brown, Mr. Bryan, the old and the young, the men and the women, too, aye, and the children. Unless we have a government big enough to extend its protective power everywhere that old flag floats it will come short of its duty. Aye, and, gentlemen, it must be a government that will protect its citizens in the heart of Chicago or in the heart of far-away China.

"These doctrines of Hamilton, which I assume are supported by this club, must be the text-word of the hour."

MEANS FREEDOM FOR FILIPINOS.

PRESIDENT SETH LOW, of Columbia University, in an address to the students of Monmouth College, September 13th, 1900, declared that the administration of affairs by the government of the United States in the Philippine Islands meant personal, political and religious freedom for its inhabitants, who, after centuries of oppression by the Spaniards, could hardly appreciate, at first, the policy laid out by this government regarding them. When President Low delivered this address, only a portion of which is given, before peace had been thoroughly restored in the various islands of the archipelago:

"But it is said the Filipinos themselves are in arms against our authority. That is not conclusive. In the first place, it is not all the Filipinos; and in the second, it may easily be that the children of those who are in arms will be more than glad that American authority has been established in the islands.

"Surely, no honest American will doubt that in the long run the free speech, the free school, the free church, equality before the law, and freedom of opportunity, which are characteristic of the United States, will be equally domesticated in the Philippine Islands to the full extent of the ability of the people to profit by them. If it be imperialism to take these things to the Philippine Islands, that have known nothing but the rule of Spain for centuries, I should say to those who think so, make the most of it. For myself I believe that the Filipinos, under the sovereignty of the United States, will enjoy more real freedom than they ever can command in any other way.

* * *

"When Aguinaldo attacked the Ameri-

GENERAL DAVID BREMNER HENDERSON, of Iowa, was born a Scotchman, in 1840, but his parents left the old country and settled in Illinois in 1846, removing to Iowa in 1849. He was graduated from the Upper Iowa University and then studied law, but forsook Blackstone for Mars, enlisting as a private in the Twelfth Iowa Volunteers, was elected first lieutenant, lost a leg in battle and was discharged in 1863; when he got well he entered the service again as colonel of the Firty-sixth Iowa and was breveted Major-General of Volunteers for bravery; practiced law until 1882, when he was first elected to the Lower House of Congress. He was made Speaker of the House of the Fifty-sixth Congress in 1899, and re-elected Speaker in 1901.

can forces the term of service of almost all the troops in the Philippines had expired. It is to the glory of the American name that not a man of them all took advantage of this circumstance to embarrass their commanders in the field. They understood perfectly, in the presence of an enemy in arms, that to desert the flag at such a juncture was unimaginable conduct for an American. Many a man thus laid down his life for his country after his term of service had expired."

SHOULD ALWAYS BE READY FOR WAR.

GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER, U. S. A., just before his retirement from the regular army September 1st, 1900, took occasion to declare himself upon the question of a standing army. General Wheeler was one of the most able Confederate leaders during the Civil War, was made Major-General of U. S. Volunteers at the outbreak of the Spanish War in 1898, and after service in Cuba and the Philippines was commissioned Brigadier-General in the regular army.

In an address upon the occasion referred to General Wheeler said:

"The enjoyment of peace is a blessed boon to humanity, but the history of the world, from its earliest periods, teaches that the only security for peace is to be always prepared and ready to engage in war. That nation whose people are ready to respond to a call to arms, with men and resources for any emergency, is the one that shall most certainly be able to avoid the desolation and horrors of war. It is largely for this reason that we encourage a martial spirit, the greatest, in fact the only firm barrier against aggression.

"It matters little how great its wealth, its excellence in literature, and science, and art, a nation unprepared and indisposed to battle in its defense forfeits the respect of the world.

"We are now a great world power, and the destiny of the human race is in the future to be largely guided by the influence exerted by this government. This should be impressed upon the rising generation, and the memory of the flag of our country floating over the schoolhouse and songs breathing patriotic devotion within its walls should be indelibly connected with the first impressions of the youth of our land."

At the Fourth of July banquet of the same year General Wheeler observed:

"There is a great deal in a country being prepared for aggression, being prepared to defend its honor. Our country is always prepared, because our mothers instilled a martial spirit into their sons. The women of this country for generations have taught their sons that their highest duty and privilege was to fight for their country's honor and prestige.

"It is an honored custom for us, the people of the greatest nation of the world, to devote one day in the year to celebrating the most momentous event in the world's history. We call it Independence Day—the birthday of liberty. Liberty and independence, the sweetest sound to human ears; indelibly grafted in the human heart; touching the foundations of the government. The value of these two words depends on their being interpreted in the spirit of the framers of the Declaration of Independence. Let us all, in each recurring anniversary of this day, have impressed on us the purpose of the forefathers and learn to reverence each day that flag which, wherever planted, insures liberty and freedom."

IT IS AMERICA'S CENTURY.

AT the banquet of the Columbia Club, of Indianapolis, held on the last night of the nineteenth century, Senator Albert J. Beveridge, of Indiana, was one of the distinguished guests, responding to the toast of "The Twentieth Century."

This was his prediction:

"The twentieth century will be American. American thought will dominate it; American progress will give it color and direction; American deeds make it illustrious. Before the clock of the centuries strikes the half hour in the hundred years now beginning the American Republic will be sought for arbiter of the disputes of nations, the justice of whose decrees every people will admit and whose power to enforce them none will dare resist.

"Civilization will never lose its hold on Shanghai; civilization will never depart from Hongkong; the gates of Pekin will never again be closed to the methods of modern man. The regeneration of the world, physical as well as moral, has begun, and revolutions never move backward."

SENATOR CULLOM AND PATRIOTISM.

UNITED STATES SENATOR SHELBY M. CULLOM, of Illinois, whose personal resemblance to Abraham Lincoln is remarkable, is one of the most forceful speakers in the country, and, like the martyred President, touches the hearts of the people when he talks. Replying to a toast on July 4th, 1900, at Watseka, Ill., the Senator told how the bond of union between North and South was restored:

"'Providence works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform,' and it has only been within the last few years that the former feeling of friendship and brotherhood has been restored. In 1898, as a nation, we were called upon to put an end to the oppression and cruelty practiced by Spain upon the poor, starving, and defenseless Cubans, against whom a war of extermination for years had been waged. The interference by the United States in the affairs of Cuba, which lay at our threshold, resulted in a war between Spain and this country.

"It was the opportunity for the Southern States which had been in rebellion to show their loyalty to the government and the flag and take up arms for the country. The North, the South, and all sections came forward to the support of our government and the flag.

"The conflict resulted in another triumph of arms and American valor, our soldiers and sailors conquered the enemy and secured an honorable peace. As the result of our victory this nation found itself in possession of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. We are trying to discharge our duty in dealing with all these islands.

"To-day there is a condition in the world the like of which perhaps never existed before. We witness a condition in China that is new and startling, and which staggers the judgment of all civilized nations. Civilization is met face to face with a problem exceedingly difficult to solve. Four hundred millions of people or more—the largest population of any country in the world, and perhaps the oldest—have come to such a condition that it becomes dangerous even to send the representatives of our government among them lest they may be injured in liberty and life while in

the performance of their duty—without hope of relief by the combined efforts of the several nations of the world.

"We all agree that it is the duty of the government to give relief to American citizens, whether representatives of the government officially, or plain citizens of the United States engaged in business, or whether they are there under the direction of the Christian people of the nation.

"So it becomes upon the United States government not only to free our people from danger and injury in that country, but take such action as will teach these miserable barbarians they cannot deal with the peoples of the nations of the world in the manner in which they have been doing without suffering condign punishment therefor."

TENTH MARRIAGE ANNIVERSARY.

THERE are numerous wedding anniversaries, of course—if the man and wife live together the necessary length of time—and it is customary for the friends of the happy couple to gather and, after offering the usual congratulations, sit down to a feast. Toasts are offered and after drinking the same, short after-dinner speeches are made. At a banquet given in honor of the tenth anniversary of the marriage of a popular society man and his wife, the latter being a member of the "swell" set, a guest arose, and, after he had emptied his glass, to the host and hostess, said:

"Mr. and Mrs. ——, and Ladies and Gentlemen:—This is, or at least it should be, the most notable, memorable and never-to-be-forgotten milestone on the matrimonial highway. Tin! Never was so expressive a word incorporated into any language. If you have the tin you are all right; if you have it not, you can't even meet the alimony payments as they come due.

"I say alimony payments. Yes, that's what I said. When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window, it is said. This isn't exactly straight, for the reason that if you are poor you are apt to have neither windows nor doors—but that cuts no figure in this particular case. Tin is one of the most necessary things in the world, and when a man and wife arrive at the tenth mile along the track in the race of life there is ground for suspicion that they will remain in harness together until the fiftieth anniversary comes gliding along.

"'None but the brave deserve the fair,' the poet sang, and then the practical joker stepped up and added the line, 'And none but the brave can live with 'em.' All the same, if it takes courage in a man to marry, how about the woman? I know men pretty well, and I have no hesitancy in making the announcement that I would rather live with the average woman than the average man; therefore, if a wife can get along with a husband ten years, the probabilities are that she will not become a grass widow of her own volition.

"Ten years is a long time to bear with the caprices, the follies, the foibles and the vagaries of a man, but women—and I say it with a heart overflowing with respect, deference and admiration—are possessed of more patience and forbearance than Job ever scheduled in his returns to the tax assessors. Patience was a profession with Job, as I understand it; or at least a good part of his stock in trade, and he had the comforting thought that he was famous because of his afflictions and had the sympathy of all who read the newspapers.

"However, patience is the best thing for married men to cultivate."

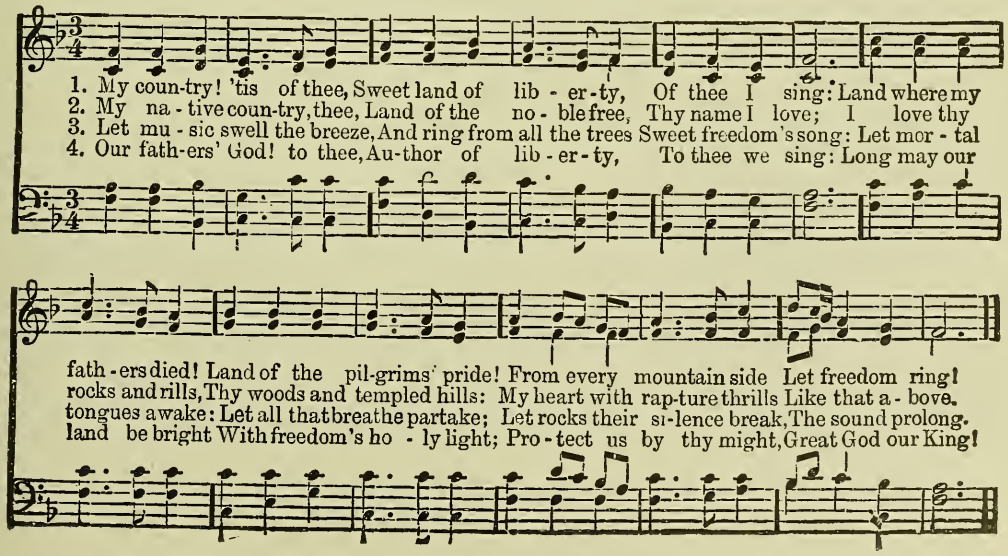
ORIGIN OF WORLD FAVORITES.

Gems in Song and Verse Which Have Stirred the Hearts of Nations.

OFTTIMES the circumstances of the writing of a song or poem is of as much interest as the production itself. We all have "Favorites," and thousands of readers go into ecstasies over this and that one, when, if they but knew the history that was no doubt attached to it, how much more highly it would be prized by them! It is our aim in this department to bring out the double value that is attached to many of the best productions of the day by giving the circumstances of their writing. And further, in making our selections it has been our aim to give the most popular and interesting, and at the same time to bring out as near as possible the different thoughts of sentiment. As a matter of entertainment and historic facts, we commend this department to the careful perusal of our readers, and can assure them that an exceedingly interesting knowledge can be gained by becoming familiar with the following pages.

"AMERICA."

REV. DR. SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH'S "America," which is a paraphrase of the English song, "God Save the Queen" (or King), while not original, contains a lofty thought. In 1833 a friend gave Dr. Smith some books of songs used in schools in Germany, in one of which he found the air, said to have been written by Henry Carey, an Englishman. Words to this music are sung in Russia, also.



"PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW."

FEW people in singing this grand doxology think other than that it was written as a single verse, and for the sole purpose for which it is now used. Sung in all climes and by all civilized nations, suited to every Christian denomination, to all times and places, and so dear to the Church universal, it must live and be sung as long as man remains to tell of our God, from whom our blessings come.

The four lines were originally written as the closing verse of a morning and evening hymn, of some thirteen stanzas each, to be used in devotional exercises by the students in Winchester College, and in 1697 the hymn became a part of a work entitled "A Manual of Prayer."

The author, Thomas Ken, was born in 1637, at Berkhamstead, England, and received his education at Oxford. His love for holy music, and taking in early life to the ministry, gave him opportunity to aid in organizing musical societies during the reign of Cromwell, who had ordered the organists and choristers silenced.

In 1679 he was made chaplain to Mary, Princess of Orange, and one year later to Charles II. His duty was always performed in a God-fearing manner, and his reproofs to the King's waywardness were given most pointedly. It is recorded that Charles would often good-naturedly say, "I must go and hear Ken tell me my faults." To show how fearlessly he did his duty, we quote from Macaulay the following: "Before he became a bishop he had maintained the honor of his gown by refusing, when the court was at Winchester, to let Nell Gwynn, the King's mistress, lodge at the house he occupied as prebendary. The King had sense enough to respect so manly a spirit, and of all the prelates he liked Ken best."

On the ascension of William III., Prince of Orange, he was relieved of his bishopric, having stubbornly resisted the re-establishment of popery. Reduced to poverty, he accepted the hospitality of Lord Viscount Weymouth, remaining at his home, Longleat, near Frome, in Somersetshire, for some twenty years. Under Queen Anne he was offered the bishopric again, but refused, wishing retirement for the rest of his life. In March, 1710, he died, and was buried in the church-yard of Frome.

Says Lord Macaulay, "The moral character of Ken, when impartially reviewed, sustains a comparison with any in ecclesiastical history and seems to approach, as near as any human infirmity permits, to the ideal of Christian perfection."

"HOLD THE FORT."

THIS song was suggested by an incident of the Civil war during Sherman's march from Chattanooga, Tenn., to Atlanta, Ga. The entire march was almost one continuous battle, and the 140 miles was in fact one long-drawn-out battle-ground. About five miles north of Marietta stands Kenesaw Mountain, surrounded by neighboring peaks, and the battle of Kenesaw was one of the most famous engagements of the late war. It was during this battle the incident occurred that made subject for the song.

In signaling from one of the adjacent hill-tops, one of Sherman's generals manifested an inclination to surrender because of the superior forces of the enemy, and he signaled his weakness to General Sher-

BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE, NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT BOOKS.

man's headquarters. General Sherman determined at once to reinforce him and hold the position, and signaled him back, "Hold the fort, for I am coming."

P. P. Bliss, the song-writer, who was killed in the awful railroad disaster at Ashtabula in 1876, wrote the song:

Ho! my comrades, see the signal
Waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh!

Chorus—

"Hold the fort, for I am coming,"
Jesus signals still,
Wave the answer back to heaven,
"By Thy grace we will."

See the mighty hosts advancing,
Satan leading on;
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone.

See the glorious banner waving,
Hear the bugle blow,
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our Help is near;
Onward comes our Great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!

"THAT SWEET STORY OF OLD."

ONE of the most beautiful of Sunday School hymns is:

I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus dwelt here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with Him then.

I wish that His hand had been put on my head,
And that I had been placed on His knee,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall hear Him and see Him above.

In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

I long for that blessed and glorious time—
The fairest, the brightest, the best—
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blessed.

These are the words in full, and just as originally written. The author, Mrs. Jemima Luke, composed them while riding in a stage-coach on her way to a neighboring village school. It was her desire, as she was much interested in mission work, to write a song for this school that would enthuse a Christian interest. Inspired by

this desire, she wrote the hymn under the circumstances named, and many thousand happy hearts have attested to the efficacy of the motive for which it was written. In some collections it has been erroneously attributed to Mrs. Judson.

"DARLING NELLIE GRAY."

EVERYBODY knows this beautiful and ever popular song, but few know of its origin or the circumstances under which it was written. Ben R. Hamby wrote the song "away back in the fifties." At that time he was teacher in a little academy near Seven Mile, Butler County, Ohio. On his way from Cincinnati home, in reading the columns of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, his eye fell upon an account of a beautiful quadroon girl who had been torn away from her slave lover and carried to the Southern markets to be sold. The quadroon's name was Nellie Gray. The account worked Hamby up to such an extent that he utilized the incident as the subject of the song, the words of which were almost completed by the time he reached home. After a slight remodelling and a few finishing touches, it was sent to a Chicago firm for their approval. He never received any returns from it, and the first knowledge that he had of the words having become in the least popular, or even been used, was on a visit soon after to Columbus, Ohio. On calling on a young lady acquaintance in that city, he requested her to sing something for him. She complied by saying she would sing him a sweet little song she had just received, and she remarked that, by a strange coincidence, it had been written by a person with the same name as his. She thereupon, much to his surprise, sang with a trained voice "Nellie Gray." It is needless to say that the song was famous, and it made for its publishers some $30,000. It is said Hamby never received a dollar from the publishers. The most that he ever got was six printed copies of the song.

Hamby came from rather a musical family. His father was compiler of the United Brothers' Hymn Book. Hamby himself composed a number of other songs, but none that ever reached the popularity of "Nellie Gray." He died a few years after the close of the war in obscurity and poverty. The fact that he was the Hamby who wrote the song was known to but a few intimate friends. His remains lie to-day in the little village cemetery at Westerville, Ohio, the place of his birth. His grave has no mark, and the stranger might search for it in vain unless it was pointed out to him. Nature has covered it with green grass and lovely flowers. The song he left is the only monument to his memory.

"WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT."

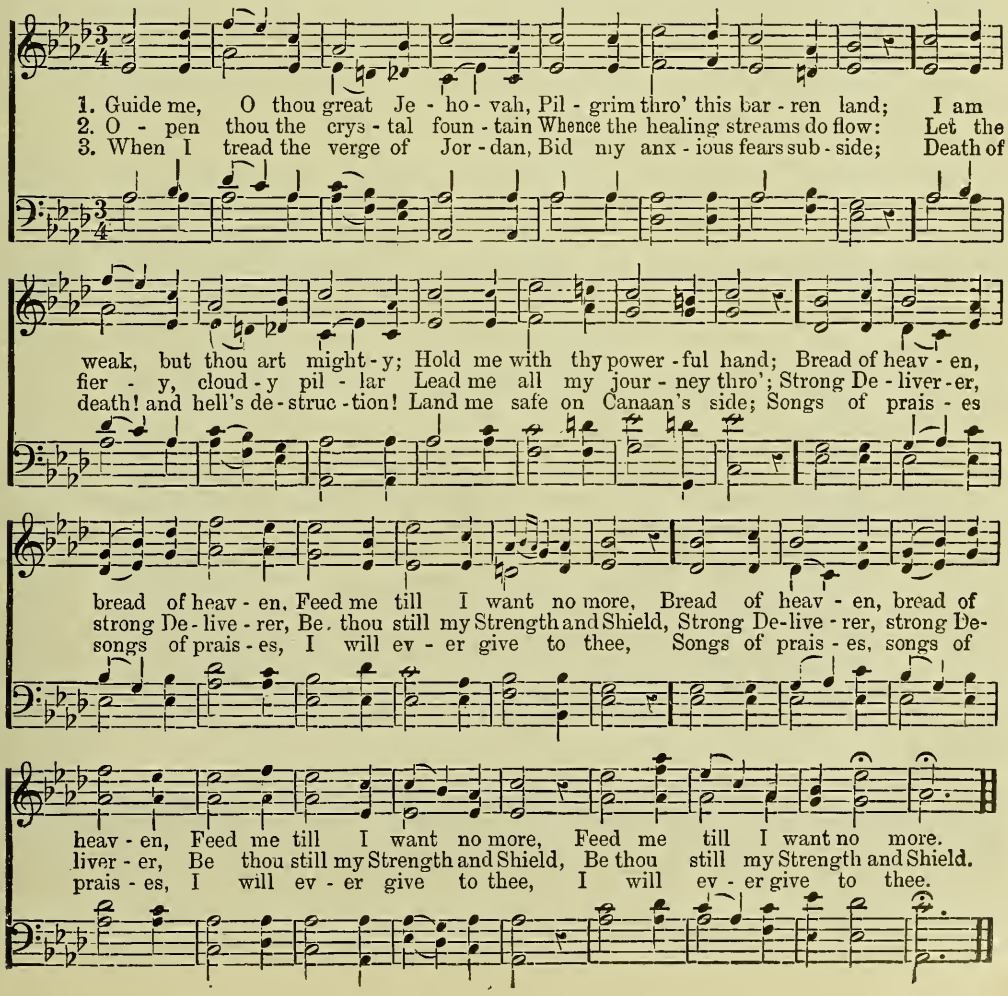
BY Sir John Bowring, who was born 1792, at Exeter. He was from early youth much advanced, past his years, in learning and perceptibility. Under the influence of early Christian training he was a devout worshiper, and carried with every action through life a faith that by Christian consistency only could great ends be attained. His life was most successful, and positions of honor were accorded him. From a member of Parliament he was sent as Consul to Canton, and later became Governor of Hong Kong.

The hymn was written in his thirty-third year, and to a degree expresses his Christian watchfulness. He seemed ever to be perceiving and anticipating the glories of God.

"ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER."

"GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH."

THIS was one of a collection of hymns written by its author, William Williams, at the suggestion of Lady Huntington. She had read one of his books, and was so much moved by it that she at once solicited him to write a collection of hymns. In this collection was this much used hymn. The collection was used in Mr. Whitefield's Orphans' Home in this country, and the hymn was very familiar in America before it became popular in the country of its author. Williams, who is often termed "the Watts of Wales," was born in 1717, and died in 1791. He early gave his life to the ministry, and at the age of twenty-three received deacon's orders. He was eloquent in his sermons, and was very successful in bringing his countrymen to Christ. His talent extended to the production of hymns, and with grand effect. By these, and by his ministerial work, he became widely and popularly known. Olivers, a brother Welchman, supplied the music to "Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah," and thus it is often taken that he was the author.



"IN THE SWEET BY-AND-BY."

MR. BENNETT and Mr. Webster, a music writer, were intimate friends. The latter was subject to despondency. One day he came in to where his friend Bennett was at business—while in one of his melancholy moods—

"What is the matter now?" Bennett said, noticing his sad countenance.

"No matter," said Webster; "it will be right by-and-by."

"Yes, that sweet by-and-by," said Bennett. "Would not that sentiment make a good hymn, Webster?"

"Maybe it would," replied Webster indifferently.

Turning to the desk—Bennett wrote the three verses to the hymn,—and handed them to Webster. When he read them his whole demeanor changed. Stepping to his desk, he began to write the notes. Having finished them, he requested his violin, and played the melody. It was not over thirty minutes from the first thoughts of the hymn before the two friends, and two others who had come in, in the meantime, were singing all the parts together.

A bystander, who had been attracted by the music, and listened in tearful silence, remarked, "That hymn is immortal." It is now sung in every land under the sun.

"I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL."

WAS written on April 19th, 1845, by Mrs. Sydney P. Gill, who at that time was in Philadelphia, Pa. The expression, "I want to be an angel," was just then made widely popular by an article that was going the rounds of the Sunday-school papers, written by Dr. Irenaeus Prime. It was as follows: "A child sat in the door of a cottage at the close of a summer Sabbath. The twilight was fading, and as the shades of evening darkened, one after another of the stars stood in the sky and looked down on the child in his thoughtful mood. He was looking up at the stars and counting them as they came, till there were too many to be counted, and his eyes wandered all over the heavens, watching the bright worlds above. They seemed just like 'holes in the floor of heaven to let the glory through,' but he knew better. Yet he loved to look up there, and was so absorbed, that his mother called to him and asked:

" 'My son, what are you thinking of?'

"He started as if suddenly aroused from sleep, and answered:

" 'I was thinking——'

" 'Yes,' said his mother, 'I know you were thinking, but what were you thinking about?'

" 'Oh,' said he, and his little eyes sparkled with the thought, 'I want to be an angel.'

" 'And why, my son, would you be an angel?'

" 'Heaven is up there, is it not, mother, and there the angels live and love God, and are happy? I do wish I was good, and God would take me up there, and let me wait on Him forever.'

"The mother called him to her knee, and he leaned on her bosom and wept. She wept, too, and smoothed the soft hair of his head as he stood there, and kissed his forehead, and then told him that if he would give his heart to God, now while he was

MISS ZELL OF WASHINGTON.
A Celebrated Singer.

young, the Saviour would forgive all his sins and take him up to heaven when he died, and he would then be with God forever.

"The mother took the child to his chamber, and soon he was asleep, dreaming perhaps of angels and heaven. A few months afterward sickness was on him, and the light of that cottage, the joy of that mother's heart, went out. He breathed his last in her arms, and as he took her parting kiss, he whispered in her ear:

"'I am going to be an angel.'"

Mrs. Gill was teacher in Sunday-school of an infant class. The subject was "Angels," and during the lesson hour one of the little ones repeated the popular expression, "I want to be an angel." Soon after this same child died, and the hymn was composed and sung at its funeral.

"FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS."

A BEAUTIFUL description of this we take *verbatim* from a volume entitled, "Story of Hymns," published by the American Tract Society, as given in an American religious magazine, which is as follows:

"It does not necessarily take a lifetime to accomplish immortality. A brave act done in a moment, a courageous word spoken at the fitting time, a few lines which can be written on a sheet of note-paper, may give one a deathless name. Such was the case with Reginald Heber, known far and wide, wherever the Christian religion has penetrated, by his unequalled missionary hymn, 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains,' so dear to every heart, so certain to live, while a benighted man remains to whom Christ's story has not yet been wafted. It was written in a parlor, with conversation going on around its author, and in a few minutes' time.

"Reginald Heber, then thirty-five years old, was visiting his father-in-law, Dr. Shipley, in Wrexham, having left his own charge at Hodnet a short time in order to deliver some lectures in Dr. Shipley's church. Half a dozen friends were gathered in the little rectory parlor one Saturday afternoon, when Dr. Shipley turned to Heber, knowing the ease with which he composed, and asked him if he could not write some missionary lines for his church to sing the next morning, as he was going to preach upon the subject of Missions. This was not very long notice to give to a man to achieve the distinguishing work of his life, and in the few moments which followed, Heber builded better than he knew. Retiring to a corner of the room, he wrote three verses of his hymn, and returning read them to his companions, only altering the one word, savage, to heathen, in the second verse.

"'There, there,' said Dr. Shipley, 'that will do very well.' But Heber, replying that the sense was not quite complete, retired for a few moments, and then returned with the glorious bugle-blast of the fourth verse:

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
  And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
  It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
  The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
  In bliss returns to reign. Amen.

"It was printed that evening, and sung the next morning by the people of Wrexham church."

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Java's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Can we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

"NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE."

ONE of the most popular and widely known hymns of this age, and one that touches a chord of sympathy in every heart, is

"Nearer, my God, to Thee."

It has followed the march of Christianity into heathen lands, and has been translated into many tongues.

Benjamin Flower, an English author and editor of some note, had two daughters, Eliza and Sarah. Sarah, the youngest, was born 1805, but was soon left an orphan by the death of a refined and cultured mother. The attachment that naturally came to the girls for each other, on being bereaved of their mother, was indeed great. It was only to be expected, though, as they both took largely of the refined and sentimental feelings of their mother.

Eliza, the elder, gave her time and talent to the composition of music and musical attainments. Says a critic: "Eliza Flower attained a higher rank in musical composition than before her time had been reached by any of her sex."

Her sister Sarah, at the age of twenty-nine, married William Bridges Adams: but the cares of married life in nowise retarded her life's work, that of composing poetry. In 1841 she had published a dramatic poem entitled "Vivia Perpetua," in which she brings out the trials, sufferings, and faith of the early martyrs.

The hymn "Nearer, my God, to Thee," was furnished Charles Fox and published by him in 1841 in his "Hymns and Anthems." At that time no particular attention was given it, but gradually it attained a zenith of popularity from which it must ever shine.

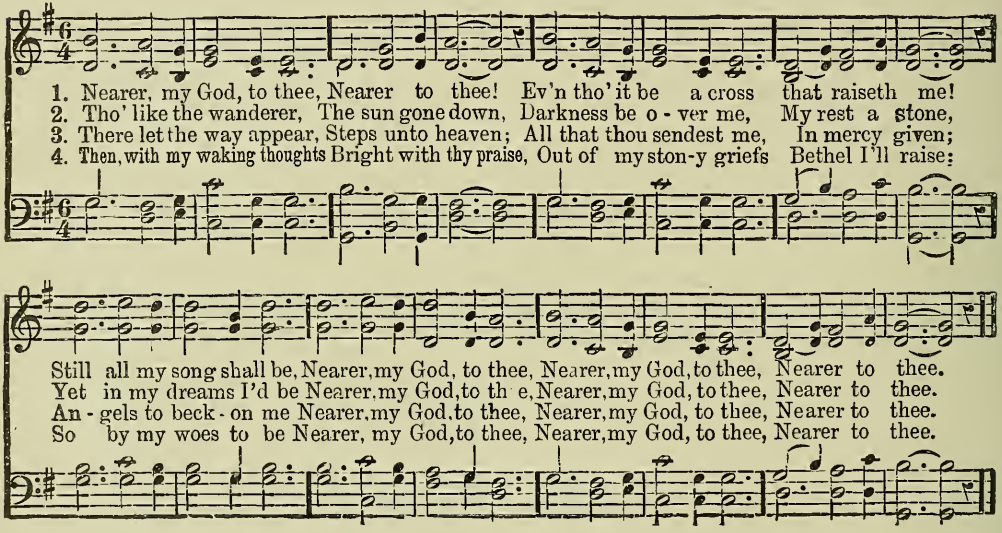
Her sister died in 1847 of consumption. During her sickness Mrs. Adams's care for her was unceasing. Their attachment in life had been so great that she never recovered from the loss of her sister, and gradually declining, she also died two years later; but even to death's door her praise to God burst forth in song.

As all that was mortal of Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams was laid to rest, the following song of hers, expressing much the same sentiment of "Nearer, my God, to Thee," was sung:

He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower;
Alike they're needful to the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.

As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

Oh, ne'er will I at life repine,
Enough that Thou hast made it mine;
Where falls the shadow cold in death,
I yet will sing with fearless breath;
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.



"SUWANEE RIVER."

QUITE interesting is the history of the darky melody, "Suwanee River," from the fact that the song was written and the name fitted to it afterwards. It is not often that an author finds his subject after his article has been penned, but in this case it was so. We give in a conversation between two friends the circumstances which gave it its name.

"Did you ever hear how 'Suwanee River' was written?"

"Do not think I ever did."

"Well, Steph Foster—Stephen C. Foster was his full name—was in the zenith of his popularity when he wrote the words," said my friend to me. "He had written the song in the frame house on Sandusky street, in Allegheny, but he couldn't find the name of a river that suited him. Finally he went over to the office of his brother, Morrison Foster, sat down on his desk, and said: 'Morrison, I've got a new darky song here, and it's complete except the name of the river. I want a Southern river with only two or three syllables. Give me one, won't you?'

"Morrison suggested several, but they didn't suit. Then he took down an atlas,

WE SIMPLY SAY, "GOOD-BYE."

ran his eye over a map of the Southern States for a few minutes and finally said: 'Here's a river in Florida by the name of Suwanee; how will that do?'

"'That's it, that's it,' exclaimed the song-writer, jumping from his desk. 'It's just what I want,' and picking up a pen, he inserted the name of the river that has since become the title of one of the sweetest and most pathetic of melodies. I believe that Stephen C. Foster never thought very much of the piece himself until after it had taken its place among the popular songs of the century."

"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

IN 1814, when the British fleet was at the mouth of the Potomac River, and intended to attack Baltimore, Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner were sent in a vessel, with a flag of truce, to obtain the release of some prisoners the English had taken in their expedition against Washington. They did not succeed, and were told that they would be detained till after the attack had been made on Baltimore. Accordingly, they went in their own vessel, strongly guarded, with the British fleet as it sailed up the Patapsco: and when they came within sight of Ft. McHenry, a short distance below the city, they could see the American flag distinctly flying on the ramparts. As the day closed in the bombardment of the fort commenced, and Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner remained on deck all night, watching with deep anxiety every shell that was fired. While the bombardment continued, it was sufficient proof that the fort had not surrendered. It suddenly ceased some time before day; but as they had no communication with any of the enemy's ships, they did not know whether the fort had surrendered, or the attack upon it had been abandoned. They paced the deck the rest of the night in painful suspense, watching with intense anxiety for the return of day. At length the light came and they saw that "our flag was still there," and soon they were informed that the attack had failed. In the fervor of the moment, Mr. Key took an old letter from his pocket, and on its back wrote the most of this celebrated song, finishing it as soon as he reached Baltimore. He showed it to his friend Judge Nicholson, who was so pleased with it that he placed it at once in the hands of the printer, and in an hour after, it was all over the city, and hailed with enthusiasm, and took its place at once as a national song.

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, and bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there!
Oh! say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner. Oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand,
Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

A VERITABLE POEM OF POEMS.

THE following poem of poems, composed from a line of different poems, is quite interesting. It is said the author spent one year in hunting up and fitting together the lines, and quite an instructive and interesting evening entertainment can be had by reading the poem and letting each in the social gathering guess who is the author of the different lines. Then refer to the key given below and see how many are right.

A VERITABLE POEM OF POEMS.

1—Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
2—Life's a short summer, man a flower.
3—By turns we catch the vital breath, and die,
4—The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.
5—To be is better far than not to be,
6—'Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;
7—But light cares speak when mighty cares are dumb,
8—The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
9—Your fate is but the common fate of all;
10—Unmingled joys here to no man befall.
11—Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
12—Fortune makes folly her peculiar care;
13—Custom does often reason overrule,
14—And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
15—Live well, how long or short, permit to Heaven,
16—They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
17—Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face—
18—Vile intercourse where virtue has not placed;

ENJOYING THE WORLD FAVORITES AT HOME.

19—Then keep each passion down, however dear;
20—Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear;
21—Her sensual snares, let faithless pleasure lay
22—With craft and skill to ruin and betray;
23—Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise.
24—We masters grow of all that we despise.
25—Oh, then renounce that impious self-esteem;
26—Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
27—Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave,
28—The path of glory leads but to the grave.
29—What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat,
30—Only destructive to the brave and great.
31—What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
32—The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.
33—How long we live, not years, but actions tell;
34—That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
35—Make, then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
36—Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
37—The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just;
38—For, live we how we can, yet die we must.

1, Young; 2, Doctor Johnson; 3, Pope; 4, Prior; 5, Sewell; 6, Spenser; 7, Daniel; 8, Sir Walter Raleigh; 9, Longfellow; 10, Southwell; 11, Congreve; 12 Churchill; 13, Rochester; 14, Armstrong; 15, Milton; 16, Baily; 17, Trench; 18, Somerville; 19, Thomson; 20, Byron; 21, Smollett; 22, Crabbe; 23, Massinger; 24, Crowley; 25, Beattie; 26, Cowper; 27, Sir Walter Davenant; 28, Gray; 29, Willis; 30, Addison; 31, Dryden; 32, Francis Quarles; 33, Watkins; 34, Herrick; 35, William Mason; 36, Hill; 37, Dana; 38, Shakespeare.

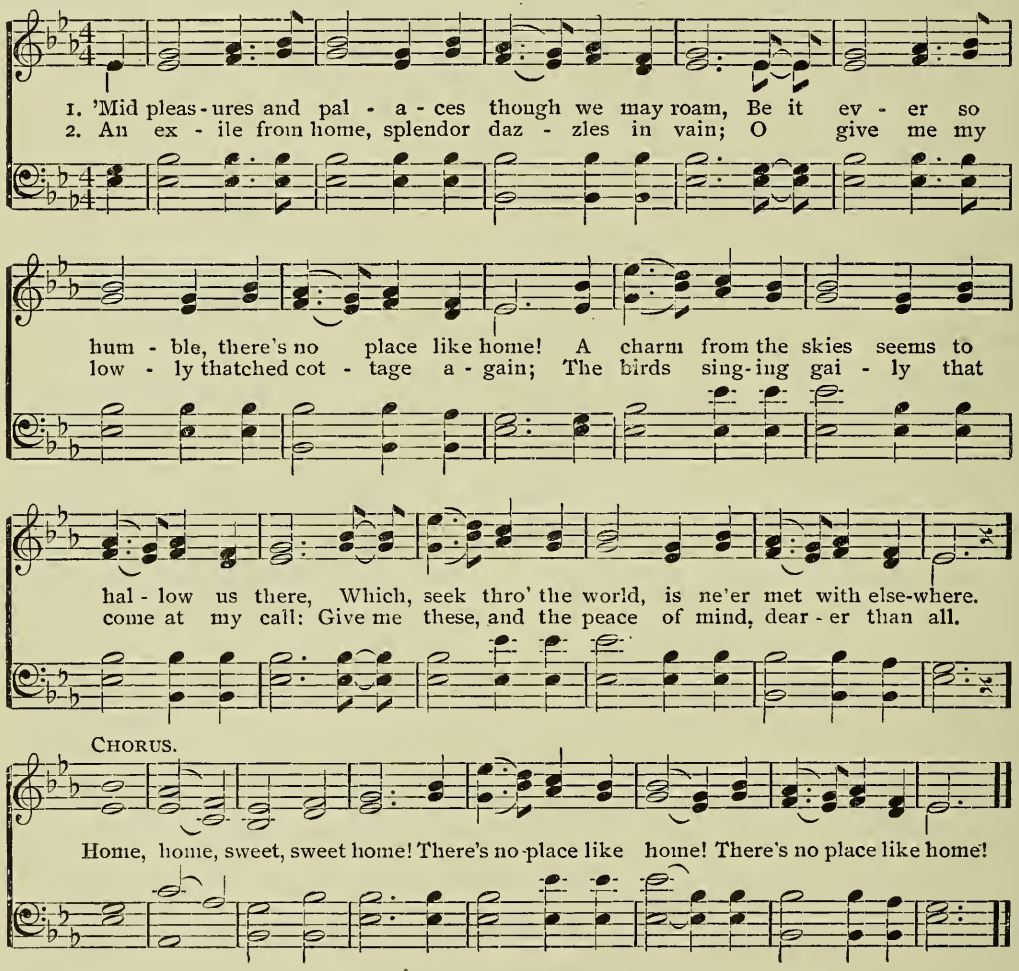
"HOME, SWEET HOME."

THE English claim this most touching of songs, although it was written by John Howard Payne, an American, for the reason that it was first sung in England in an operatic melodrama, "Clari, the Maid of Milan," written by Payne. It was brought out in London because the latter was regarded as a better field than New York. However, it was short-lived.

"This song," says Dr. Charles MacKay, "has done more than statesmanship or legislation to keep alive in the hearts of the people the virtues that flourish at the fireside and to recall to its hallowed circle the wanderers who stray from it."

Strange as it may seem, the author of "Home, Sweet Home" never had a home. He wrote the lines while serving the United States as a Consul abroad. The air is Sicilian. No poet ever received a more enviable compliment than that paid to John Howard Payne by Jenny Lind on his last visit to his native land. It was in the great National Hall of the City of Washington where the most distinguished audience that had ever been seen in the capital of the republic was assembled. The matchless singer entranced the vast throng with her most exquisite melodies—"Casta Diva," the "Flute Song," the "Bird Song" and the

"Greeting to America." But the great feature of the occasion seemed to be an act of inspiration. The singer suddenly turned her face to the part of the auditorium where Payne was sitting and sang "Home, Sweet Home" with such pathos and power that a whirlwind of excitement and enthusiasm swept through the vast audience. Webster himself almost lost his self-control, and one might readily imagine that Payne thrilled with rapture at this unexpected and magnificent rendition of his own immortal lyric.



THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.

AS a matter of historical fact, given in such language and form that will aid any one in remembering the order of the Kings of England, we give the following familiar rhyme:

THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.

First William the Norman,
Then William, his son,
Henry, Stephen, and Henry;

Then Richard and John,
Next Henry the Third,
Edwards, one, two, and three.
And again after Richard
Three Henrys we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard,
If rightly I guess,
Two Henrys, sixth Edward,
Queen Mary, Queen Bess.
Then Jamie, the Scotchman,
Then Charles, whom they slew,
Yet received after Cromwell
Another Charles, too.
Next James the Second
Ascended the throne,
Then good William and Mary
Together came on,
Till Anne, Georges four,
And fourth William all past,
God sent Queen Victoria.
May she long be the last.

"JESUS, MY ALL TO HEAVEN IS GONE."

HOW often a life of sin is followed until the soul is burdened with remorse so great it can bear no more! The good in the man has been drowned so long by the evil that a reaction must come. It asserts itself—brings the man to a full realization of the sinful past, and the awful future that must come if he continues in his downward course. Such was the early life of John Cennick, the author of "Jesus, my all to Heaven has gone," a hymn fully expressing the resolves of a redeemed soul.

Cennick was a bright youth, of warm social nature, which made him many friends; his keen perception made him familiar with the vices of his day. He was fond of cards, novels, and theatres, and he was classed as a smart but profitless boy. But he became restless and unhappy with all this seeming enjoyment, daily the desultory life became less attractive, and his conscience continually brought before him the ruin he was bringing to both body and soul. He says, "While walking hastily in Cheapside, the hand of the Lord touched me, and I at once felt an uncommon fear and dejection." For some months he strove with his own strength to retrieve the past. He knew that he must die and suffer the penalty of a sinner, unless redeemed. He could not find the peace of mind he sought until one day he came across the words, "I am thy salvation." It showed him the way to the comfort he had been asking. Believing and receiving Christ as the only means of pardoning power, he at once found peace of mind and a hope for a heavenly future. His happiness was great, and he continually felt the presence of the Lord.

Being of a poetical turn, he at once put in verse his experience and thus originated the beautiful hymn

Jesus, my all to heaven is gone.

He died in 1755, being about thirty-five. His last years were spent in Christian work, and he made a strenuous effort with his former companions to come to Christ.

The following verse, written by him a short time before his death, will show the peace with which he anticipated the end of earth:

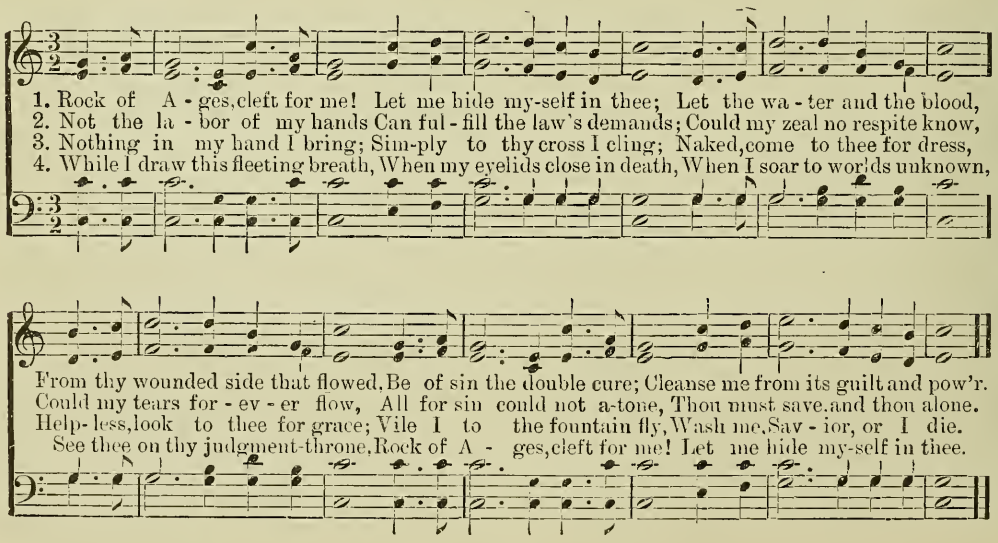
O Lamb, I languish
Till the day I see
When Thou shalt say
Come up and be with me:
Twice seven years
Have I Thy servant been,
Now let me end
My service and my sin.

"ROCK OF AGES."

WHAT soul-inspiring sentiment has been awakened by these beautiful lines! What Christian comfort and heavenly hope it has brought to the army of weary warriors "battling for the right!" Thousands of Christians have been consoled in their dying hour by the redeeming love of Christ these lines impart. The place it holds in the affections of the Church is possibly greater than that of any other hymn. Its popularity is surely not surpassed by any. The author, Augustus Montague Toplady, was born at Farnham in 1740. His father, ere many years of his life had passed, died, and young Augustus was brought up under the Christian training of his mother, receiving his education at Westminster school. Of the experience that led to his conversion, which took place at Codymain, an obscure place in Ireland, in his sixteenth year, he having by chance heard an impressive sermon delivered in a barn by an illiterate layman, he thus speaks in his diary: "That sweet text, 'Ye who sometimes were afar off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ,' was particularly delightful and refreshing to my soul: under the ministry of that dear messenger, I was, I trust, brought nigh by the blood of Christ in August, 1756."

Taking up the ministry of the Church of England, he worked and wrote with self-exhausting zeal. His only failing was heated language and dictatorial stand in debate. In 1775, owing to failing health, his physicians sent him to London. Here he entered a new field in the pastorage of the French Calvinist Reformed Church.

In the *Gospel Magazine* of March, 1776, he shows the enormity of the debt of sin by numerical calculation, and demonstrates how Christ has cancelled this great debt and redeemed the soul. Afire with these thoughts, he composed the beautiful lines, just as given below. As sung to-day, it is somewhat changed and transposed from the original:



"NEARER HOME."

"THE TWO ANGELS."

BESIDES the sweet sentiment contained in these verses, there is also connected with the poem a touching and interesting history. Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Lowell were near neighbors in Cambridge. In a social as well as a literary sense, they were the warmest of friends, and the closest relation existed between the two families. On the night of Mrs. Lowell's death a child was born to Mr. Longfellow, and this gave subject to the beautiful lines. The first angel represents the child of Mr. Longfellow, and the second one spoken of as leaving the house, referred to the spirit of Mrs. Lowell. The friend referred to is Mr. Lowell. As a reply to this poem Mr. Lowell wrote "After the Burial."

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
Passed o'er our village as the morning broke,
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white;
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

"LORD, DISMISS US WITH THY BLESSING."

RANKS in popularity with "All Hail the power of Jesus' Name" and "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow:" like them it is used by many denominations and in many climes. Being so universal in public service, it seems to grow in use and favor, and though its author, Walter Shirley, wrote but few hymns, this one, which has proved enduring, will give him renown for ages to come.

There is no note of any special event that brought forth the song, but it is the result of Christian thought and impulse. Shirley's hymns are of a high rank, and give the author a place among the first hymn-writers.

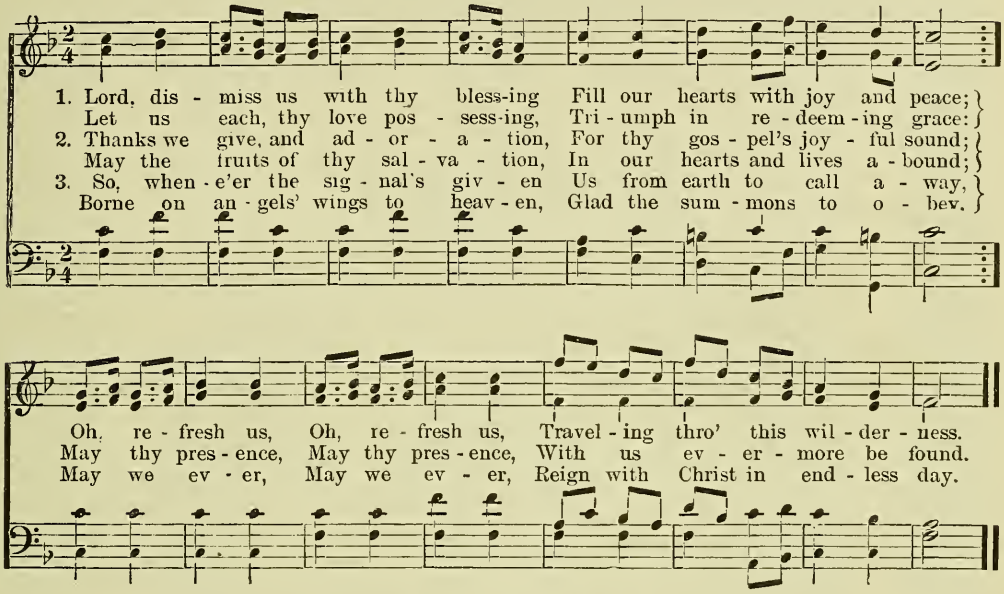
His life, which began 1725 and closed sixty-one years later, was devoted to Christian work, yet full of severe trials. After obtaining great success in the ministry, he was forced to endure the remorse of a public execution of his brother, Earl Ferrars, who had lived a licentious life and shot his steward because he showed favor to Lady Ferrars in her case against the earl's favorite mistress.

From the execution Sir Walter took up the duties of life a broken-hearted man. He expressed his grief in the beautiful lines:

Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught these rocks the notes of woe;
Cease thy complaint—suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow;
Behold the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

Come, freely come, by sin oppressed,
Unburden here thy weighty load;
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
And trust the mercy of thy God:
Thy God's thy Saviour—glorious word!
Forever love and praise the Lord.

In his last years, unable to attend his parish duties, he often had his neighbors come in, and he preached to them from his chair. The end came in 1786, and he was freed from earthly trouble, for which his soul had longed.



SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ has made this famous ride immortal in verse, yet few are acquainted with a very dramatic episode that was really the means of bringing on the battle which led to that gallant ride of twenty miles. Miss Rebecca L. Wright was at that time a young Quaker school-teacher in Winchester, Va. She and her mother were loyal, but a sister took sides with the Lost Cause. General Sheridan, knowing the intelligence and good judgment of Miss Wright, determined to communicate with her as to the strength and position of the enemy. A regular scout was sent to Millwood as near the lines as was expedient, and then the General's message—a tiny note wrapped in tinfoil—was given a trusted negro, who was to carry it in his mouth, and to swallow it if stopped. He reached Miss Wright's school-room at noon. She was reluctant to give any information, and would not until she had consulted her mother. Her first thought was that it was a trick, and she would be betrayed into the hands of the rebels, who then had possession of the place, but the negro was so honest and straightforward that she promised an answer at 3 P. M. She was able to give the desired information most intelligently, from the fact that two evenings previous a rebel officer had spent a few hours at their house, and many were the questions she had innocently asked and received truthful answers as to the Confederate forces, position, etc.

At daybreak, Monday, September 19th, 1864, Winchester was awakened by the roar of great guns, and Early's command was, as Sheridan himself expressed it, sent "whirling through Winchester," with 4,500

MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT.
Daughter of the President.

lost, 2,500 of whom were prisoners. Sheridan pushed the enemy to Fisher's Hill, and dislodging them from that formidable position, sent them scattered into the gaps of the Blue Ridge. Completely devastating the country, he returned and made a stand at a point about twenty miles south of Winchester. Here he left his army in command of General Wright, and, October 15th, left for Washington, in answer to a call from the Secretary of War, to consult on important manœuvres. Lee, however, could not make up his mind to give up the Shenandoah Valley, and sent Early back, reinforced by 10,000 men, to retrieve what he had lost. Sheridan left Washington by train on the 18th of October, and on the morning of the 19th was riding leisurely out of Winchester when he heard the distinct booming of cannon, little dreaming that his men were being beaten by his old foe, Early. Soon he met a number of stragglers from his army, and saw at once the appalling marks of defeat and rout. Gathering the reins of his coal-black charger he gave him the word and the spur and began that famous ride, shouting to the stragglers he met:

"Face the other way, boys! Face the other way! We are going back." And they did.

The word went from one to another and the scattered forces were soon reformed and rushed to meet the enemy. They knew they were being led to victory, and a victory most complete it was. Early was completely routed, and the dead and captured left him but a mere handful of his proud band of the early morning.

General Sheridan presented Miss Wright with a beautiful watch in 1867, as a token of friendship and a reward for the valuable information given him. The government, through the solicitation of Generals Grant and Sheridan, gave her a position in the Treasury Department at Washington. She is still at Washington, and is known as Mrs. Rebecca Wright Monsal.

Just after the famous ride it was appropriately illustrated by the Harpers, of New York. Mr. Read, admiring the illustration, remarked to a friend that there was a poem in that picture. In a few days a public meeting was held in New York City to express the public's thanks to General Sheridan for his meritorious work for the Union. Mr. Read was present. He took for the subject of his remarks and read a poem based on the illustration above mentioned. It is said he locked himself up in his room the afternoon before the meeting and wrote the verses, which he allowed no one to read, and gave them first to the world from his own lips.

The gathering was a most patriotic one, and received the poem with breathless appreciation.

Up from the South at the break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flash of the morning light,

A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight—
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed:
Hill rose and fell—but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thun-
d'ring south,
The dust like the smoke from the cannon's
mouth,
Or the trail of a comet sweeping faster and
faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster;
The heart of the steed and the heart of the
master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their
walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls:
Every nerve of the charger was strained to
full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace
ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire;
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire—
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring
fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the
groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating
troops;
What was done—what to do—a glance told
him both,
Then striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of
huzzas,
And the waves of retreat checked its course
there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to
pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger
was gray,
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostrils'
play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say:
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day!"

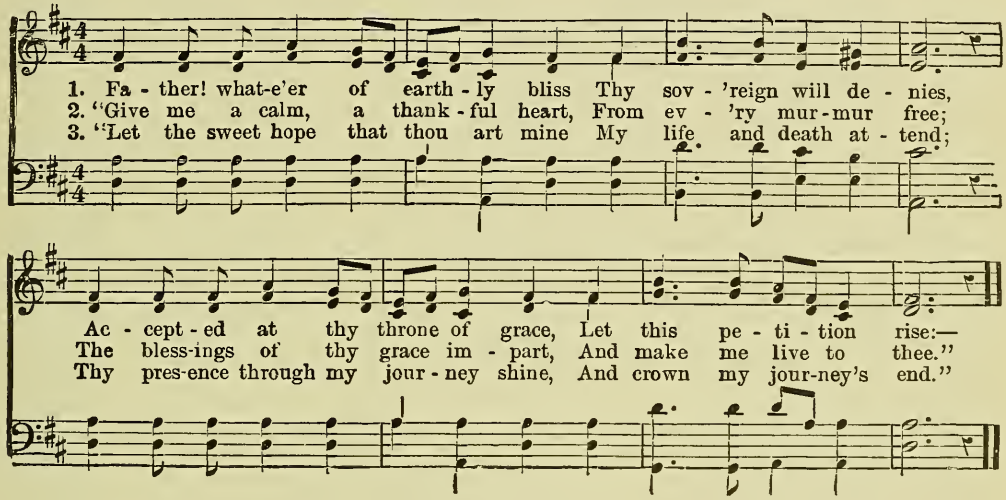
Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious General's name,
Be it said with letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

"FATHER, WHATE'ER OF EARTHLY BLISS."

ONE of the most popular of Baptist hymn-writers was "Mrs. Steele," the daughter of William Steele, a Baptist minister of Hampshire, England. The term "Mrs." was given her not from the fact that she was ever married, but as a mark of honor to her literary attainments. It is an English custom to thus address maiden ladies as a mark of respect, who have attained prominence and are entitled to especial respect.

Mrs. Steele was an example of those patient sufferers, who teach their more fortunate companions lessons of thankfulness every day. An accident in her childhood made her an invalid for life, yet she made herself beloved by all, and was engaged to a gentleman of excellent attainments.

On the eve of their marriage he was drowned. Weighted with this double sorrow, she found comfort in a daily exercise of Christian acts, and the hours spent in hymn-writing. After her father's death, being left entirely alone, the pleasures of the world were naught to her. Yet she bore all her sufferings with the true Christian resignation, and her death came as a pleasant call to join friends gone before, and enjoy a heavenly home her life-work had earned. Her patient, devoted, and forbearing and Christian life she seems to have so fully expressed in her beautiful hymn:



THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER.

IN October, 1867, two men were walking in a Toronto garden, a nursery. The dying maple leaves were falling from the trees, to be trodden under foot in spite of all their glory of crimson and gold coloring. A leaf fluttered down to the coat sleeve of one of the men, and was detained by the roughness of the cloth of which the garment was made. He tried to brush it off, and thought he had succeeded, but as he was leaving he discovered that it was still hanging there, and its tenacity impressed itself upon his mind. He remarked the occurrence to his companion, who was bidding him "good afternoon," and the latter said: "You have been writing verses, why not write a song about the maple leaf?" This was about four o'clock in the day, and in less than two hours afterwards the poem was written that has made the name of Alexander Muir a household word in every part of Canada. Next day he was playing with his children and repeating the words of the poem aloud. His wife suggested that he set the words to music, so that he might sing them; for he had a pleasant sonorous voice. He thereupon tried several tunes, but could find nothing to suit him. "I'll have to compose one myself," he said, and in a few hours after-

wards the beautiful tune that has gladdened the hearts and refreshed the souls of thousands of Canadian patriots, that has reached the ears of thousands of English-speaking people in the United States and Great Britain, was on paper. The following is the poem as corrected by the author:

THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER.

In days of yore the hero Wolfe,
  Britain's glory did maintain,
And planted firm Britannia's flag
  On Canada's fair domain.
Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,
  And, joined in love together,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine,
  The Maple Leaf forever!

Chorus.

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
  The Maple Leaf forever!
God save our Queen, and heaven bless
  The Maple Leaf forever!

On many hard-fought battle-fields,
  Our brave fathers, side by side,
For freedom, homes and loved ones dear
  Firmly stood, and nobly died;
And those dear rights which they maintained,
  We swear to yield them never!
We'll rally round the Union Jack,
  The Maple Leaf forever!

In autumn time, our emblem dear,
  Dons its tints of crimson hue;
Our blood would dye a deeper red,
  Shed, dear Canada, for you!
Ere sacred right our fathers won
  To foemen we deliver,
We'll fighting die—our battle-cry,
  "The Maple Leaf forever!"

God bless our loved Canadian homes,
  Our Dominion's vast domain;
May plenty ever be our lot,
  And peace hold an endless reign;
Our Union, bound by ties of love,
  That discord cannot sever,
And flourish green, o'er Freedom's home,
  The Maple Leaf forever!

On Merry England's far-famed land,
  May kind heaven sweetly smile;
God bless old Scotland evermore,
  And Ireland's emerald isle!
Then swell the song, both loud and long,
  Till rocks and forests quiver;
God save our Queen, and heaven bless,
  The Maple Leaf forever.

Soon after its composition Mr. Muir sang the song for a party of friends, among whom was the late Edward Lawson, a gentleman then prominent in the musical circles of Ontario's Capital city. Mr. Lawson recognized its merit, and insisted that it should be published. He accompanied Mr. Muir one day to the Guardian office, where arrangements were made for publication. The first edition of one thousand copies was struck off and placed on sale. The cost of this edition was $30, and this Mr. Muir paid out of his own pocket, although he had not expected to be compelled to do so. The total receipts from the sale of this edition—that found their way to Mr. Muir's pocket—were $4. Thus his profits were $26 less than nothing. Year by year the song became more popular. Music dealers found it increasing in demand, and one enterprising publishing house thought it worth securing—mark the word—and of their accord copyrighted it, and issued another edition. Since then the sale has been enormous and the profits considerable, but not a penny of the latter has found its way to Mr. Muir. Such has been its financial success for the author.

"IN THE SWEET BY-AND-BY."

ORIGIN OF FAMILIAR SONGS.

THE Campbells are Comin' is a very old Scottish air. Copies of it date back to 1620.

One Bumper at Parting is one of the best known of Moore's convivial songs. The tune was called Moll Roe in the Morning.

Come, Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl dates from the time of Shakespeare. It appears in one of Fletcher's plays.

Cheer, Boys, Cheer was the work of Charles Mackay, the music being by Henry Russell. It was the outcome of an evening of conviviality in 1843.

Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes is from a poem entitled The Forest, by Ben Jonson. The air is an adaptation from one of Mozart's opera melodies.

Allan Water was written by Matthew Gregory Lewis, better known in literature as Monk Lewis, whose weird tales were the fashion when Scott was young.

What Are the Wild Waves Saying? a duet that was once immensely popular, was suggested to Dr. Joseph Edwards Carpenter by the conversation in Dombey and Son.

Rule, Brittania is usually credited to James Thompson. It first appeared in a play entitled Alfred, by Thompson and Mallet, in 1740. The air was by Dr. Thomas Arne.

The Wearing of the Green exists in several forms and versions. The best-known one was written by Dion Boucicault, the dramatist. It is sung by Shaun the Post in Arrah-na-Pogue.

Scots Wha Hae was by Burns. It was written on a dark day while the author was on a journey. The tune is Hey Tuttie Tattie, an old march that is said by tradition to have animated Bruce's men at Bannockburn.

A Life on the Ocean Wave was the work of Epes Sargent, an American poet, the idea being suggested to him during a walk on the Battery, in New York, one day when a high wind was blowing in from the sea. It was set to music by Henry Russell.

The Last Rose of Summer, one of Patti's favorite songs, was the work of Thomas Moore. The melody is a very ancient Irish tune, formerly known as the Groves of Blarney. This tune has been found in collections of Irish music at least 200 years old.

The Blue Bells of Scotland was the work of Annie McVicar, afterwards Mrs. Grant, the daughter of a Scottish officer in the British army. The melody was long believed to be Scottish, but is now known to be of English origin, being an old English folk-song.

Kathleen Mavourneen was written by Mrs. Crawford, an Irish lady, whose songs ninety years ago were in high repute. The music was by Crouch, an eccentric genius, who in his old age and poverty begged his way into a concert given by Titiens that he might hear his own composition fitly sung.

Love's Young Dream, one of Moore's best, was set by him to an Irish tune called The Old Woman. Moore heard the tune from a blind fiddler, wrote it down, and, discerning its beauty, determined that it should have better words than the nonsensical verses to which it was sung by the Irish peasantry.

I'll Hang My Harp on a Willow Tree has attached to it a bit of royal romance. It was written by a young nobleman who became deeply enamored of Queen Victoria a year or so before she ascended the English throne, which event destroyed his hopes of winning her hand. The words first appeared in an English magazine, and were set to music by Wellington Guernsey.

Auld Lang Syne is of uncertain origin, there being several versions of this deservedly popular song. One of the best is by Burns, but only the second and third stanzas are by this poet, the remainder being from the pen of Ramsay. The song is of uncertain antiquity; one version is dated 1716, and another is said to date from the sixteenth century.

IN PRAISE OF MUSIC.

MUSIC is the language spoken by angels.—Longfellow.

That which is too vast and beautiful to be displayed before man, the gods suggest through music.—Louis Lombard.

Music is the child of prayer, the companion of religion.—Chateaubriand.

Music loosens a heart that care has bound.—Byrd.

Music is love in search of a word.—Sidney Lanier.

Music is the only sensual pleasure without vice.—Samuel Johnson.

Emotion is the summit of existence, and music is the summit of emotion, the art pathway to God.—J. J. Munger.

Wouldst thou know if a people be well governed, if its laws be good or bad? Examine the music it practices.—Confucius.

Music is as a shower-bath of the soul, washing away all that is impure.—Schopenhauer.

In music all hearts are revealed to us.—Shorthouse.

There is something deep and good in melody, for body and soul go strangely together.—Carlyle.

Music gives birth to aspiration. It makes a true man truer; it makes a bad man better.—Upton.

Words may lie—music cannot.—Frank Damrosch.

My language is understood all over the world.—Haydn.

Music is a thing of the soul; a rose-lipped shell that murmurs of the eternal sea; a strange bird singing the songs of another shore.—J. G. Holland.

What love is to man, music is to the arts and to mankind.—C. M. Von Weber.

Music is the first, the simplest, the most effective of all instruments of moral instruction.—Ruskin.

Singing is all we know they do above.—Waller.

Song brings of itself a cheerfulness that wakes the heart to joy.—Euripides.

It is music's loftiest mission to shed light on the depths of the human heart.—Schumann.

Music washes away from the soul the dust of everyday life.—Auerbach.

Music is the only sensual qualifications which mankind may indulge in to excess without injury to their moral or religious feelings.—Addison.

Music is to the mind as is air to the body.—Plato.

Music is a higher manifestation than all wisdom and philosophy.—Beethoven.

Music is the only perfect language of all the higher emotions.—J. G. Abbott.

Music is the supreme language of the higher sensibilities, unequaled in all the realm of emotional speech.—E. E. Ayres.

Oh, surely melody from heaven was sent to cheer the soul when tired with human strife, to soothe the wayward heart by sorrow rent, and soften down the rugged road of life.—Kirke White.

HOME, SWEET HOME, WITH BOOKS.

Lord, what music hast Thou provided for Thy saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth?—Isaak Walton.

Music is God's best gift to man, the only art of heaven given to earth, the only art of earth we take to heaven.—Landon.

I verily think, and am not ashamed to say, that, next to Divinity, no art is comparable to music.—Martin Luther.

Music is the only one of all the arts that does not corrupt the mind.—Montesquieu.

Music is the wondrous perfection, the highest height of that expression, a reach so far above the daily level that only by transcending earthly capacity could we interpret its burden.—Charles G. Whiting.

Were it not for music we might in these days say the beautiful is dead.—D'Israeli.

Music was the first sound heard in the creation, when the morning stars sang together. It was the first sound heard at the birth of Christ, when the angels sang together above the plains of Bethlehem. It is the universal language, which appeals to the universal heart of mankind.—George P. Upton.

We cannot imagine a complete education of man without music. It is the gymnastic of the affections. In suitable connection with exercises, it is necessary to keep body and soul in health.—Jean Paul Richter.

I think sometimes could I only have music on my own terms, could I live in a great city, and know where I could go whenever I wished the ablution and inundation of musical waves, that were a bath and a medicine.—Emerson.

That which music expresses is eternal and ideal. It does not give voice to the passion, the love, the longing of this or the other individual, under these or the other circumstances; but to passion, love, longing itself. —Wagner.

There is but one class of men who condemn music, and those are fanatics; and there is only one order of beings, according to Luther, who hate it, and those are devils. —Mower.

O music, thou who bringest the receding waves of eternity nearer to the weary heart of man, as he stands upon the shore and longs to cross over, art thou the evening breeze of this life, or the morning air of the future?—Jean Paul Richter.

It is in music, perhaps, that the soul most nearly attains the great end for which, when inspired by the poetic sentiment, it struggles—the creation of supernal beauty. It may be, indeed, that here this sublime end is now and then attained in fact. We are often made to feel, with a shivering delight, that from an earthly harp are stricken notes which cannot have been unfamiliar to the angels.—Edgar Allan Poe.

MAXIMS FROM GOETHE.

EVERY beginning is pleasant. The threshold is the place of expectation.

One must be something in order to do something.

Go back into life, and take Holy Earnestness with you, for Holy Earnestness alone makes life eternity.

Day and happiness and continuance are the lot of the living.

Words are good, but there is something better. The best cannot be explained by words. The spirit on which we act is the chief matter.

The safest mode of acting is to employ ourselves with our nearest duty.

Disinterested actions will earn the richest recompense.

Love renders impossibilities themselves possible.

The web of life is woven of necessity and chance.

What is important is to have a soul which loves truth, and receives it wherever it finds it.

Great thoughts and a pure heart, that is what we have to pray God for.

Art is long, life is short; judgment is difficult, opportunity fleeting. To act is easy—to think is difficult, and to act pursuant to one thought is troublesome.

Let thy striving be with loving,
Let thy life consist in deed.

The truly great raises us above ourselves, and shines before us like a star.

From near at hand one must not hope, but from afar. Let us trust in God; each one in himself, and in the other, and so it will be well.

Love and courage are the spirit's wings wafting to lofty actions.

A useless life is but an early death.

The ground is hallowed where the good man treads.

Talents are nurtured best in solitude,
A character on life's tempestuous sea.
The toil of life alone can tutor us life's gifts to prize.
We always hope, and still in every case,
'Tis better far to hope than to despair.

Nature, whose mighty power hath fix'd the rock, gives to the wave its instability.

It is ever true that he who does nothing for others, does nothing for himself.

We are not little when circumstances trouble us, only when they overpower us.

If your conscience is free, so are you.

He alone is great and happy who fills his own station of independence, and has neither to command nor to obey.

To repair is more difficult than to destroy.

Fortune gives courage.

Malice seeks not reasons, but pretexts.

Love is capable of much, but duty is of more.

Plunge boldly into life—its depths disclose!
Each lives it, not to many is it known.
What's done is past! What's past is done.
Strong as is law, necessity is stronger.
Good it seems to me
In one's own day a stalwart man to be.
The deed is everything, the fame is naught.
Rich interest bears the generous deed.
Man's self is man! Who would be thron'd and crown'd,
Of the high honor must be worthy found.
Take courage! Naught is lost as yet;
Patience unties the hardest knot!
Completion of the greatest work demands
One guiding spirit for a thousand hands.

Behavior is a mirror in which every one displays his own image.

Mediocrity has no greater consolation than in the thought that genius is not immortal.

Difficulties increase the nearer we are to our end.

Sowing is not so difficult as reaping.

Every step is an end, and every step is a beginning.

The heart alone makes our happiness.

Misunderstandings and neglect occasion more mischief in this world than even malice and wickedness.

Man needs but little earth for enjoyment, and still less for his final repose.

Happy the man who early learns the immeasurable distance between his wishes and his powers.

Happy those whom fate protects and educates according to his talents.

What we agree with leaves us inactive, but contradiction makes us productive.

MEANING OF NATIONAL NAMES.

ZULULAND is the land of the Zulus.

Sumatra means the "happy land."

Hayti means "mountain country."

Peru was named from the River Paro.

The Transvaal is the country beyond the Vaal.

Java is the Malay word for "land of nutmegs."

Moldavia took its name from the River Moldau.

Colombia was thus called in honor of Columbus.

Bolivia was thus called in honor of Simon Bolivar.

Mexico is City of Mexitil, the Mexican god of war.

Morocco has always been the "land of the Moors."

Arabia was so called from its inhabitants, the Arabs.

Canada is an Indian name—a "collection of huts."

The word Borneo is of native origin, signifying "the land."

Costa Rica is a Spanish expression, signifying "rich coast."

Abyssinia was the land of the Abassins, or "mixed races."

Nicaragua was thus named in honor of a chief named Nicaro.

Corsica has a Phœnician name, meaning "wooded islands."

Formosa is a Portuguese word signifying "beautiful country."

Argentina has its name from the silvery reflection of its rivers.

Finland is properly Fenland, "the land of the marshes."

Uruguay was named from the river which flows through it.

Bosnia is so called because the River Bosna flows through it.

Ecuador means "equator," an allusion to its geographical position.

Manitoba commemorates the Manitou or great spirit of the Indian.

The Sahara is so named from the Arabic word signifying "desert."

Egypt to the Hebrews and ever since was "the land of the oppression."

The word Ceylon is of Sanskrit origin, signifying the "Island of Lions."

Jutland was originally Juteland, or the land of the Jutes, a Gothic tribe.

Zanzibar, more correctly Zanguebar, signifies "the coast of the negroes."

Jamaica has a name of Indian origin. It means "the country with springs."

Greece was formerly Greecia. It had its name from that of its inhabitants.

Bulgaria was formerly Volgaria, so called from the Volsci, who inhabited it.

Algiers is so called from the Arabic words Al-Jezair, meaning a "peninsula."

Guinea was named from a west African word, meaning "abounding in gold."

Bohemia was so called because it was settled by the Boii, a tribe of Germans.

The syllable "ia," as a termination to the name of a country, is of Celtic origin.

Senegambia was so called because it lay between the rivers Senegal and Gambia.

Ontario is a corruption of the Indian word Onatac, "a village on a mountain."

Asia had its name from the Sanskrit word Ashas, signifying "land of the dawn."

Holland was so named by the Danes from a word signifying "marshy ground."

Kaffraria was so called because it was inhabited by the Kaffirs, or "unbelievers."

Portugal is a corruption of Porte Cale, the Roman name of the town of Oporto.

Labrador was named by the Spaniards Terra Labrador, or the "cultivated land."

The Aleutian islands were named by the Russians. The word means "bald rocks."

Tunis was the land of the Tunes, an African tribe inhabiting most of its territory.

The Soudan is so called from the Arabic word Belad-ez-Suden, "the land of the blacks."

Poland is a west European transposition of Land Pole, meaning "the land of plains."

Madagascar was so called by the early explorers from the Malayasy or Malays who inhabited it.

Greenland was so called because in summer its hills were covered with a beautiful green moss.

Italy was so called from the name of Italus, an early king who governed most of the peninsula.

Montenegro has its name from the color of its mountains. The word means "black mountain."

Normandy was thus named because it was conquered and inhabited by the Norsemen or Normans.

Brittany was so called from the fact that for many centuries it was claimed by the kings of Britain.

Kurdestan was so called because the ruling tribe in its plains and mountains was that of the Kurds.

Australia means "south," and the land now known by that name was formerly called New Holland.

Belgium took its name from the Belgae, a warlike tribe which inhabited it before the time of Christ.

Nova Scotia or New Scotland was named by Sir William Alexander, who received the grant in 1621.

Japan is an Anglicized corruption of Nifong, the name of the principal island in the Japanese empire.

Beloochistan was thus called because the Belooches were the dominant tribe in its river valleys and plains.

Europe derived its name from the Greek language, the original word signifying "broad face of the earth."

Norway is more properly Norea, meaning "North Isle." It is called by the natives the "North Kingdom."

Paraguay was so called from the river Paro, meaning the "river of waters," an allusion to its numerous tributaries.

Ethiopia was thus named by the Greeks, the original word signifying the land "of the burned or black faces."

Sweden was so named because it was conquered and inhabited by the Swedi or Suedi, a tribe of valiant Goths.

The Island of Tobago was named because of its resemblance in shape to the tobago or pipe used by the natives.

England was so called because the dominant tribe of Saxons who conquered it were called the "Angles," or "Engles."

Persia was so named by the Greeks from Persepolis, its capital; the natives were "Parsa," modernly called "Parsees."

Venezuela means "little Venice." The early explorers found the natives living in houses placed on piles in the marshes.

Honduras was named by the Spanish in allusion to the depth of the water on its coast. The word means "deep water."

Panama is a Caribbean word meaning "mud-fish," an allusion to the abundance of this variety on both sides of the isthmus.

Afghanistan had its name from the savage tribe of Afghans, who, before the dawn of history, inhabited its mountain valleys.

The Mosquito Coast received its name from the Spaniards in allusion to the astonishing abundance of this pestiferous insect.

Denmark was at first Danmark, or the mark or limit set by Dan, a Scandinavian chief, who claimed jurisdiction over its territories.

Circassia took its name from the Scherkes, a tribe of Tartar warriors who

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.—While the memory of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe will always be closely linked with that grand and patriotic poem, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," this was not the only work which entitles her to be ranked with the famous women of America. She threw herself, heart and soul, into the advocacy of the rights of women, and was one of the founders of the New England Women's Club. Mrs. Howe was born in New York City on May 27, 1819, her father being one of the prominent men of the metropolis.

established themselves between the Black and Caspian seas.

Switzerland had its name from Schweitz, the name of the three forest cantons that led the successful insurrection against the Austrians.

Brazil is a Portuguese word, signifying "a live coal." It was given in allusion to the abundance of red dyewood found in the forests.

The Canary islands have a Latin name, canis, "a dog." They were so named from the large and fierce mastiffs bred in the islands.

Hindustan was so called from the river Hindus. The suffix stan is of Persian origin, and is often found in the names of oriental countries.

New Zealand commemorates the love of the Dutch explorers for their native country. There is a district in Holland known as Sealand.

The West Indies were so called by Columbus, he believing them to be a portion of the Indies which he had reached by sailing towards the west.

The name of Africa is derived from two Phœnician words, afer, "a black man," and ac, "a country," signifying "the land of the black man."

The word Papua is Portuguese for "frizzled," and the district inhabited by the Papuans was named in honor of their much-decorated head-dresses.

Guatemala, or Quahtemali, means a "decayed log of wood." It is said that a wooden statue was honored by the aborigines as their principal deity.

Russia was the "land of Russ," a Tartar tribe, that established a footing in the northern part of Europe soon after the beginning of the Christian era.

Wales was thus named by the Anglo-Saxons, the word meaning "the land of foreigners." The native name is Cambria, or "the country of the Kimri."

Siberia had its name from the city Siber, the royal residence of Kuts, a Tartar prince, who established a wide dominion in the northern district of Asia.

Saxony was so called because it was inhabited by the Saxons, who took their name from the Seax, a small battle-axe or knife which they bore in their girdles.

Austria is a western rendering of Oesterreich, "the eastern kingdom." It is thus called to distinguish it from the Western empire founded by Charlemagne.

Yucatan is an Indian expression said to signify "what do you say?" It is reported that all questions asked by the Spaniards were answered with this expression.

Palestine took its name from the Hebrew word signifying the "land of the strangers." It is called the Holy Land because it was the scene of the Saviour's life and labors.

France was called by the Greeks Gallatia; by the Romans Gallia. The Franks, who conquered it, had their name from their favorite weapon, a very formidable javelin.

Ireland was originally Ierne or the "Western Isle." It was called the "Emerald Isle" because of the brilliant color of its verdure, which throughout the year is a lively green.

Quebec has its name from an Algonquin word, signifying "take care of the rock." There was a dangerous reef in the river opposite the place where the city was afterwards built.

Britain was known to the Phœnicians and was named by them Barat-Anak, "the land of tin." It is believed that the Phœnicians made trading expeditions to Britain as early as 1037 B. C.

Pernambuco, when translated into English, means "the mouth of hell." The allusion is to the tempestuous surf that contin-

ually renders the neighborhood dangerous to the sailor.

The Ladrone islands were named by Magellan. The word is Portuguese for "thieves," and he bestowed this uncomplimentary designation upon the islands because of the dishonest character of their population.

Hungary took its name from the Huns, who in 376 drove out the Goths and took possession of the country. The first appearance of the Huns in history is in China in the year 300 B. C., when they were called Hiong-nu, signifying "giants."

Turkey is properly Turkia, "the land of the Turks." It is called the Ottoman empire from the great sultan, Othman I. The term, sublime porte, as applied to the Turkish government, arose from the magnificent gate to the imperial palace in Constantinople.

Scotland was named from the Scoti, a tribe which had its birth in North Ireland. It was called by the natives Caledonia, "the little country of the Gaels," Gael properly signifying "a hidden rover." The Picts, who inhabited the lowlands, were "painted men."

The name of Spain was bestowed by the Phœnicians from the word span, signifying "a rabbit," an allusion to the great numbers of this animal on the Spanish plains. The country was formerly called Iberia, from the tribe of Ibert, who took their name from the river Ibro.

America took its name from Amerigo Vespucci, who landed on the coast of South America the year after Columbus discovered the mainland further north. Amerigo is said to have made the first map of the new world. The name first appears in a book published by Waldseemuller, at St. Die, in Lorraine, in 1507.

China took its name from Tsin, an emperor who founded a dynasty 300 years before the Christian era. He was the monarch who built the great wall and accomplished many other works of utility to the empire. It is also called the "Celestial Empire," because most of its early rulers claimed to be of heavenly descent.

THE HUMAN COUNTENANCE AS SEEN BY DICKENS.

HIS villainous countenance was a regular stamped receipt for cruelty.—Oliver Twist, chapter 3.

The yellow face, with its grotesque action, and the ferret eyes, with their keen, cold, wintry gaze.—Dombey and Son.

With a face that might have been carved out of lignum vitæ for anything that appeared to the contrary.—Nicholas Nickleby, chapter 14.

All his features seemed, with delight, to be going up into his forehead, and never coming back again any more.—Martin Chuzzlewit, chapter 13.

"I told you not to bang the door so," repeated Dumps, with an expression of countenance like the knave of clubs in convulsions.—Tales, chapter 2.

Every knob in the captain's face turned white with astonishment and indignation; even the red rim on his forehead faded, like a rainbow among the gathering clouds. —Dombey and Son.

Mrs. Varden slightly raised her hands, shook her head, and looked at the ground, as though she saw straight through the globe, out at the other end, and into the immensity of space beyond.—Barnaby Rudge, chapter 27.

At the word suspect, she turned her eyes momentarily upon her son, with a dark frown, as if the sculptor of old Egypt had

indented it in the hard, granite face, to frown for ages.—Mrs. Clennam, in Little Dorrit, book I., chapter 5.

Such a thoroughly Irish face, that it seemed as if he ought, as a matter of right and principle, to be in rags, and could have no sort of business to be looking cheerfully at anybody out of a whole suit of clothes. —Martin Chuzzlewit, chapter 17.

He had that rather wild, strained, seared marking about the eyes, which may be observed in all free livers of his class, from the portrait of Jeffries downward, and which can be traced, under various disguises of Art, through the portaits of every drinking age.—Stryver, in Tale of Two Cities, chapter 5.

With Mr. Gusher appeared Mr. Quale again. Mr. Gusher, being a flabby gentleman with a moist surface, and eyes so much too small for his moon of a face that they seemed to have been originally made for somebody else, was not at first sight prepossessing.—Bleak House, chapter 15.

He was tall, thin and pale; he always fancied he had a severe pain somewhere or other, and his face invariably wore a pinched, screwed-up expression, like a man who had suddenly got his feet in a tub of exceedingly hot water, against his will.—Tales, chapter 1.

Mr. Willet drew back from his guest's ear, and, without any visible alteration of features, chuckled thrice audibly. This nearest approach to a laugh in which he ever indulged (and that but seldom, and only on extreme occasions) never even curled his lip or effected the smallest change in—no, not so much as a slight wagging of—his great fat, double chin, which at these times, as at all others, remained a perfect desert in the broad map of his face: one changeless, dull, tremendous blank.—Barnaby Rudge, chapter 29.

A gracious change had come over Benjamin from head to foot. He was much broader, much redder, much more cheerful, and much jollier in all respects. It seemed as if his face had been tied up in a knot before and was now untwisted and smoothed out.—Battle of Life, chapter 2.

Tom, stopping in the street to look at him, Mr. Tapley for a moment presented to his view an utterly stolid and expressionless face—a perfect dead wall of countenance. But opening window after window in it with astonishing rapidity, and lighting them all up as if for a general illumination, he repeated.—Martin Chuzzlewit, chapter 48.

Squeers scowled at him with the worst and most malicious expression of which his face was capable—it was a face of remarkable capability, too, in that way—and shook his fist stealthily. "Coom, coom, schoolmaesther," said John, "dinnot make a fool o' thyself; for if I was to sheake mine—only once—thou'd fa' doon wi' the wind o' it."—Nicholas Nickleby, chapter 42.

"By my soul, the countenance of that fellow, when he was a boy, was the blackest image of perfidity, cowardice and cruelty ever set up as a scarecrow in a field of scoundrels. If I was to meet that most unparalleled despot in the streets to-morrow I would fell him like a rotten tree."—Bleak House, chapter 9.

With that, and with an expression of face in which a great number of opposite ingredients such as mischief, cunning, malice, triumph, and patient expectation, were all mixed up together in a kind of physiognomical punch, Miss Miggs composed herself to wait and listen, like some fair ogress who has set a trap and was watching for a nibble from a plump young traveler.—Miss Miggs, in Barnaby Rudge, chapter 9.

A pale, puffy-faced, dark-haired person of 30, with big, dark eyes that wholly wanted luster, and a dissatisfied, doughy

complexion, that seemed to ask to be sent to the baker's. A gloomy person, with tangled locks and a general air of having been reared under the shadow of that baleful tree of Java which has given shelter to more lies than the whole botanical kingdom.—Edwin Drood, chapter 11.

Mr. Fang was a lean, long-backed, stiff-necked, middle-sized man, with no great quantity of hair, and what he had growing on the back and sides of his head. His face was stern and much flushed. If he were really not in the habit of drinking more than was exactly good for him he might have brought an action against his countenance for libel and have recovered heavy damages.—Oliver Twist, chapter 11.

THE DESERTED COTTAGE: A PEASANT WOMAN'S STORY.

(A CANADIAN STORY.) BY M BOUCHIER-SANDFORD.

I TOL' you I'll gif you de story of de Anglisman dat liv' een dat leetl' 'ouse dat ees now desert'. Eet is so bacose dey say 'ees ghos' walk near.

'E did come from Angland at dees French village een Canada, an' did live een dat littl' 'ouse wid 'eemself; an' 'e did use walk on de rock mos' every night, wid 'ees 'ands behin' 'ees back; but, sometime, 'e did shut dem togedder, or t'row dem 'igh up, like 'e try for t'row way somet'ing dat gif 'eem trobl'.

Sometime 'e go for fish wid de men, an' dey call eem "captain"; but 'e tell nodding 'bout 'eemself. Sometime, w'en 'e play wid de leetl' boys an' tell story, 'e laugh wid dem; den someding come back on 'ees min', an' 'e turn 'ees 'ead, and put 'ees 'ands on 'ees eye.

One day 'e fell on de rock an' 'urt 'ees leg, an' dey take 'eem at de 'ouse of Henri Couture, w'ere 'e stay many week. Den Lucie Couture, she 'tink dere's no man more bettair as 'eem, an' it make Jean Picaud like 'e be mad w'en 'e see dat; and I'll t'ink wid myself dat captain ees de mos' 'andsomes' man I see, an' I'll say at 'eem, "W'y you not marry wid Lucie w'en she grow so w'ite an' t'in for she love you?"

Den 'e say, "Can I make 'er 'appy?"

An' I say, "Eef you don' marry wid 'er, she never marry wid somebody, an' 'er 'eart be break."

Den he make de great sigh an' 'e say, "Dere so mosh meesairy I wan' for make somebody 'appy;" an' 'e don't t'ink I 'ear dat.

After w'ile dey marry togedder, an' Lucie is glad, but de captain is not glad een 'ees 'eart. 'E never go at de chursh only w'en de firs' baby arrife, an' dey all go at de chursh for baptize de chile, an' dey name 'eem "Cyril," like de name of de captain. W'en de nex' baby arrife, dey give 'er de name "Aleece": an' de captain 'old 'er een 'ees arm and say, "Leetl' Aleece, my own Aleece." But I t'ink dey ought call 'er Lucie.

When dey are marry togedder t'ree year, some people arrife off de boat, an' dey stop near de 'ouse w'ere Lucie sit wid de babies, and dey h'ax w'at name she call dem. An' she say, "Cyreel an' Aleece." Den one lady grow w'ite on de face an' appair like she will fall. But praysonly she take Cyreel een 'er arm, and 'old 'eem close, and 'e pat 'er face an' don' cry.

Den de captain arrife roun' by back of de 'ouse, an' dey don' see 'eem till 'e come face by face wid de lady, an' 'e cry out, like 'e don' know w'at 'e say, "Aleece! Aleece!" An' she say, like de word 'urt 'er t'roat,

"Cyreel! Cyreel!" Den one man dey call "Joseph" look mad, an' 'iss t'rough 'ees teet', "Cyreel Vintoun!"

Den de captain say, "Aleece, don' believe dere's dat sin on my soul. Dere's no stain of de blood dere."

Den dey spik so sof' I'll not 'ear w'at dey say. But I go by de odder people an' I 'ear dem say dat de captain is Cyreel Vintoun, dat was tri' in de court for kill 'ees oncle, but dey can't prove dat, as 'e go free; but dey people say 'e ought to be hang', so 'e go 'way off Angland, an' nobody knows w'ere 'e live. An' de fader of Aleece won' let 'er be marry wid 'eem. An' Joseph wan' be marry wid 'er, but she don' like 'eem, an' w'en dey take de trip to Canada she don' kno' 'e be come wid dem till she is on de ship.

I 'ear dat, bacose dey don' know I unerstan' de Anglis so good; an' Lucie, she 'ear dat too.

But Joseph walk on de rock wid 'eemself. Den 'e turn roun' an' walk back fas' an' say, "I see de boat. We mus' go down by de wharf." Den dey go 'way; but de captain walk by de rock an' look on de water till de boat is no more seen.

Dat night, w'en de captain spik kin' wid Lucie, she put out 'er 'ands an' say 'e mus' not spik wid 'er again; an' de red of de anger come on 'er face, an' she say dat every one tell dat she be marry wid de murderair. Den 'e 'ide 'ees face wid 'ees 'ands, an' de groan come.

An' I say, "Lucie, don' believe 'e do dat. 'E haf de kindes' 'eart. 'E never kill somebody." But Lucie say 'ard t'ings at 'eem, an' I know dat is bacose 'e spik wid Aleece, an' not bacose she believe 'e kill somebody.

Den 'e say, "Do you wan' me leave you, Lucie?" An' she say she never wan' for see 'eem some more.

So 'e bring money at Xavier, my 'usban', for Lucie, an' 'e go 'way. W'en de weenter arrife, Lucie fret, an' wish 'e return; but 'e don' come.

Den Lucie say, "Susanne, I learn for read an' write before Cyreel come back." Den I know she be sorry dat w'en 'e use' try for teash 'er, she use' fall to sleep, or say, "I don' wan' be bodder wid dat."

W'en de snow go, an' de bird sing, an' de tree be green, de boat stop on de wharf, an' de men carry somet'ing at de 'ouse by Lucie; an' we see de captain lie w'ite an' still, like 'e be dead.

Den Lucie kneel an' cry, "I sorry, O I sorry, Cyreel! Spik to me, Cyreel! Forgeefe me!"

'E open 'ees eye, an' put 'ees 'and for take 'ers, but 'e don' spik; an' praysonly we know 'e never spik again.

After 'e die, de men tell 'ow dey see a boat wreck on de river, an' 'ow de captain say, "I am accuse for take de life of man; I show dat I save de life." An' 'e save de men dat cling on de boat; but 'e 'urt 'ees back.

An' de men see 'eem rub togedder 'ees 'ands, like 'e wash dem, an' 'ear 'eem cry, "Aleece, Aleece, dere's no stain of blood! O Aleece, God gran' you know some day dat I die innocent!" An' once 'e say, "Lucie! poor leetl' Lucie! God 'elp Lucie!"

De nex' weenter two letter arrife for "Cyril Vintoun," an' de pries' read dem for Lucie. One letter is from Aleece, an' it tell dat dey all know now dat Cyreel is innocent, for de murderair haf confess. An' Aleece write, "Now, t'ank God, you may be 'appy!" An' I t'ink w'at pity it is she don't know 'e is dead.

De oder letter tell dat de old aunt sen' money for take Cyreel back at Angland. Den de pries' write at Aleece an' at de old aunt dat de captain is dead.

Lucie cry, an' she say, "Susanne, O Susanne, I weesh Cyreel know dat before 'e die!"

GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR, of Massachusetts, was born in that State, at Concord, in 1826, and was graduated from Harvard University when twenty years of age. He was known for his legal acumen and broad statesmanship, and the fact that he served twenty-eight years in the Senate is an indication of the regard the people of Massachusetts had of his ability. While a Republican he was of an independent way of thinking, this being shown when he put himself on record in opposition to the policy of President McKinley in regard to the Philippine Islands. However, he staunchly supported the national administration in the Spanish-American War. He died in 1904.

WILLIAM MAXWELL EVARTS' name will ever be written among those who have achieved immortal distinction at the American bar and in diplomacy. He was Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President Hayes from 1877 to 1881, when President Garfield came in. Mr. Evarts was born in Boston, February 6, 1818, was graduated from Yale University in 1837, and then went to New York City, where he entered into the practice of law. His powers of oratory were remarkable, his logic convincing and his skill in conducting cases involving vast interests all but unrivaled.

An' I say, "I t'ink 'e know it now, Lucie." But she shake 'er 'ead an' cry. Den de money arrife for Lucie, an' she take de chil'en at Angland at de old aunt.

But de men say dat sometime now by night dey see de ghos' of de captain walk on de rock.

PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE: FROM FAMOUS THINKERS.

TO live above our station shows a proud heart, and to live under it, discovers a narrow soul.—H. Malot.

The best and most important part of man's education is that which he gives himself.—A. Houssaye.

There is only one stimulant that never fails and yet never intoxicates—Duty. Duty puts a blue sky over every man—up in his heart, maybe—into which the skylark, happiness, always goes singing.—Lamartine.

Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—Pascal.

With love the heart becomes a fair and fertile garden, glowing with sunshine and warm hues, and exhaling sweet odors; but without love it is a bleak desert covered with ashes.—Charles Warren.

Think wrongly, if you please, but in all cases think for yourself.—La Bruyere.

Every man has a serious rival in the ideal man a woman likes to sit and dream about. —Paul Bourget.

Promises made in the time of affliction require a better memory than people commonly possess.—A. Daudet.

To be a great man it is necessary to turn to account all opportunities.—La Rochefoucauld.

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.—A. Dumas.

A man is wise when he seeks wisdom; a knave when he thinks he has acquired it.—Fontenelle.

There is only one thing we are willing to have others share with us, it is our opinion.—Mignet.

We should often be ashamed of our best acting if the world were witness to the motives which impelled us.—La Rochefoucauld.

Let the memory of those oversights by which we have suffered instruct us, for though past moments cannot be recalled, past errors may be repeated.—A. DeMusset.

Every man has his moments of inspiration, when he feels and thinks and can do what at other times is impossible; but they are only moments, and not many of them at a time, and he should, therefore, make most of them.—A. Daudet.

The road to ambition is too narrow for friendship, too crooked for love, too rugged for honesty, and too dark for science.—J. J. Rousseau.

The experience of failure is one that comes in a greater or less degree to every one at times, trying the metal and probing the character as no prosperity can do.—Victor Hugo.

They who have never known prosperity can hardly be said to be unhappy; it is from the remembrance of joys we have lost that the arrows of affliction are pointed.—Emile Zola.

Old age is the twilight of eternity.—Baronne d'Huart.

The secret of happiness is to love one's duty, and to find pleasure therein.—Countess Dash.

Good nature is that benevolent and amiable temper of mind which disposes us to feel the misfortunes and enjoy the happiness of others; and, consequently, pushes us on to promote the latter and prevent the

former; and that without any abstract contemplation on the beauty of virtue and without the allurements or terrors of religion.—Balzac.

Without a theory it is impossible to know what we say when we speak and what we do when we act.—Boyer-Collard.

To live in the presence of great truths and eternal laws, to be led by permanent ideals—that is what keeps a man patient when the world ignores him, and calm and unspoiled when the world praises him.—Balzac.

Heroism is active genius: genius contemplative heroism. Heroism is the self-devotion of genius manifesting itself in action. —Ph. Gerjant.

Nothing can kill self-respect; everything wounds it.—De Segur.

Among women there cannot exist any real inequalities, only that of beauty.—Alph. Karr.

It is not necessary that there should be love in a book, but there must be much tenderness.—J. Joubert.

There are many women who allow themselves to be conquered; there are few who allow themselves to be tamed.—Eugene Chavette.

How utterly miserable to always depend on someone, for it is always "someone" who makes you sad or joyful.—Marie Bashkirtseff.

What is the use of knowing how to tell the truth: so few persons know how to hear it?—A. d'Houdetot.

Time is the oldest and most infallible of all critics.—E. Rousse.

Occupation is the scythe of time.—Napoleon I.

Opinion is a medium between knowledge and ignorance.—Plato.

Those things which engage us merely by their novelty cannot abstract us for any length of time.—Pierre Loti.

Love, in France, is a comedy; in England, a tragedy; in Italy, an opera; and in Germany, a melodrama.—Lady Blessington.

Hope makes a man live, but does not nourish him.—Commerson.

It is easier to believe in someone than in something, because the heart reasons more than the mind.—Eunecé.

It is in man's nature to hate those whom he has offended.—Tacite.

He who does not know how to forgive, knows not how to love. Love lives from indulgence and of reciprocal forgiveness.—H. Durand.

The three most difficult things to do are to keep a secret, suffer an injury, and employ one's leisure.—Voltaire.

We must not let the grass grow on the road of friendship.—Mlle. Clairon.

If thou canst not make thyself loved much, make thyself slightly feared.—Adolphe d'Houdetot.

Great mistakes are often made like great cables, from a multitude of strands.—V. Hugo.

NAPOLEON: TRIBUTES FROM THE POETS.

NAPOLEON'S LAST REQUEST.

OH! bury me deep in the boundless sea,
Let my heart have a limitless grave,
For my spirit in life was as fierce and free
As the course of the tempest wave;
And as far from the reach of mortal control
Were the depths of my fathomless mind;
And the ebbs and the flows of my single soul
Were tides to the rest of mankind.

Then my briny pall shall engirdle the world,
As in life did the voice of my fame,
And each mountainous billow that skyward curls
Shall to fancy re-echo my name;—
That name shall be storied in record sublime,
In the uttermost corners of earth,
And renowned till the wreck of expiring time,
Be the glorified land of my birth.
Yes, bury my heart in the boundless sea,—
It would burst from a narrower tomb,
Should less than an ocean my sepulchre be,
Or if wrapped in less horrible gloom.

NAPOLEON.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

His falchion flashed along the Nile;
His hosts he led through Alpine snows;
O'er Moscow's towers, that shook the while,
His eagle flag unrolled—and froze.

Here sleeps he now alone; no one
Of all the kings whose crowns he gave,
Nor sire, nor brother, wife nor son,
Hath ever seen or sought his grave.

Here sleeps he now alone; the star
That led him on from crown to crown
Hath sunk: the nations from afar
Gazed as it faded and went down.

He sleeps alone: the mountain cloud
That night hangs round him, and the breath
Of morning scatters, is the shroud
That wraps his mortal form in death.

High is his couch; the ocean flood
Far, far below by storms is curl'd,
As round him heaved, while high he stood,
A stormy and inconstant world.

Hark! Comes here from the Pyramids,
And from Siberia's wastes of snow,
And Europe's fields, a voice that bids
The world he awed to mourn him? No:

The only, the perpetual dirge
That's heard there, is the seabird's cry,
The mournful mourner of the surge,
The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low sigh.

THE PRISONER OF ST. HELENA.

Perched on a rock and caged afar
From Europe's peace, or Europe's war.
Left to myself, to groan and smart,
But gifted with a marble heart;
I still can live—and free from pain
Dream all my battles o'er again,
Walk in the sun, and breathe the air,
Enjoy my bed and daily fare.
And having won and lost the earth,
Reflect how little it is worth.

You driveling, wretched rascal race,
Who gravely struts upon its face;
Ye shallow dolts, and half-bred knaves,
Who for a time have been my slaves,
I have not grudged to make you bleed,
Nor spared the thinning of your breed.
Soon sprout up tares to fill the ground;
The wheat, alas! I've seldom found;
And if amongst you any grew,
'Tis better mown than mixed with you.

The scourge your tribes I ne'er refused,
But man was all the scourge I used;
The hope of plunder manned my line,
And your ambition worked for mine.
No kingdom did I overthrow
But would have served its neighbor so;
For peace no canting monarch sued
But would have swaggered if he could;
And that proud isle across the sea,
Wished, in her heart, to rule like me.

NAPOLEON'S RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

Then fare you well! I scorn your hate,
Nor fear, nor care, for Europe's prate;
But men shall read in after days,
Who shook her gimcracks to the base,
Alone I did it!—for I rose,
From nothing, against sceptered foes.

NAPOLEON'S MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

BY CLARENCE MANGAN.

Translated from German of Baron Von Zeulitz.

When the midnight hour is come,
The drummer forsakes his tomb,
And marches, beating his phantom drum,
To and fro through the ghastly gloom.

He plies the drumsticks twain
With fleshless fingers pale,
And beats and beats again and again,
A long and dreary reveille.

Like the voice of abysmal waves
Resounds its unearthly tone,
Till the dead old soldiers, long in their graves,
Awaken through every zone.

And the slain in the land of the Hun,
And the frozen in the icy North,
And those who under the burning sun
Of Italy sleep, come forth.

And they whose bones long while
Lie bleaching in Syrian sands,
And the slumbers under the reeds of the Nile,
Arise with arms in their hands.

And at midnight, in his shroud,
The trumpeter leaves his tomb,
And blows a blast, long, deep and loud,
As he rides through the ghastly gloom.

And the yellow moonlight shines
On the old imperial Dragoons;
And the Cuirassiers they form in lines,
And the Carabineers in platoons.

At a signal the ranks unsheathe
Their weapons in rear and van;
But they scarcely appear to speak or breathe,
And their features are sad and wan.

And when midnight robes the sky,
The Emperor leaves his tomb,
And rides along, surrounded by
His shadowy staff through the gloom.

A silver star so bright,
Is glittering on his breast;
In a uniform of blue and white
And a gray camp-frock he is dressed.

The moonbeams shine afar
On the various marshalled groups,
And the man with the glittering silver star
Rides forth to see his troops.

And the dead battalions all
Go again through their exercise,
Till the moon withdraws, and a gloomier pall
Of blackness wraps the skies.

Then around the chief once more
The Generals and Marshals throng;
And he whispers a word oft heard before
In the ear of the aide-de-camp.

In files the troops advance,
And then are no longer seen:
The challenging watchword is "France;"
The answer is "St. Helene."

And this is the Grand Review,
Which at midnight on the wolds,
If popular tales may pass for true,
The buried Emperor holds.

NAPOLEON AT THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

SOME BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

Poetry and Prose Inspirations to Which Great Souls Have Given Birth.

Adversity is a trial of principle. Without it a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.—*Fielding.*

Ambition is a spirit in the world
That causes all the ebbs and flows of nations,
Keeps mankind sweet by action; without that
The world would be a filthy, settled mud.
—*Crown.*

There is many a man whose tongue might govern multitudes if he could govern his tongue.—*Anon.*

BENEVOLENCE.

A man or woman without benevolence is not a perfect being; they are only a deformed personality of true manhood or womanhood.—*Lamb.*

BIRTHDAYS.

Birthdays are as mile-posts on the road of time,
Each with its two arms pointing different ways:
On one inscribed in flaming characters,
"The Past;" and from the other darkly gleam,
Through the murky mists, in letters dimly seen,
The words, "Straightforward for eternity."
—*Byron.*

BEAUTY.

A beautiful eye makes silence eloquent; a kind eye makes contradiction an assent; an enraged eye makes beauty deformed.—*Addison.*

BIBLE.

It is a belief in the Bible which has served me as the guide of moral and literary life. —*Goethe.*

BETTING.

Some play for gain; to pass time others play
For nothing; both do play the fool, I say;
Nor time or coin I'll lose or idly spend;
Who gets by play, proves loser in the end.
—*Heath.*

BOASTING.

We rise in glory as we sink in pride;
Where boasting ends, there dignity begins.
—*Young.*

BRAVERY.

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.—*Shakespeare.*

BREVITY.

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense,
And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence. —*Pope.*

CHARACTER.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.—*Froude.*

CHILDREN.

Children are what the mothers are;
No fondest father's proudest care
Can fashion so the infant heart
As those creative beams that dart
With all their hopes and fears, upon
The cradle of a sleeping son.
—*Robert Savage Landor.*

CONCENTRATION.

Every man who means to be successful, must single out from a vast number of possible employments some specialty, and to that devote himself thoroughly.—*Garfield.*

COURTESY.

True courage and courtesy always go hand in hand. The bravest men are the most forgiving, and the most anxious to adjust quarrels.—*Thackeray.*

COURAGE.

It requires a good, strong man to say: "I was mistaken, and am sorry." A weak man hesitates and often fails to do the right thing.—*Franklin.*

DEATH.

Death, when unmask'd, shows us a friendly face,
And is a terror only at a distance.
—*Goldsmith.*

ELOQUENCE.

Eloquence is the language of nature, and cannot be learnt in the schools.—*Colton.*

ENERGY.

Is there one whom difficulties dishearten, who bends to the storm? He will do little. Is there one who *will* conquer? This kind of man never fails.—*Hunter.*

FORTUNE.

Every man is the maker of his own fortune, and must be, in some measure, the trumpet of his fame.—*Dryden.*

HATRED.

Malice and hatred are very fretting, and apt to make our minds sore and uneasy.—*Tillotson.*

IDLENESS.

Idleness is a constant sin, and labor is a duty. Idleness is but the devil's home for temptation, and unprofitable, distracting musings.—*Baxter.*

MARRIAGE.

Marriage is the best state for man in general; and every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the marriage state.—*Samuel Johnson.*

MONEY.

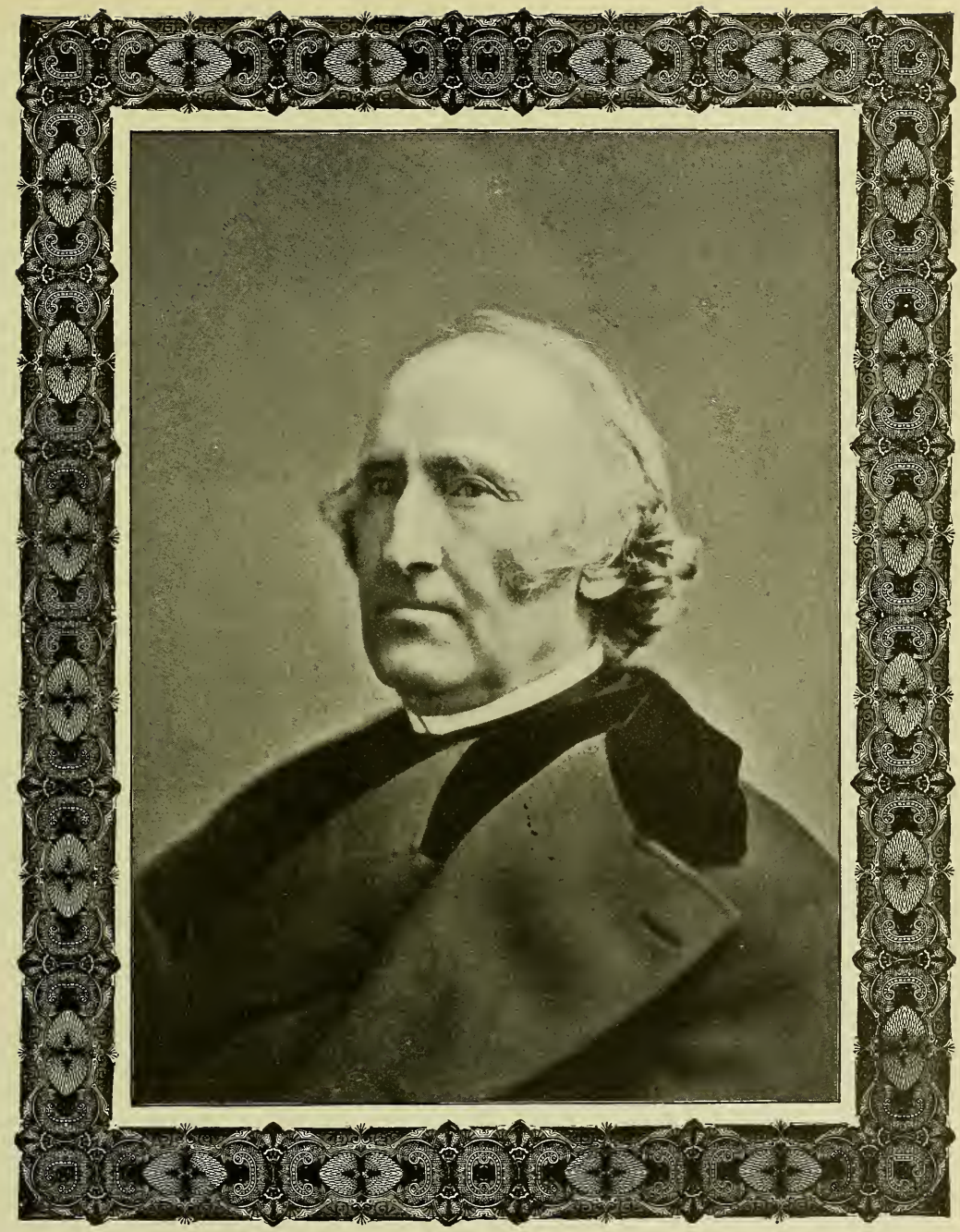
A wise man should have money in his head, but not in his heart.—*Swift.*

MEMORY.

Memory is the only paradise out of which we cannot be driven away.—*Richter.*

OPINION.

No liberal man would ever impute a charge of unsteadiness to another for having changed his opinion.—*Cicero.*



WENDELL PHILLIPS was an impassioned orator of great power, force and influence, sentiment entering largely into his forensic efforts. He was a Bostonian, the year 1811 being that of his birth. He also died there in 1884. He was a mighty advocate of the freedom of the slaves, and suffered indignities, even in Boston, at the hands of mobs in consequence of his outspoken denunciations. Phillips was a humanitarian in the broadest sense, and labored constantly to the end of lifting up the masses. He was a thorough believer in universal education.

LIBRARY OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

TO-MORROW.

Seek not to know to-morrow's doom;
That is not ours which is to come.
The present moments are our store.
  The next should heaven allow
Then this will be no more;
  So all our life is but one instant now.
—*Congreve.*

TRUTH.

Man fearlessly his voice for truth should raise,
  When truth would force its way in deed or word,
Whether for him the popular voice of praise
  Or the cold sheer of unbelief is heard,
Like the First Martyr, when his voice arose
Distinct above the hissing of his foes.
—*Phoebe Cary.*

In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still,
In men, whom men pronounce divine,
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw a line
Between the two, where God has not.
—*Joaquin Miller.*

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days
None knew thee but to love thee
None named thee but to praise.
—*Fitz-Greene Halleck.*

The love principle is stronger than the force principle.—*Dr. Hodge.*

In great crises it is woman's special lot to soften our misfortunes.—*Napoleon Bonaparte.*

The only way to have a friend is to be one.—*R. W. Emerson.*

Always leave the home with loving words, for they may be our last.

That man lives twice that lives the first life well.—*Robert Herrick.*

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
  In feelings, not figures on a dial,
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
  Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.—*Bailey.*

Our lives are albums written through
With good or ill, with false or true;
And as the blessed angels turn
  The pages of our years,
God grant they read the good with smiles
  And blot the ill with tears.
—*John J. Whittier (in an album).*

By the fireside still the light is shining,
The children's arms round the parents twining.
From love so sweet, O, who would roam?
Be it ever so homely, home is home.
—*Miss Mulock.*

It is worth a thousand pounds a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things.—*Dr. Johnson.*

People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after. —*Oliver Goldsmith.*

A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.—*Alexander Pope.*

The intelligence of the people is the security of the nation.—*Daniel Webster.*

Every man is the architect of his own fortune.—*Sallust.*

Life is not measured by the time we live. —*George Crabb.*

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor, all labor, is noble and holy.
—*Mrs. Frances S. Osgood.*

To be womanly is the greatest charm of woman.—*Gladstone.*

The voices that spoke to me when a child, are now speaking through me to the world. —*Bishop Simpson.*

I would rather be right than be President.—*Henry Clay.*

I hold it true, whate'er befall,
I feel it when I sorrow most—
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.
—*Alfred Tennyson.*

Death's but a path that must be trod
If man would ever pass to God.
—*Thomas Parnell.*

'Tis a blessing to live, but a greater to die;
And the best of the world is its path to the sky. —*John K. Mitchell.*

Do to-day thy present duty.—*Goethe.*

Men are judged not by their intentions, but by the result of their actions.—*Lord Chesterfield.*

Not only strike while the iron is hot, but make it hot by striking.—*Oliver Cromwell.*

It is little matter at what hour of the day
The righteous fall asleep. Death cannot come
To him untimely who has learned to die.
The less of this brief life, the more of heaven;
The shorter time, the longer immortality.
—*Dean Millman.*

Say not "Good-night," but in some brighter clime
Bid me "Good-morning."
—*Anna Letitia Barbauld.*

Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
—*Thomas Moore.*

THE DRINKING SYSTEM.

Grief banished by wine will come again,
And come with a deeper shade,
Leaving, perchance, on the soul a stain
Which sorrow hath never made.
Then fill not the tempting glass for me,
If mournful, I will not be mad;
Better sad, because we are sinful, be,
Than sinful because we are sad.

WORDS.

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think. —*Byron.*

Of all bad things by which mankind are cursed,
Their own bad tempers surely are the worst.
—*Cumberland's Merander.*

A pure faithful love is the creative spirit that makes women angels.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

She most attracts, who longest can refuse. —*Aaron Hill.*

The purest treasure mortal times afford is spotless reputation, that away, men are but gilded loam or painted clay.—*Shakespeare.*

Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive.
—*Scott's Marmion.*

Ah! little will the lips reveal
Of all the burning heart may feel.
—*Miss L. E. Landon.*

Success is born of resolution.—*L. B. G.*

The man who pauses in his honesty, wants little of the villain.—*Martyn.*

O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains.—*Shakespeare.*

Order is Heaven's first law.—*Pope's Essay on Man.*

Of sighs that speak a father's woe,
Of pangs that none but mothers know.
—*Sprague.*

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.
—*The Marquis of Montrose.*

THE FAMILY BIBLE.

"Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false I've found thee true.
My counsellor and guide.

The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy,
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die."

The generous heart should scorn a pleasure which gives others pain.—*Thompson.*

KINDNESS.

What is kindness? It is thinking
More of others than yourself,
Counting hearts of fellow mortals
Of more worth than paltry pelf,
Acting for your comrades' pleasure,
Giving without stint or art;
It is blessing every creature
With your hand and voice and heart.
—*Emma C. Dowd.*

Strength for to-day is all that we need,
For there never will be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,
With its measure of joy and of sorrow.
—*Philip Doddridge.*

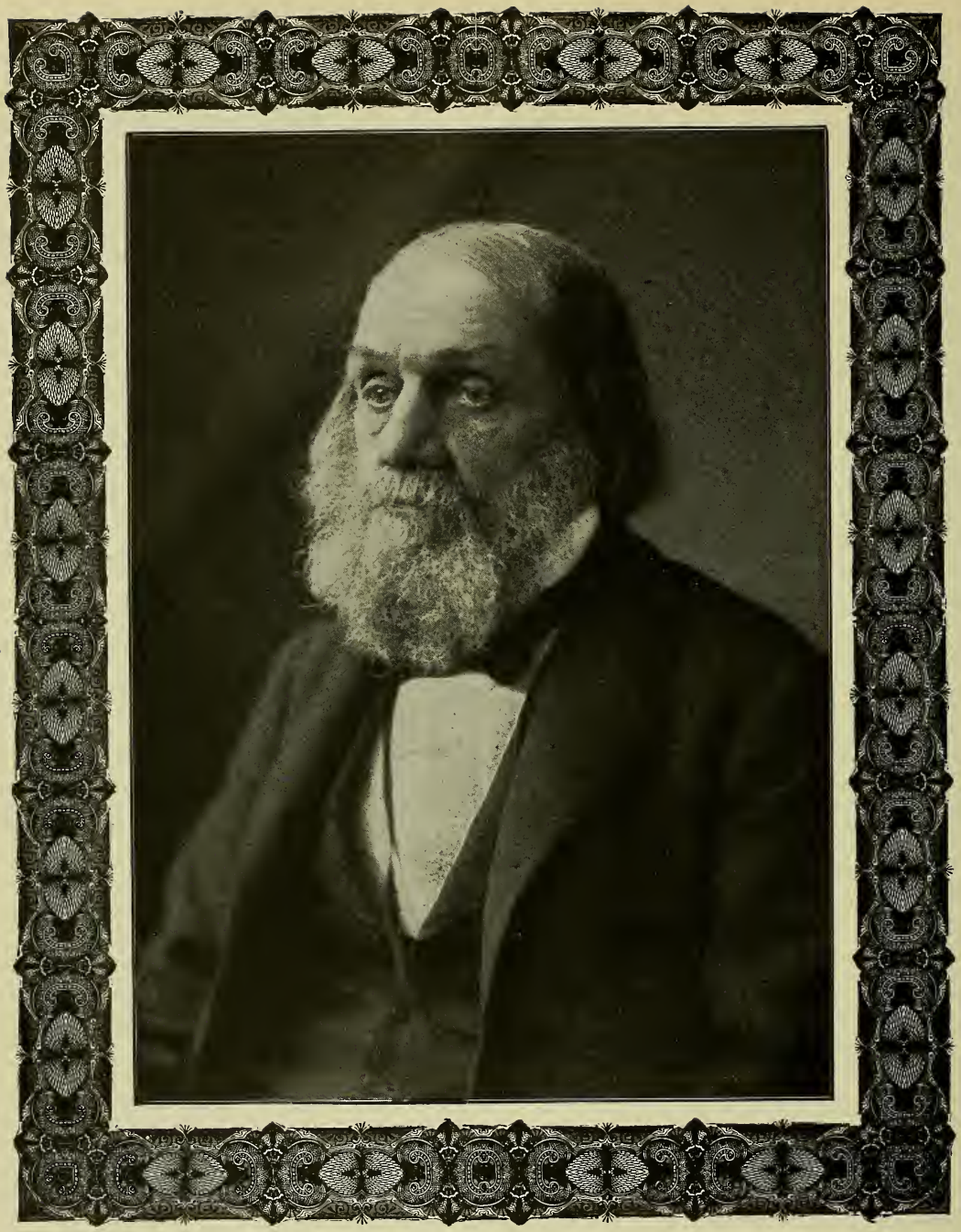
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
O grant an honest fame, or grant me none!
—*Pope.*

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.
—*James Russell Lowell.*

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave—oh! leave the light of Hope behind!
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between.
—*Thomas Campbell.*

In the lexicon of youth which fate reserves for a bright manhood, there is no such word as—*fail.*—*Edward Bulwer Lytton.*

Errors like straws upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.
—*Dryden.*



EDWARD EVERETT HALE was born in Boston in 1822, and was graduated from Harvard University in 1839, and three years later was ordained for the ministry. By no means, however, did his duties as a clergyman absorb all his time. He was at once an editor, a writer of books, many of which are given a high place in the literature of the country. As an orator he demonstrated his rare ability at an early age. One of the best known of his books is "A Man Without a Country."

SCRIPTURAL PROVERBS AND QUOTATIONS.

THE bits of wisdom, sound advice and moral instruction given in the Scriptures in the shape of proverbs and other condensed sayings should be known to all. Here are a few of them:

A false balance is an abomination to the Lord; but a just weight is his delight.

A fool uttereth all his mind; but a wise man keepeth it till afterwards.

A fool's wrath is presently known; but a prudent man covereth shame.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.

A man that has friends must show himself friendly; and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

A man of understanding holdeth his peace.

A man's pride shall bring him low; but honor shall uphold the humble in spirit.

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones.

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger.

A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband; but she that maketh ashamed is as rottenness in his bones.

A wise son maketh a glad father; but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

As a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place.

As a madman who casteth firebrands, arrows, and death, so is the man that deceiveth his neighbor, and saith, Am not I in sport?

As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of a fool.

As the whirlwind passeth, so is the wicked no more; but the righteous is an everlasting foundation.

As vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes, so is the sluggard to them that send him.

Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flocks, and look well to thy herds; for riches are not forever.

Before honor is humility.

Better is a dry morsel and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifices with strife.

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

Better is a little with righteousness, than great revenues without right.

Blessings are upon the head of the just; but violence covereth the mouth of the wicked.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.

By much slothfulness the building decayeth; and through idleness of the hands the house droppeth through.

By pride cometh contention.

Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.

Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise; and he that shutteth his mouth is esteemed a man of understanding.

Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man.

For men to search their own glory is not glory. (To talk of their own doings.)

Go from the presence of the foolish man, when thou perceivest not in him the lips of knowledge.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise.

God hath made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions.

He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand; but the hand of the diligent maketh rich.

He that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.

He that passeth by, and meddleth with strife belonging not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man; he that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich.

He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house; but he that hateth gifts shall live.

He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast.

He that is first in his own cause seemeth just; but his neighbor cometh and searcheth him.

He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again.

He that hideth hatred with lying lips, and he that uttereth a slander, is a fool.

He that spareth the rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth betimes.

He that gathereth in summer is a wise son; but he that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causes shame.

He that walketh uprightly walketh surely; but he that perverteth his ways shall be known.

He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it; and he that hateth suretyship is sure.

He that keepeth [silent] his mouth, keepeth his life; but he that openeth wide his lips shall have destruction.

He that troubleth his own house shall inherit the wind; and the fool shall be servant of the wise of heart.

Heaviness in the heart of a man maketh it stoop; but a good word maketh it glad.

Hell and destruction are never full; so the eyes of man are never satisfied.

His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his own sins.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.

If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.

If the iron be blunt, and he do not whet the edge, then must he put to more strength; but wisdom is profitable to direct.

If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink; for thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee.

If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small.

In all labor there is profit; but the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury.

Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend.

It is nought, it is nought, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth.

Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips.

Love not sleep, lest thou come to poverty; open thine eyes, and thou shalt be satisfied with bread.

Much food is in the tillage of the poor; but there is that is destroyed for want of judgment.

Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.

Remove not the old landmark; and enter not into the fields of the fatherless.

Say not unto thy neighbor, Go, and come again, and to-morrow I will give, when thou hast it by thee.

APT, APPROPRIATE AND INSTRUCTIVE.

Selections in Poetry and Prose, Representing What is Noblest, Purest, Most Beautiful and Entertaining.

IT is not a difficult matter to fill a volume ten times the size of this book with selections from the written and spoken thoughts of those who, gifted with genius, have given expression to sublime sentiments calculated to elevate and educate, stir the soul to its inmost recesses, send the blood throbbing and rushing through the veins, kindle anew the fire of patriotism in the breasts of young and old alike, stimulate love of country, cheer and comfort in time of trouble and alleviate sorrow—it is, we repeat, an easy task to perform. The great difficulty is to cull with judgment, discretion, discernment and discrimination, and the student, and others as well, who look through these pages will agree that what is found here is most appropriate and fitting in every sense.

Passages in keeping with the death of the old century and the birth of the new; the advent of the New Year, following the disappearance of its predecessor; selections relating to the seasons, months and holidays; poetic and prose effusions that are humorous, pathetic, patriotic, religious, sentimental, heroic, martial and pastoral, interspersed with the most striking of Shakespeare's wisdom, axioms, wit and advice—all these are among the gems so lavishly and invitingly displayed for the benefit, pleasure and delectation of all.

Nothing has been omitted in the following selections which should not have been, and what appears in these pages, it can be relied upon, is the purest gold.

BIRTH OF ANOTHER CENTURY.

WHEN the Nineteenth Century was born the world was torn by war. Europe was in a state of anxiety and unrest because of the growing power of the military genius—Napoleon Bonaparte—who had overthrown armies in an incredibly short time, driven Austria out of Italy, wiped out the Venetian Republic, which had endured nearly 1,400 years, and shown an ambition which naturally gave rise to apprehension. All the world was fighting, and quiet and peace did not come until nearly 5,000,000 men had been slain, many nations plunged into bankruptcy, vast territories devastated, several cities laid in ruins and trade and commerce all but brought to a standstill.

When the Nineteenth Century first saw the light of day no man knew what would happen within a twelvemonth; all Europe was in arms—the men in the military service and the women and children in the

MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

fields raising food for the hostile factions—and the outlook was as gloomy as it could be. British North America at that time consisted of a half-dozen small scattered colonies. There was no great "Province of Canada" until forty years later and no "Dominion of Canada" until sixty-seven years of the new century had passed.

A hundred years has made a wonderful difference. The Dominion of Canada has arisen, the richest and most populous self-governing colony in the world, the making of a nation that is to be, an integral part of the greatest Empire that the world has ever known. The same hundred years has made the world over again and fitted it up with steamships, railway trains and electrical conveyances. The new century dawns on an industrial world whose future progress no man may estimate.

PASSING OF THE OLD YEAR.

AS the old year merges into the new—all the world stops to consider life, the passing of time and the nearing of eternity—there is a feeling of deep solemnity—another year has passed—we are all one year nearer the end of our earthly existence. This is a period of sober, solemn reflection, our thoughts not only dwell upon the past, but we look forward to the future as well. The future unknown and unknowable—what is in store for us we can only guess, but we know that God is working out all things for our good and His eternal glory.

'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling—'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter with his aged locks—and breathe,
In mournful cadences, that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the earth forever.

'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a specter dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That specter lifts
The coffin-lid of Hope and Joy and Love,
And, bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The year
Has gone, and, with it, many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course,
It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful,—

And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man,—and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous,—and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded.

WATCHING THE NEW YEAR IN.

NO poet was closer to the hearts of the people than Eugene Field; and as for children, he took them to his very heart. His story of how he and others watched the New Year in, in the long ago, is indescribably sweet:

Good old days—dear old days
When my heart beat high and bold—
When the things of earth seemed full of mirth
And the future a haze of gold!
Oh, merry was I that winter night,
And gleeful our little one's din,
And tender the grace of my darling's face
As we watched the New Year in.
But a voice—a spectre's, that mocked at love—
Came out of the yonder hall;
"Tick-tock, tick-tock!" 'twas the solemn clock
That ruefully croaked to all.

Yet what knew we of the griefs to be
In the year we longed to greet?
Love—love was the theme of the sweet, sweet dream
I fancied might never fleet!
But the spectre stood in that yonder gloom,
And these were the words it spake:
"Tick-tock, tick-tock!"—and they seemed to mock
A heart about to break.

'Tis New Year's eve, and again I watch
In the old familiar place,
And I'm thinking again of that old time when
I looked on a dear one's face.
Never a little one hugs my knee,
And I hear no gleeful shout—
I am sitting alone by the old hearth-stone,
Watching the old year out.
But I welcome the voice in yonder gloom
That solemnly calls to me;
"Tick-tock, tick-tock!"—for so the clock
Tells of a life to be;
"Tick-tock, tick-tock!"—'tis so the clock
Tells of eternity.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
And sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring in the valiant and the free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.—*Tennyson.*

VARIOUS NATIONAL HOLIDAYS.

CANADA'S BIRTHDAY.

THE following poem is one of the best poems written in honor of Canada's Birthday, the first day of July, 1867, when the provinces were confederated as "The Dominion of Canada":

With *feu de joie,* and merry bells, and cannons' thundering peal,
And pennons fluttering on the breeze, and serried rows of steel,
We greet once more the birthday morn of our Canadian land,
Wide stretching from Atlantic shore to far Pacific strand,
With sweeping rivers, ocean lakes, and prairies wide and free,
And waterfalls and forests dim, and mountains by the sea;
A country on whose birth there smiled the genius of romance,
Above whose cradle brave hands hung the lilied flag of France;
Whose infancy was grimly nursed in peril, pain and woe,
When gallant hearts found early graves beneath Canadian snow;
When savage raid and ambuscade and famine's sore distress
Combined their strength in vain to crush the gallant French noblesse;
While her dim trackless forests lured again and yet again
From silken courts of sunny France her flower the brave Champlain;
And now her proud traditions guard four ancient rolls of fame,
Crecy's and Flodden's combatants for ancestors we claim!
Past feud and battle buried far behind the peaceful years,
While Gaul and Celt and Saxon turn to pruning-hooks their spears;
Four nations welded into one with long historic past,
Have found in these our western wilds one common life at last.

Through the young giant's mighty limbs that reach from sea to sea
There runs a throb of conscious life, of waking energy;
From Nova Scotia's misty coast to far Pacific shore
She wakes, a band of scattered homes and colonies no more,
But a young nation, with her life full beating in her breast;
A noble future in her eyes, the Britain of the West.
Hers be the generous task to fill the yet untrodden plains
With fruitful, many-sided life that courses through her veins:
The English honor, nerve and pluck, the Scotchman's faith in right,
The grace and courtesy of France, the Irish fancy bright,
The Saxon's faithful love of home and home's affections blest,

And chief of all, our holy faith, of all her treasures best.

May she, though poor in luxuries, wax rich in noble deeds,
Knowing that righteousness exalts the people that it leads.
As yet the waxen mould is soft, the opening page is fair;
It rests with those who rule us now to leave their impress there—
The stamp of true nobility, high honor, stainless truth,
The earnest quest of noble ends, the generous heart of youth;
The love of country, soaring far above all party strife,
The love of culture, art and song, the crowning grace of life,
The love of science reaching far through Nature's hidden ways,
The love and fear of Nature's God, a nation's highest praise;
So in the long hereafter our Canada shall be
The worthy heir of British power and British liberty,
Spreading their blessings 'neath her sway to her remotest bounds,
While with the fame of her fair name a continent resounds,
True to the high traditions of our Britain's ancient glory
Of patriots, prophets, martyrs, saints, who live in deathless story—
Strong in their liberty and truth, to shed from shore to shore
A light among the nations, till nations are no more!—*Agnes Maule Machar.*

DOMINION DAY.

CANADA, Canada, land of the maple,
Queen of the forest and river and lake,
Open thy soul to the voice of thy people,
Close not thy heart to the music they make.
Bells, chime out merrily,
Trumpets, call cheerily,
Silence is vocal, and sleep is awake!

Canada, Canada, land of the beaver,
Labor and skill have their triumph to-day;
Oh, may the joy of it flow like a river,
Wider and deeper as time flies away.
Bells, chime out merrily,
Trumpets, call cheerily,
Science and industry laugh and are gay.

Canada, Canada, land of the snow-bird,
Emblem of constancy change cannot kill,
Faith, that no strange cup has ever unsobered,
Drinketh, to-day, from love's chalice her fill.
Bells, chime out merrily,
Trumpets, call cheerily,
Loyalty singeth and treason is still!

Canada, Canada, land of the bravest,
Sons of the war-path, and sons of the sea,
Land of no slave-lash, to-day thou enslavest
Millions of hearts with affection for thee.
Bells, chime out merrily,
Trumpets, call cheerily,
Let the sky ring with the shout of the free.

Canada, Canada, land of the fairest,
Daughters of snow that is kissed by the sun,
Binding the charms of all lands that are rarest,
Like the bright cestus of Venus in one!
Bells, chime out merrily,
Trumpets, call cheerily,
A new reign of beauty on earth is begun!
—*John Reade.*

HERE'S TO THE LAND.

HERE'S to the land of the rock and the pine;
Here's to the land of the raft and the river!
Here's to the land where the sunbeams shine,
And the night that is bright with the North-light's quiver!

Here's to the land of the axe and the hoe!
Here's to the stalwarts that give them their glory;—
With stroke upon stroke, and with blow upon blow,
The might of the forest has passed into story!

Here's to the land with its blanket of snow;—
To the hero and hunter the welcomest pillow!

Here's to the land where the stormy winds blow
Three days, ere the mountains can talk to the billow!

Here's to the buckwheats that smoke on her board!
Here's to the maple that sweetens their story;
Here's to the scythe that we swing like a sword,
And here's to the fields where we gather our glory!

Here's to her hills of the moose and the deer;
Here's to her forests, her fields and her flowers!
Here's to her homes of unchangeable cheer,
And the maid 'neath the shade of her own native bowers!

—*William Wye Smith.*

QUEBEC.

QUEBEC! how regally it crowns the height,
Like a tanned giant on a solid throne!
Unmindful of the sanguinary fight,
The roar of cannon mingling with the moan
Of mutilated soldiers years agone,
That gave the place a glory and a name
Among the nations. France was heard to groan;
England rejoiced, but checked the proud acclaim,—
A brave young chief had fall'n to vindicate her fame.

Wolfe and Montcalm! two nobler names ne'er graced
The page of history, or the hostile plain;
No braver souls the storm of battle faced,
Regardless of the danger or the pain.
They passed unto their rest without a stain
Upon their nature or their generous hearts.
One graceful column to the noble twain
Speaks of a nation's gratitude, and starts
The tear that Valor claims and Feeling's self imparts.

—*Charles Sangster.*

Shall the mothers who bore us bow the head
And blush for degenerate sons?
Are the patriot fires gone out and dead?
Oh, brothers, stand to your guns!
Let the flag be nailed to the mast
Defying the coming blast,
For Canada's sons are true as steel;
Their mettle is muscle and bone—
The Southerner never shall place his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone.

Oh, we are men of the Northern Zone,
Where the maples their branches toss.
The Great Bear rides in his state alone.
Afar from the Southern Cross.
Our people shall aye be free;
They never shall bend the knee,
For this is the land of the true and the leal,
Where freedom is bred in the bone.
The Southerner never shall place his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone.

—*Robert Kernigan.*

EVER WELCOME MAY DAY.

MAY-DAY really ushers in the loveliest of seasons. Nature itself seems to smile more broadly than before:

All the buds and bees are singing;
All the lily bells are ringing;
All the brooks run full of laughter,
And the wind comes whispering after.

What is this they sing and say?
"It is May!"

See! The fair blue sky is brighter
And our hearts with hope are lighter,
All the bells of joy are ringing;
All the grateful voices singing:
All the storms have passed away.
"It is May!"

EASTER SONG.

MAIDENS, awake! For Christ is born again!
And let you feet disdain
The paths whereby of late they have been led.
Now Death itself is dead,
And Love hath birth
And all things mournful find no place on earth.

This morn ye all must go another way
Than ye went yesterday
Not with sad faces shall ye silent go
Where He hath suffered so;
But where there be
Full many flowers shall ye wend joyfully.

Moreover, too, ye must be clad in white,
As if the ended night
Were but your bridal-morn's foreshadowing.
And ye must also sing
In angel-wise:
So shall ye be most worthy in His eyes.

Maidens, arise! I know where many flowers
Have grown these many nours
To make more perfect this glad Easter-day;
Where tall white lilies sway
On slender stem,
Waiting for you to come and garner them;

Where banks of mayflowers are, all pink and white,
Which will Him well delight;
And yellow buttercups, and growing grass
Through which the Spring winds pass;
And mosses wet,
Well strown with many a new-born violet.

All these and every other flower are here.
Will ye not draw anear
And gather them for Him, and in His name,
Whom all men now proclaim
Their living King?
Behold how all these wait your harvesting!

—*Frances Sherman.*

A SPRING SONG.

AN alien in the land of song
I hear the Spring come to my doors,
As those who watch the sea, along
The sweep of unfamiliar shores.

Sometimes the rain, with soft surprise,
Showers through a cloud its music sweet;
And when I drop my vagrant eyes,
A violet glistens by my feet.

Clear, full, a bell swells up the glen,
The flowing air clings to the sound;
The world is open, free, again
The pulse of life is in the ground.

A snowy bough, but one of bloom,
Floats on the wind: a censer hung;
And hands unseen the thick perfume
Spread, as a mist, the walks among.

* * * * *

And I am won; old Grief, good-bye!
No alien, I will join the throng
Of those that march with minstrelsy,
Their cares lost in the vernal song.

—*J. Stuart Thomson.*

GLADNESS AT EASTER TIME.

'TIS Easter time, when Christ arose;
There's gladness in the air,
We bring the lilies white as snow,
An Easter offering fair.
Oh lilies white, and pure, and sweet!
We lay them at the Savior's feet.

But sweeter in the dear Lord's eyes
Than flowers, however fair,
Are hearts all full of love for Him,
That serve Him everywhere.
Oh may our hearts be pure and sweet
As now we lay them at His feet!

Have you heard the story floating
Through the fragrant April air?
Christ is risen, Christ is risen,
Birds, and skies, and flowers declare.
Children, children, wake the echoes
With your songs of joyful praise,
Let the blessed Easter promise
Go with you through coming days.

Ring, happy bells of Eastertime!
The world is glad to hear your chime;
Across wide fields of melting snow
The winds of summer softly blow,
And birds and streams repeat the chime
Of Eastertime.

Ring, happy bells of Eastertime!
The world takes up your chant sublime:
"The Lord is risen!" The night of fear
Has passed away, and heaven draws near;
We breathe the air of that blest clime
At Eastertime.

Ring, happy bells of Eastertime!
Our happy hearts give back your chime.
The Lord is risen! We die no more;
He opens wide the heavenly door;
He meets us while to Him we climb
At Eastertime.

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THANKSGIVING PECULIARLY AMERICAN.

THANKSGIVING Day is peculiarly an American institution, and the New Englanders insist that it, "by right of discovery," belongs to them. In "The Landing of the Pilgrims" Mrs. Felicia Hemans gives the true reason for Thanksgiving Day:

The breaking waves dashed high
  On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
  Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
  The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
  On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
  They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
  And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come
  In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
  With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
  And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
  To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
  From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared.—
  This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
  Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had they come to winter there,
  Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
  Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
  And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
  Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
  They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Ay, call it holy ground,
  The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found,—
  Freedom to worship God.

THE TWO GREAT FLAGS.

TWO proud flags to the skies unfurled,
Types of an English-speaking world;
Types of the world that is yet to be,
Rich and happy and proud and free;
Types of a world of peace and law,
Closer together in friendship draw!
Can ye descry with the sight of seers,
What shall be wrought in coming years?
E'en but a century more will teach
A thousand millions the English speech!
Vast Australia, from sea to sea,
Peopled all with our kin will be.
Grand New Zealand, a busy hive,
Britain in duplicate then, will thrive;
While the Dark Continent, dark no more,
Lighted with industry, law and love.
India's boundless, human sea,
Great and honored and justly free,
India then shall speak the tongue
Shakespeare uttered and Milton sung.

What of Columbia's later fame?
What for her can the century claim?
Ask what the century past has done;
Gaze on the triumphs that she has won.
Give the imagination rein;
People each tenantless hill and plain;
Swell her borders, and all around
View the Republic, ocean bound!
Yes, but a century more will teach
A thousand millions the English speech.
And, as the centuries onward roll,
Earth shall feel it from pole to pole.
Speech, the grandest that man has known,
Gathering thought from every zone;
Law, the best that the human mind
Ever devised to rule mankind;
Literature, from every pen
Ever wielded to gladden men,—
Covering Earth like a whelming sea,
Anglo-Saxon the world shall be.
Two proud flags to the skies unfurled,
Types of an English-speaking world;
Types of the world that is yet to be,
Types of a world of peace and law,—
Close together in friendship draw!

Hubert M. Skinner.

WHY WE ARE THANKFUL.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON gives these reasons for thankfulness:

For flowers that bloom about our feet;
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet;
For song of bird, and hum of bee;
For all things fair we hear or see,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

For blue of stream and blue of sky;
For pleasant shade of branches high;
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;
For beauty of the blooming trees,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

Griswold North put it in this way when telling why our Puritan forefathers observed the day:

They thanked their God because once more
The fevered death had passed them by;
Though still it lurked behind the door.

They thanked their God that from on high
Had come abundant food and drink:
Their sunken faces gave the lie.

They thanked their God with tears to think
The perils of the night grew less;
And fierce eyes watched them at the chink.

They thanked their God and begged Him bless
Their scanty lands, and ease their care.
And we who hold the answered prayer—
We keep the name of thankfulness.

CHARM OF THE CHRISTMAS TIME.

WASHINGTON IRVING, whose writings were poetry in the guise of prose, says of Christmas:

"There is something in the very season of the year that gives a charm to the festivity of Christmas.

"At other times we derive a great portion of our pleasures from the mere beauties of nature. Our feelings sally forth and dissipate themselves over the sunny landscape, and 'we live abroad and everywhere.' The song of the bird, the murmur of the stream, the breathing fragrance of spring, the soft voluptuousness of summer, the golden pomp of autumn, earth with its mantle of refreshing green, and heaven with its deep, delicious blue and its cloudy magnificence, all fill us with mute but exquisite delight,

and we revel in the luxury of mere sensation.

"But in the depth of winter, when nature lies despoiled of every charm, and wrapped in her shroud of sheeted snow, we turn for our gratifications to moral sources. The dreariness and desolation of the landscape, the short, gloomy days and darksome nights, while they circumscribe our wanderings, shut in our feelings also from rambling abroad, and make us more keenly disposed for the pleasure of the social circle. Our thoughts are more concentrated; our friendly sympathies more aroused. We feel more sensibly the charm of each other's society, and are brought more closely together by dependence on each other for enjoyment. Heart calleth unto heart, and we draw our pleasures from the deep wells of loving-kindness which lie in the quiet recesses of our bosoms; and which, when resorted to, furnish forth the pure element of domestic felicity.

"The pitchy gloom without makes the heart dilate on entering the room filled with the glow and warmth of the evening fire. The ruddy blaze diffuses an artificial summer and sunshine through the room, and lights up each countenance in a kindlier welcome. Where does the honest face of hospitality expand into a broader and more cordial smile—where is the shy glance of love more sweetly eloquent than by the winter fireside? And as the hollow blast of wintry wind rushes through the hall, claps the distant door, whistles about the casement, and rumbles down the chimney, what can be more grateful than that feeling of sober and sheltered security with which we look around upon the comfortable chamber and the scene of domestic hilarity?"

JUST A MENTION OF THE SEASONS.

THE Seasons certainly deserve mention in this connection. Listen to what the poets say:

Spring.—

Is this a time to be gloomy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around,
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale;
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles on his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles;
Aye, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

Summer.—

When summer comes in radiant dress,
And sunshine floods the land,
And blossoms, buds and butterflies
Are seen on every hand,
It's quite beyond disputing
That, far more than the rest—
The winter, spring, and autumn—
I love sweet summer best.

Autumn.—

There's music in the air,
Soft as the bee's low hum;
There's music in the air,
When the autumn days are come.

Fairies sweet, your songs we hear,
At times you're sad, then full of cheer;
Come out! come out! we know you're near,
By the music in the air.

Winter.—
Old winter comes forth in his robe of white;
He sends the sweet flowers far out of sight;
He robs the trees of their green leaves bright;
And freezes the pond and river.

We like the spring with its fine fresh air;
We like the summer with flowers so fair;
We like the fruits we in autumn share,
And we like, too, old Winter's greeting.

This is expressive, also:

Birds are in the woodland,
Buds are on the tree;
Merry Spring is coming,
Ope the pane and see.

Then come sportive breezes,
Fields with flowers are gay,
In the woods we're singing,
Through the Summer day.

Fruits are ripe in Autumn.
Leaves are sere and red;
Then we glean the cornfield,
Thanking God for bread.

Then at last comes Winter,
Fields are cold and lorn,
But there's happy Christmas,
When our Lord was born.

Thus as years roll onward,
Merrily we sing,
Thankful for the blessings
All the seasons bring.

SPRING.

O THE frozen valley and frozen hill
make a coffin wide and deep,
And the dead river lies, all its laughter stilled within it, fast asleep.

The trees that have played with the merry thing, and freighted its breast with leaves,
Give never a murmur or sign of woe—they are dead—no dead thing grieves.

No carol of love from a song-bird's throat; the world lies naked and still,
For all things tender, and all things sweet, have been touched by the gruesome chill.

Not a flower,—a blue forget-me-not, a wild rose or jessamine soft,
To lay its bloom on the dead river's lips, that have kissed them all so oft.

But look, a ladder is spanning the space 'twixt earth and the sky beyond,
A ladder of gold for the Maid of Grace—the strong, the subtle, the fond!

Spring, with the warmth in her footsteps light, and the breeze and the fragrant breath,
Is coming to press her radiant face to that which is cold in death.

Spring, with a mantle made of the gold held close in a sunbeam's heart,
Thrown over her shoulders, bonnie and bare,—see the sap in the great trees start,

Where the hem of this flowing garment trails, see the glow, the color bright,
A-stirring and spreading of something fair—the dawn is chasing the night!

Spring, with all love and all dear delights pulsing in every vein,
The old earth knows her, and thrills to her touch, as she claims her own again.

Spring, with the hyacinths filling her cap,
  and the violet seeds in her hair,
With the crocus hiding its satin head in her
  bosom warm and fair;

Spring, with its daffodils at her feet, and
  pansies a-bloom in her eyes,
Spring, with enough of the God in herself
  to make the dead to arise!

For see, as she bends o'er the coffin deep—
  the frozen valley and hill—
The dead river stirs, Ah, that ling'ring kiss
  is making its heart to thrill!

And then as she closer, and closer leans, it
  slips from its snowy shroud,
Frightened a moment, then rushing away,
  calling and laughing aloud!

The hill where she rested is all a-bloom—
  the wood is green as of old,
And 'wakened birds are striving to send
  their songs to the Gates of Gold.

—*Jean Blewett.*

APRIL IN THE HILLS.

TO-DAY the world is wide and fair
  With sunny fields of lucid air,
And waters dancing everywhere;
  The snow is almost gone;
The noon is builded high with light,
And over heaven's liquid height,
In steady fleets serene and white,
  The happy clouds go on.

The channels run, the bare earth steams,
And every hollow rings and gleams
With jetting falls and dashing streams;
  The rivers burst and fill;
The fields are full of little lakes,
And when the romping wind awakes
The water ruffles blue and shakes,
  And the pines roar on the hill.

The crows go by, a noisy throng;
About the meadows all day long
The shore-lark drops his brittle song;
  And up the leafless tree
The nut-hatch runs, and nods, and clings;
The bluebird dips with flashing wings,
The robin flutes, the sparrow sings,
  And the swallows float and flee.

I break the spirit's cloudy bands,
A wanderer in enchanted lands,
I feel the sun upon my hands;
  And far from care and strife
The broad earth bids me forth, I rise
With lifted brown and upward eyes.
I bathe my spirit in blue skies,
  And taste the springs of life.

I feel the tumult of new birth;
I waken with the wakening earth;
I match the bluebird in her mirth;
  And wild with wind and sun,
A treasurer of immortal days,
I roam the glorious world with praise,
The hillsides and the woodland ways,
  Till earth and I are one.

—*Archibald Lampman.*

JUNE IS COMING.

JUNE is not here, and yet I feel
  'Tis softly tripping up the way;
The hours that throb thro' morn and noon,
  Have caught the glory of its ray.
I lean my ear to Nature's heart
  And count its pulse of anxious care,
That holds communion with a plan
  Deep set in dreams of toil and prayer.

June is not here, and yet my heart
  Drinks in the freshness of its morn—
The rose that blossoms on its cheek

With light and love my day adorns.
The fields of heaven are tender blue,
And clad with green are hill and plain;
While from each bud and blossom bright
There bursts a sweet and glad refrain.

June is not here, and yet my soul
Is touched with Nature's throb divine;
The brook that slips thro' moss and mead
Is to my heart a gift and sign.
O God, I thank Thee for this love
That binds my soul in joy and tear,
That makes my life a hymn of praise
To that great work, when June is here!

—*Thomas O'Hagan.*

AUGUST BELONGS TO THE GIRLS.

AUGUST, by general consent, is given over to the girls as their own month, with liberty to do with it as they please. They are not so boisterous as the boys, however, and make less noise, but undoubtedly they have a fine time in their own quiet, demure way. Marian Douglass calls August the Cheerful Month, and puts it in this way:

There is a little maiden—
Who is she? Do you know?
Who always has a welcome
Wherever she may go.

Her face is like the May time;
Her voice is like a bird's;
The sweetest of all music
Is in her joyful words.

The loveliest of blossoms
Spring where her light foot treads,
And most delicious odors
She all around her sheds.

The breath of purple clover
Upon the breezy hills;
The smell of garden roses,
And yellow daffodils.

Each spot she makes the brighter
As if she were the sun;
And she is sought and cherished,
And loved by every one.

By old folks and by children,
By lofty and by low;
Who is this little maiden?
Does anybody know?

You surely must have met her—
You certainly can guess:
What! must I introduce her?
Her name is Cheerfulness.

LAST MONTH OF AUTUMN.

TREES bare and brown,
Dry leaves everywhere,
Dancing up and down,
Whirling through the air.

Red-cheeked apples roasted,
Popcorn almost done,
Toes and chestnuts toasted,
That's November fun.

My sisters are September and October bright and gay;
They're beautiful in richer charms, while I am brown and gray;
Yet all their glorious days cannot compare with one I bring;
This one, the loveliest of the fall, Thanksgiving Day I sing.

Harvest is come. The bins are full,
The barns are running o'er;
Both grains and fruits we've garnered in
Till we've no space for more.

We've worked and toiled through heat and cold
To plant, to sow, to reap;
And now for all this bounteous store
Let us Thanksgiving keep.

OCTOBER HERALDS THE FROSTY SEASON.

SAID Mrs. Maple to her neighbor,
"Have you got your new fall gown?
Mr. Frost has lovely samples,
That he's brought from Wintertown.

"I thought I'd get a yellow,
With a woodbine sash of red,
Something bright for chilly weather,
And that's stylish, Jack Frost said."

So when hick'rys, oaks, and maples
Were in gold and crimson dressed,
Looked they into water mirrors,
Seeing which one looked the best.

Though the water laughed and dimpled
Over this reflection bright,
Mr. Frost was very angry
When the sun withdrew his light.

For his brilliant autumn colors
Needed Indian summer light,
So he tore their pretty finery,
And locked up their mirrors tight.

HOW THANKSGIVING DAY CAME ABOUT.

WE learn it all in history—you didn't think I knew?
Why, don't you suppose I study my lessons? Course I do.
The Pilgrim Fathers did it, they made Thanksgiving Day.
Why? Oh, I don't remember; my history doesn't say,
Or p'rhaps I wasn't listening when she was telling why;
But if the Pilgrim Mothers were busy making pie,
I s'pose they couldn't bother, and so that was the way
It happened that the Fathers made our Thanksgiving Day.

THE SAVIOUR CAME TO US IN DECEMBER.

IN Bethlehem, the story goes,
A little child was born,
Low in a manger he was laid
The first glad Christmas morn.

That Child is now our Saviour King,
Of Him we sing to-day;
And may glad bells o'er all the earth
Ring out the gladsome lay.

—

"Little Christ-Child!
He was given on Christmas Day—
In His name, let
Children give the best they may!"

Sing a song of Christmas,
  Stockings full of toys.
All things in Santa's pack
  For merry girls and boys.

Then sing so loud and sing so strong
  That each one will remember
How full is the world of boys and girls
  This joy-day of December.

The whole world is a Christmas tree
And stars its many candles be.
Oh, sing a carol joyfully,
  The world's great feast in keeping.
For once on a December night,
An angel held a candle bright,
And led three wise men by its light
  To where a child was sleeping.

ALL CHILDREN KNOW THIS STORY.

CHILDREN, can you truly tell,
  Do you know the story well,
Every girl and every boy,
Why the angels sang for joy
On the Christmas morning?

Yes, we know the story well,
Listen now and we will tell,
Every girl and every boy,
Why the angels sang for joy
On the Christmas morning.

Shepherds sat upon the ground,
Fleecy flocks were scattered 'round
When the brightness filled the sky
And a song was heard on high,
On the Christmas morning.

Angels sang a clear, sweet song,
For a holy Babe was born,
Down on earth, to live with men,
Jesus, our dear Savior, came
On the Christmas morning.

HYMN OF THE CHRISTMASTIDE.

CALM on the listening ear of night
  Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judæa stretches far
  Her silver-mantled plains.

Celestial choirs from courts above
  Shed sacred glories there;
And angels with their sparkling harps
  Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
  Send back a glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
  The Dayspring from on high.

On the blue depths of Galilee
  There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
  Her silent groves of palm.

Glory to God! the sounding skies
  Loud with their anthems ring:
Peace to the earth—good will to men,
  From Heaven's Eternal King.

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
  The Saviour now is born!
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
  Breaks the first Christmas morn.

—*Sears.*

HOW WE SPENT CHRISTMAS.

WE didn't have much of a Christmas,
  My papa and Rosie and me.
For mamma'd gone out to the prison
  To trim up the poor pris'ner's tree;
And Ethel, my big grown-up sister,
  Was down at the 'sylum all day,
To help at the great turkey dinner,
  And teach games for the orphans to play.

She belongs to a club of young ladies,
With a *"beautiful objick,"* they say,
'Tis to go among poor lonesome children
And make all their sad hearts more gay.

And Auntie, you don't know my Auntie?
She's my own papa's half-sister Kate;
She was 'bliged to be round at the chapel
Till 'twas,—Oh, sometimes *dreadfully* late,
For she pities the poor worn-out curate:
His burdens, she says, are so great,
So she 'ranges the flowers and the music,
And he goes home around by our gate.
I should think this way *must* be the longest,
But then, I suppose he knows best,
Aunt Kate says he intones most splendid;
And his name is Vane Algeron West.

My papa had bought a big turkey,
And had it sent home Christmas Eve;
But there wasn't a soul here to cook it,
You see Bridget had threatened to leave
If she couldn't go off with her cousin,
(He doesn't look like her one bit),
She says she belongs to a "union,"
And the union won't let her submit.
So we ate bread and milk for our dinner,
And some raisins and candy, and then
Rose and me went down-stairs to the pantry
To look at the turkey again.

Papa said he would take us out riding—
Then he thought that he didn't quite dare,
For Rosie'd got cold and kept coughing;
There was dampness and chills in the air.
Oh, the day was *so* long and so lonesome!
And our papa was lonesome as we:
And the parlor was dreary—no sunshine,
And all the sweet roses,—the tea,
And the red ones, and ferns and carnations,
That have made our bay-window so bright,
Mamma'd picked for the men at the prison;
To make their bad hearts pure and white.

And we all sat up close to the window,
Rose and me on our papa's two knees,
And we counted the dear little birdies
That were hopping about on the trees.
Rosie wanted to be a brown sparrow;
But I thought I would rather, by far,
Be a robin that flies away winters
Where the sunshine and gay blossoms are.
And papa wished he was a jail-bird,
'Caused he thought that they fared the best;
But we all were real glad we weren't turkeys,
For then we'd been killed with the rest.

That night I put into my prayers,—
"Dear God, we've been lonesome to-day,
For Mamma, Aunt, Ethel, and Bridget,
Every one of them all went away.—
Won't you please make a club, or society,
'Fore it's time for next Christmas to be,
To take care of philanterpists' fam'lies,
Like papa and Rosie and me?"

—*Julia Walcott.*

THE CONVICT'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE term was done; my penalty was past;
I saw the outside of the walls at last.
When I left that stone punishment of sin,
'Twas 'most as hard as when I first went in.
It seemed at once as though the swift-voiced air
Told slanderous tales about me everywhere;
As if the ground itself was shrinking back
For fear 'twould get the Cain's mark of my track.

Men looked me over with close, careless gaze,

And understood my downcast, jail-bred ways.
My hands were so grime-hardened and defiled,
I really wouldn't have dared to pet a child;
If I had spoken to a dog that day,
He would have tipped his nose and walked away;
The world itself seemed to me every bit
As hard a prison as the one I'd quit.

So I trudged round appropriately slow
For one with no particular place to go.
The houses scowled and stared as if to say:
"You jail-bird, we are honest; walk away!"
The factory seemed to scream when I came near,
"Stand back! unsentenced men are working here!"
And virtue had th' appearance all the time
Of trying hard to push me back to crime.

It struck me strange, that stormy, snow-bleached day,
To watch the different people on the way,
All carrying bundles, of all sorts of sizes,
As carefully as gold and silver prizes.
Well-dressed or poor, I could not understand
Why each one hugged a bundle in his hand.
I asked an old policeman what it meant.
He looked me over with eyes shrewdly bent,
While muttering in a voice that fairly froze:
"It's 'cause to-morrow's Christmas, I suppose."
And then the fact came crashing over me,
How horribly alone a man can be!

I don't pretend what tortures yet may wait
For souls that have not run their reckonings straight;
It isn't for mortal ignorance to say
What kind of night may follow any day;
There may be pain for sin some time found out
That sin on earth knows nothing yet about;
But I don't think there's any harbor known
Worse for a wrecked soul than to be alone.
So evening saw me straggling up and down
Within the gayly-lighted, desolate town,
A hungry, sad-hearted hermit all the while,
My rough face begging for a friendly smile.
Folks talked with folks in new-made warmth and glee,
But no one had a word or look for me;
Love flowed like water, but it could not make
The world forgive me for my one mistake.

An open church some look of welcome wore;
I crept in soft, and sat down near the door.
I'd never seen, 'mongst my unhappy race
So many happy children in one place;
I never knew how much a hymn could bring
From heaven, until I heard those children sing;
I never saw such sweet-breathed gales of glee
As swept around that fruitful Christmas-tree.

You who have tripped through childhood's merry days
With passionate love protecting all your ways,
Who did not see a Christmas-time go by
Without some present for your sparkling eye,
Thank God, whose goodness gave such joy its birth,
And scattered heaven-seeds in the dust of earth!
In stone-paved ground my thorny field was set;
I never had a Christmas present yet.

A CONDENSED HALL LIBRARY.

Just then a cry of "Fire!" amongst us
came;
The pretty Christmas-tree was all aflame;
And one sweet child there in our startled
gaze
Was screaming, with her white clothes all
ablaze.
The crowd seemed crazy-like, both old and
young,
And very swift of speech, though slow of
tongue.
But one knew what to do, and not to say,
And he a convict, just let loose that day!

I fought like one who deals in deadly strife;
I wrapped my life around that child's sweet
life;
I choked the flames that choked her, with
rich cloaks,
Stol'n from some good but very frightened
folks;
I gave the dear girl to her parents' sight,
Unharmed by anything excepting fright;
I tore the blazing branches from the tree;
And all was safe, and no one hurt but me.

That night, of which I asked for sleep in
vain—
That night, that tossed me round on prongs
of pain,
That stabbed me with fierce tortures
through and through,
Was still the happiest that I ever knew.
I felt that I at last had earned a place
Among my race, by suffering for my race;
I felt the glorious facts wouldn't let me
miss
A mother's thanks—perhaps a child's sweet
kiss;
That man's warm gratitude would find a
plan
To lift me up, and help me be a man.

Next day they brought a letter to my bed.
I opened it with tingling nerves and read:
"You have upon my kindness certain claims
For rescuing my young child from the
flames;
Such deeds deserve a hand unstained by
crime;
I trust you will reform while yet there's
time.
The blackest sinner may find mercy still.
(Inclosed please find a thousand dollar bill.)
Our paths of course on different roads must
lie;
Don't follow me for any more. Good-bye."

I scorched the dirty rag till it was black;
Inclosed it in a rag and sent it back.
That very night I cracked a tradesman's
door,
Stole with my blistered hands ten thousand
more,
Which next day I took special pains to send
To my good, distant, wealthy, high-toned
friend,
And wrote upon it in a steady hand,
In words I hoped he wouldn't misunder-
stand:
"Money is cheap, as I have shown you here,
But gratitude and sympathy are dear.
These rags are stolen—have been—may
often be;
I trust the one wasn't that you sent to me.
Hoping your pride and you are recon-
ciled—
From the black, sinful rescuer of your
child."

I crept to court—a crushed, triumphant
worm—
Confessed the theft, and took another term.
My life closed, and began; and I am back
Among the rogues that walk the broad-
gauged track.
I toil 'mid every sort of sin that's known;
I walk rough roads—but do not walk *alone!*

—*Will Carleton.*

A TENDER, WELCOME GREETING.

A STATELY mansion, bright and gay
With festal light, made darkness day
Far up and down the dusky street
That Christmas night, while hurrying feet
Sped swiftly by, nor scarce delayed
For all the dulcet sounds that strayed
In merry measures from within,
Where harp and flute and violin
In soft accordance, wild and sweet,
Made music for the dancers' feet.
All silken-clad those feet that kept
That time and tune, or lightly stept
From room to room, from stair to stair;
All silken-clad; while standing there
Shut from the summer warmth and cheer,
The silken perfumed atmosphere

Of wealth and ease, a little maid
With beating heart, yet unafraid,
Enchanted, watched the fairy scene
Between the curtains' parted screen.
The fierce north wind came sweeping past
And shook her with its wintry blast;
The frosty pavement of the street
Chilled to the bone her ill-clad feet;

Yet moment after moment fled
And there she stood, with lifted head,
Her eager eyes, as in a trance,
Fixed on the changes of the dance,
Her eager ears still drinking in
The strains of flute and violin;
And still, as sped the moments past,
Colder and colder swept the blast.

But little heed had she, or care,
Her glance upon one vision fair,
One vision, one, beyond the rest—
A girl with roses on her breast,
And with a look upon her face,
The sweet girl-face of Heaven's own grace,
As through the dance she smiling led
Her youthful guests, with airy tread.

"Ah, would she smile on *me* like this,
And would she give *me* kiss for kiss,
If I could stand there at her side?"
The wistful watcher softly cried.
Even as she spoke she closer crept,
Upon the broad, low terrace stept,
And nearer leaned.—Just then, just there,
A street light sent a sudden flare

Across her face.—One startled glance,
And from the changes of the dance,
With beating heart and eyes dilate,
The girlish mistress of the fête
Sprang swiftly forth.—A moment more
And through the window's open door
Another guest was ushered in.
Her lip was pale, her cheek was thin,

No costly robe of silk and lace
Appareled her, and on her face
And in her dark, bewildered eyes
A shock of fear and shamed surprise
Did wildly, desperately gleam,
While here and there, as in a dream,
She vaguely heard, yet did not hear,
The sound of voices far and near.

She tried to speak: some word she said
Of all her troubled doubt and dread,
Some childish word—"what would they do?"
Then all at once a voice rang through
Her troubled doubt, her troubled fear,
"What will they do? why, this—and this!"
And on her cold lips dropped a kiss,

And round her frozen figure crept
A tender clasp.—She laughed and wept
And laughed again, for this and this,
This tender clasp, this tender kiss,
Was more than all her dream come true
Was earth with Heaven's light shining through,
Was Christ's own promise kept aright—
His word fulfilled on Christ-day night!

"LONG 'FORE I KNOWED WHO SANTY-CLAUS WUZ."

JES' a little bit o' feller—I remember still—
Ust to almost cry for Christmas, like a youngster will.
Fourth o' July's nothin' to it—New Year's ain't a smell;
Easter Sunday—Circus day—jes' all dead in the shell!
Lordy, though! at night, you know, to set around and hear
The old folks work the story off about the sledge and deer,
And "Santy" skootin' around the roof, all wrapped in fur and fuzz—
Long afore
I knowed who
"Santy-Claus" wuz!

Ust to wait, and set up late, a week or two ahead;
Couldn't hardly keep awake, ner wouldn't go to bed;
Kittle stewin' on the fire, and Mother settin' here
Darnin' socks, and rockin' in the skreeky rockin'-cheer
Pap gap, and wunder where it wuz the money went,
And quar'l with his frosted heels, and spill his liniment;
And me a-dreamin' sleigh-bells when the clock 'ud whir and buzz,
Long afore
I knowed who
"Santy-Claus" wuz!

Size the fire-place up, and figger how "Old Santy" could
Manage to come down the chimbly, like they said he would;
Wisht that I could hide and see him—wundered what he say
Ef he ketched a fellar layin' for him that away!
But I bet on him, and liked him, same as ef he had
Turned to pat me on the back and say, "Look here, my lad,
Here's my pack—jes' he'p yourself, like a good boy does!"
Long afore
I knowed who
"Santy-Claus" wuz!

Wisht that yarn was true about him, as it 'peared to be—
Truth made out o' lies like that-un's good enough fer me!
Wisht I still wuz so confidin' I could jes' go wild
Over hanging up my stockin's like the little child.

A CHRISTMAS EVE ADVENTURE.

ONCE on a time, in a queer little town
On the shore of the Zuyder Zee,
When all the good people were fast asleep,
A strange thing happened to me!

Alone, the night before Christmas,
I sat by the glowing fire,
Watching the flame as it rose and fell,
While the sparks shot high and higher.

Suddenly one of these sparks began
To flicker and glimmer and wink
Like a big bright eye, till I hardly knew
What to do or to say or to think.

Quick as a flash, it changed to a face,
And what in the world did I see
But dear old Santa Claus nodding his head
And waving his hand to me!

"Oh! follow me, follow me!" soft he cried—
And up through the chimney with him
I mounted, not daring to utter a word
Till we stood on the chimney's rim.

"Now tell me, I beg you, dear Santa Claus,
Where am I going with you?"
He laughingly answered, "Why don't you know?
To travel the wide world through!

"From my crystal palace, far in the North,
I have come since dark—and see
These curious things for the little folk
Who live on the Zuyder Zee."

Then seating himself in his reindeer sledge,
And drawing me down by his side,
He whistled, and off on the wings of the wind
We flew for our midnight ride.

But first, such comical presents he left
For the little Dutch girls and boys—
Onions and sausages, wooden-faced dolls,
Cheeses and gingerbread toys!

Away we hurried far to the South,
To the beautiful land of France;
And there we showered the loveliest gifts,—
Flaxen-haired dolls that could dance,

Soldiers that marched at the word of command,
Necklaces, bracelets, and rings,
Tiny gold watches, all studded with gems,
And hundreds of exquisite things.

Crossing the Channel, we made a short call
In Scotland and Ireland, too;
Left a warm greeting for England and Wales.
Then over the ocean we flew

Straight to America, where by myself,
Perched on a chimney high,
I watched him scramble and bustle about
Between the earth and the sky.

Many a stocking he filled to the brim,
And numberless Christmas trees
Burst into bloom at his magical touch!
Then all of a sudden, a breeze

Caught us and bore us away to the South,
And afterward blew us "out West;"
And never till dawn peeped over the hills
Did we stop for a moment's rest.

"Christmas is coming!" he whispered to me,
"You can see his smile in the sky—
I wish Merry Christmas to all the world!
My work is over—good-bye!"

Like a flash he was gone, and I was alone—
For all of this happened to me
Once on a time, in a queer little town
On the shore of the Zuyder Zee!

HE GOT THE BEST OF OLD "SANTY."

"OF course," said Miltiades Peterkin Paul,
On the day before Christmas, "I've no doubt at all
It is Santa Claus who, every Christmas eve, brings
The presents, and candy, and all the nice things
Which I find in my stocking; and, doubtless, 'tis true
That he drives six fleet reindeers and comes down the flue.
But I *should* like to see him! Perhaps, too, I might,
If I sat up and kept a sharp lookout to-night."

"TWENTY YEARS AGO."

"But that never would do," explained John Henry Jack;
"He would turn straight around, and would never come back.
For you see, the old gentleman's taken a whim
That not one of you children shall catch sight of him.
If he came to the house and found one single eye
Remained open, he'd whip up and gallop straight by."
"Nevertheless," thought Miltiades Peterkin Paul,
"I think *I* shall see him to-night, after all."

So that night, after bedtime, when in the house all
Was quite still, young Miltiades Peterkin Paul
Softly stepped from his bedroom, and, stealthily creeping
Past the door where his father and mother were sleeping,
Stole down to the sitting room, where, you must know,
He had hung by the mantel, an hour ago,
Both his new scarlet stockings. "Ho! ho!" chuckled he,
"Now we'll see, Mr. Santa Claus, what we shall see!"

Then, from where he had hidden it, under the carpet,
He drew out a *steel trap* (not really so sharp it
Could do serious harm); and, with *sang froid* quite shocking,
He set it, and placed it deep down in his stocking,
So that Santa Claus, when he inserted his fist,
Would find himself caught and held fast by the wrist.

"There!" said little Miltiades Peterkin Paul,
"If *that* doesn't fix him I'll eat it—that's all!"

Then little Miltiades Peterkin Paul,
Having made these arrangements, crept back through the hall,
And up into bed again. "Now, then!" he thought,
"I'll just lie still and wait till the old fellow's caught,
Then I'll hurry down stairs in an instant and free him.
Ho! ho! ho! we'll soon know if a body may see him.
He will find in my sock, when he puts his hand in it,
A warm grip that will not let him loose in a minute!

"But, be careful, Miltiades Peterkin Paul,"
He presently added. "It won't do to fall
Fast asleep at your post." Yet he hardly had spoken
When he sank back in slumber. Then silence unbroken
Reigned supreme for an hour in Farmer Gray's dwelling.
At the end of that time such an unearthly yelling
And howling broke in on the stillness of night
That the whole household woke in a panic of fright!

"Oho!" cried Miltiades Peterkin Paul,
As he started upright, "the old fellow can bawl!
Why, at this rate, he'll wake the whole house from its nap!
I'll go down and release him at once from the trap."
So he bounced out of bed and ran down in a jiffy;

Then, arrived at the threshold, he stopped short, as if he
Were struck by a thunderbolt. Well, too, he might,
For he certainly saw an astonishing sight.
It was not Santa Claus (as before this you all
May have guessed) that Miltiades Peterkin Paul
Beheld — but his *grandfather* dancing about,
And calling for some one to come help him out.
"Oho!" cried our hero, beginning to see
At length who old Santa Claus really must be,
Was it *you,* after all, had a hand in it, pray?"
"I should think that it *was!*" answered Grandfather Gray.

—*John Brownjohn.*

TO A CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

ORB from a chaos of good things evolved,
Rounded, while plastic, in a tightened rag;
Globe whose creation's not in doubt involved,
Whose mould and matrix was a pudding bag,
No sphere of which astronomy can brag
Compares with thine. Perchance the sun may be
A world half fire, half scoria and slag,
Or it may not: what is the sun to me,
Since for my system's center I have thee?
I know thy "elements,"—when mixed and how—
Work of a culinary Providence.
Methinks I see the raw materials now,
Fluid and solid, to a batter dense
Turned by the cook's "supreme intelligence."
Such was thy origin. Upon my life,
In thy concoction there was common-sense.
Toward thee I yearn, thou orb with richness rife,
"Planned, ordered, and perfected" by my wife.

ALL SORTS OF HUMOR.

CANADA has produced very great humorists. Judge Haliburton and his "Sam Slick" stories stand almost alone. However, the Canadians appreciate humor of all kinds, and are a cheerful people generally. Evidences of this are to be found in many of the speeches of her public men and in her daily newspapers. Their wit is not so heavy as the British and not so rough as the American. Canada, however, depends upon such publications as Punch, Puck, Judge, and Life to supply her with humor, and has no "funny paper" of her own. "Grip" was published for many years under the editorship of J. W. Bengough, but finally succumbed to financial stress.

HOW CANADA WAS DISCOVERED.

THE following is an extract from a humorous address delivered before the New York Canadian club by J. W. Bengough, editor of Grip:

Canada is the name given to the greater portion of the continent of North America, and politically it is an integral portion of the British Empire. I mention this because

"TAKING A LOOK BACKWARD."

there is an impression prevailing in Ohio and some other foreign countries that Canada is owned by a railway syndicate. This is a mistake. Nominally Canada belongs to Great Britain, it contributes the adjective to the title, as Britain itself is only a small affair, but really and practically the vast Dominion is owned and run by the handsome and picturesque people so well represented in blanket suits on the present occasion. (Alluding to the uniformed snowshoers ranged upon the platform.) I may just remark here, en passong, as they say in Montreal, that the Canadian people when at home, invariably dress in the costume here shown, just as the people of New Jersey wear long-tailed coats and short breeches with straps to them, and bell-crowned beaver hats, with stars on their waistcoats and stripes on their pantaloons. It's the national costume, you know, but they rarely venture out of the country with such good clothes on. When a Canadian makes up his mind to settle in New York, he invariably adopts the New York style of dress. He changes his clothes at the border, then he goes in like a regular American, to Wall Street "born." Before long, so far as outward appearance goes, he would pass for a native New Yorker.

Canada was discovered by Jacques Cartier, while engaged in a fishing cruise around the banks of New Foundland. From the banks of Canada would seem to be an unerring impulse of the human mind. It is not true, however, that Cartier is French for cashier, and time has fully vindicated this gentleman's character, as the banks of New Foundland are to-day as sound as ever. The coincidence was startling, it must be confessed, and we can therefore excuse the newspapers of the day for hinting that there was something fishy about his sudden departure.

This event occurred some time after Christopher Columbus had got in his work. And Columbus, by the way, as an illustration of patience and perseverance is worthy even of the study of those good Democratic statesmen who are waiting for Cleveland to "turn the rascals out." I don't know what Columbus looked like, but I feel sure that upon his countenance was stamped a calm, tranquil expression that no delays and discouragements could change.

Consider what Chris had to go through before he got started on that memorable voyage to India. It took him just twenty years to get started. Now, if it had been that he had to wait for Mrs. C. to get dressed we wouldn't have wondered so much. But the trouble wasn't of that kind; it was purely financial. He couldn't sail without raising the wind, and mark his wonderful patience in raising it. Twenty years! The trouble was nobody believed in his scheme as sound and in the public interest. If it had been a surface-line franchise he was after he might have convinced the Aldermen, but Christopher wasn't Sharp. It never occurred to him to get the ladies of the congregation to go around with the book, though as a matter of fact he succeeded at last by the aid of a lady, Queen Isabella of Castile, whose name is to this day a sweet smelling savor, embalmed in an immortal kind of soap, "Matchless for the complexion.—Yours truly, Lily Langtry."

Columbus went from court to court after the boodle; it's a way boodlers have of going from court to court, if you notice—and at last he found a friend in Ferdinand. Ferdinand had a lot of the proceeds salted down, as was generally suspected, and he gave Columbus a cheque for the required amount, remarking, "Go West, young man, and grow up with the country." Thus was patience rewarded. The voyage was a severe one. Everybody was sick of it and

mutinied. Columbus stood on the quarter-deck with his guitar and sang to the moon about everything being at sixes and sevens. A bird alighted on the topmast! Omen of success. Land must be nigh. With one rapid glance the piercing eye of Columbus seizes the happy portent. The fact that it was an eagle proved that land must be near; while the shield of stars and bars upon its breast, the Canada codfish falling from its talons, the ninety-cent dollar hanging from its neck, and finally its piercing cry of E Pluribus Unum proved that that land could be no other than America, where all men are born free and equal, but don't stay so. America was discovered; no longer could it bashfully avoid the gaze of the other nations, and it doesn't.

Columbus' work made a boom in the discovery business, and that's how Cartier happened to be around in time to discover Canada. Cartier was a Frenchman, and he handed over the country to the King of France, as a matter of course. This one action is enough to show that Cartier had no connection with the Standard Oil Company, but his simplicity in giving away the country when he might have kept it himself has modified Mr. Gould's opinion of his otherwise admirable character. This was the first time Canada was given away. The offense was repeated, I've heard, at the time of the Washington treaty. Public opinion over there is opposed to this, as a regular thing, and at present there is a disposition to conserve the public interests, as it were.

When Mr. Cartier first landed in Canada there were Indians there. I do not wish to pose as a sensationalist, nor to rudely upset your settled convictions for the mere purpose of startling you, but I do allege that there were more Indians in Canada then than there are now. Several more. In fact, the majority of the present inhabitants are white, though President Cleveland seems to think our Government doesn't act that way. The fact is the Indians are comparatively scarce now. They don't any longer pitch their tents in the main streets of Toronto, Montreal and Quebec. Most of them have been killed, though they all persist, the survivors, in playing lacrosse. Had football, I mean the Yale and Andover variety, been known amongst them the race would no doubt have been extinct. Then politics has no doubt helped to exterminate the red man. An Indian can eat most anything, but he must have pure air, and when the party caucus was established in Canada the Indians had to go further back. You never find any Indians in the lobby at Ottawa. They couldn't stand it.

These white men were honest French voyagers, but there are probably sixty of the other fellows in Quebec to-day. Such is progress and civilization.

MR. CAUDLE'S SECOND WIFE.

WHEN Harry Prettyman saw the very superb funeral of Mrs. Caudle,—Prettyman attended as mourner, and was particularly jolly in the coach, — he observed that the disconsolate widower showed, that, above all men, he knew how to make the best of a bad bargain. The remark, as the dear deceased would have said, was unmanly, brutal, but quite like the Prettyman. The same scoffer, when Caudle declared "he should never cease to weep," replied "he was very sorry to hear it; for it must raise the price of onions." It was not enough to help to break the heart of a

wife; no, the savage must joke over its precious pieces.

The funeral, we repeat, was remarkably handsome; in Prettyman's words, nothing could be more satisfactory. Caudle spoke of a monument. Whereupon Prettyman suggested "Death gathering a nettle." Caudle—the act did equal honor to his brain and his bosom—rejected it.

Mr. Caudle, attended by many of his friends, returned to his widowed home in tolerable spirits. Prettyman said jocosely poking his two fingers in Caudle's ribs, that in a week he'd look "quite like a tulip." Caudle merely replied, he could hardly hope it.

Prettyman's mirth, however, communicated itself to the company; and in a very little time the meeting took the air of a very pleasant party. Somehow, Miss Prettyman presided at the table. There was in her manner a charming mixture of grace, dignity and confidence,—a beautiful black swan. Prettyman, by the way, whispered to a friend, that there was just this difference between Mrs. Caudle and his sister,—"Mrs. Caudle was a great goose, whereas Sarah was a little duck." We will not swear that Caudle did not overhear the words; for, as he resignedly stirred his tea, he looked at the lady at the head of the table, smiled and sighed.

It was odd; but women are so apt! Miss Prettyman seemed as familiar with Caudle's silver tea-pot as with her own silver thimble. With a smile upon her face—like the butter on the muffins—she handed Caudle his tea-cup. Caudle would, now and then, abstractedly cast his eyes above the mantelpiece. There was Mrs. Caudle's portrait. Whereupon Miss Prettyman would say, "You must take comfort, Mr. Caudle, indeed you must." At length Mr. Caudle replied, "I will, Miss Prettyman."

What then passed through Caudle's brain we know not; but this we know; in a twelvemonth and a week from that day, Sarah Prettyman was Caudle's second wife, —Mrs. Caudle number two. Poor thing!

(Mr. Caudle has his revenge.)

"It is rather extraordinary, Mrs. Caudle, that we have now been married four weeks, —I don't exactly see what you have to sigh about,—and yet you can't make me a proper cup of tea. However, I don't know how I should expect it. There never was but one woman who could make tea to my taste, and she is now in heaven. Now, Mrs. Caudle, let me hear no crying. I'm not one of the people to be melted by the tears of a woman; for you can all cry—all of you—at a minute's notice. The water's always laid on, and down it comes if a man only holds up his finger.

"You didn't think I could be so brutal? That's it. Let a man only speak, and he's brutal. It's a woman's first duty to make a decent cup of tea. What do you think I married you for? It's all very well with your tambour-work and such trumpery. You can make butterflies on kettle-holders; but can you make a pudding, ma'am? I'll be bound not.

"Of course, as usual, you've given me the corner roll, because you know I hate a corner roll. I did think you must have seen that. I did hope I should not be obliged to speak on so paltry a subject; but it's no use to hope to be mild with you. I see that's hopeless.

"And what a herring! And you call it a bloater, I suppose? Ha! there was a woman who had an eye for a bloater, but—sainted creature!—she's here no longer. You wish she was? Oh, I understand that. I'm sure, if anybody should wish her back, it's—but she was too good for me. 'When I'm gone, Caudle,' she used to say, 'then

WILLIAM E. MASON, of Illinois, is one of the most attractive speakers in public life, and he never lacks for an audience. In the Senate he made himself prominent by his advocacy of freedom for the Cubans, this being some time before this country had any idea whatever of interfering or going to war with Spain; later, he introduced a resolution of sympathy with the Boers into the Senate while the burghers of the South African Republic were fighting with the British, and delivered a most impassioned address. He was born in Franklinville, Cattaraugus County, N. Y., in 1850, and removed to Iowa in 1858; attended Birmingham College, taught school, studied law and was admitted to the bar; located in Chicago in 1873, was elected to the Fiftieth and Fifty-first Congresses and chosen Senator in 1897.

you'll know the wife I was to you.' And now I do know it.

"Here's the eggs boiled to a stone again! Do you think, Mrs. Caudle, I'm a canary-bird, to be fed upon hard eggs? Don't tell me about the servant. A wife is answerable to her husband for her servants. It's her business to hire proper people: if she doesn't, she's not fit to be a wife. I find the money, Mrs. Caudle, and I expect you to find the cookery.

"There you are with your pocket-handkerchief again,—the old flag of truce; but it doesn't trick me. A pretty honeymoon? Nonsense! People can't have two honeymoons in their lives. There are feelings—I find it now—that we can't have twice in our existence. There's no making honey a second time.

"No: I think I've put up with your neglect long enough: and there's nothing like beginning as we intend to go on. Therefore, Mrs. Caudle, if my tea isn't made a little more to my liking to-morrow—and if you insult me with a herring like that—and boil my eggs that you might fire 'em out of guns—why, perhaps, Mrs. Caudle, you may see a man in a passion. It takes a good deal to rouse me, but when I am up—I say, when I am up—that's all.

"Where did I put my gloves? You don't know? Of course not; you know nothing."

—*Douglas Jerrold.*

"GONE WITH A HANDSOMER MAN."

JOHN.

I'VE worked in the field all day, a-plowin' the "stony streak";
I've scolded my team till I'm hoarse;
I've tramped till my legs are weak;
I've choked a dozen swears (so's not to tell Jane fibs),
When the plow-pint struck a stone, and the handles punched my ribs.

I've put my team in the barn, and rubbed their sweaty coats;
I've fed 'em a heap of hay and a half a bushel of oats;
And to see the way they eat makes me like eatin' feel,
And Jane won't say to-night that I don't make out a meal.

Well said! the door is locked! but here she's left the key,
Under the step, in a place known only to her and me;
I wonder who's dyin' or dead, that she's hustled off pell-mell;
But here on the table's a note, and probably this will tell.

Good God! my wife is gone! my wife is gone astray!
The letter it says, "Good-bye, for I'm going away;
I've lived with you six months, John, and so far I've been true;
But I'm going away to-day with a handsomer man than you."

A han'somer man than me! Why, that ain't much to say;
There's han'somer men than me go past here every day.
There's han'somer men than me — I ain't of the han'some kind;
But a *lovener* man than I was, I guess she'll never find.

And when her face grows pale, and when her eyes grow dim,
And when he is tired of her and she is tired of him,

She'll do what she ought to have done, and coolly count the cost;
And then she'll see things clear, and know what she has lost.

And thoughts that are now asleep will wake up in her mind,
And she will mourn and cry for what she has left behind;
And maybe she'll sometimes long for me—for me—but no!
I've blotted her out of my heart, and I will not have it so.

And yet in her girlish heart there was somethin' or other she had
That fastened a man to her, and wasn't entirely bad;
And she loved me a little, I think, although it didn't last;
But I mustn't think of these things—I've buried 'em in the past.

I'll take my hard words back, nor make a bad matter worse;
She'll have trouble enough; she shall not have my curse;
But I'll live a life so square—and I well know that I can—
That she always will sorry be that she went with that han'somer man.

Ah, here is her kitchen dress! It makes my poor eyes blur;
It seems when I look at that, as if 'twas holdin' her.
And here are her week-day shoes, and there is her week-day hat,
And yonder's her weddin' gown; I wonder she didn't take that.

'Twas only this mornin' she came and called me her "dearest dear,"
And said I was makin' for her a regular paradise here;
O God! if you want a man to sense the pains of hell,
Before you pitch him in just keep him in heaven a spell!

Good-bye I wish that death had severed us two apart,
You've lost a worshiper here, you've crushed a lovin' heart.
I'll worship no woman again; but I guess I'll learn to pray,
And kneel as *you* used to do before you ran away.

And if I thought I could bring my words on heaven to bear,
And if I thought I had some little influence there,
I would pray that I might be, if it only could be so,
As happy and gay as I was a half hour ago.

JANE (entering).

Why, John, what a litter here! you've thrown things all around!
Come, what's the matter now? and what have you lost or found?
And here's my father here, a-waiting for supper, too;
I've been a-riding with him — he's that "handsomer man than you."

Ha! ha! Pa, take a seat, while I put the kettle on,
And get things ready for tea, and kiss my dear old John.
Why, John, you look so strange! Come, what has crossed your track?
I was only a-joking, you know; I'm willing to take it back. [Exit.

JOHN.

Well, now, if this *ain't* a joke, with rather a bitter cream!

"TRUEST FRIENDS MUST PART."

It seems as if I'd woke from a mighty ticklish dream;
And I think she "smells a rat," for she smiles at me so queer,
I hope she don't; good gracious! I hope that they didn't hear!

'Twas one of her practical drives — she thought I'd understand!
But I'll never break sod again till I get the lay of the land.
But one thing's settled with me — to appreciate heaven well,
'Tis good for a man to have some fifteen minutes of hell.

—*Will Carleton.*

THE SWEET GIRL ON THE WIRE.

I CONSIDER that a conversation by telephone—when you are simply sitting by and not taking any part in that conversation—is one of the solemnest curiosities of this modern life.

Yesterday I was writing a deep article on a sublime philosophical subject while such a conversation was going on in the next room. I notice that one can always write best when somebody is talking through a telephone close by. Well, the thing began in this way. A member of our household came in and asked me to have our house put into communication with Mr. Bagley's down town. I have observed, in many cities, that the gentle sex always shrink from calling up the Central Office themselves. I don't know why, but they do. So I rang the bell, and this talk ensued:

Central office.—"What-number-do-you-want?"

I.—"Main 24-68."

C. O.—"Main 2-4-6-3?"

I.—"No, 2-4-6-8."

Then I heard a k-look, k-look, k-look—klook-klook-klook-look-look! Then a horrible "gritting" of teeth, and finally a piping voice:

"Hello?" (rising inflection).

I.—"Hello, is this Mr. Bagley's?"

"Yes, did you wish to speak to me?"

Without answering, I handed the receiver to the applicant, and sat down. Then followed the queerest of all things in the world—a conversation with only one end to it. You hear questions asked; you don't hear the answer. You hear invitations given; you hear no thanks in return. You have listening pauses of dead silence, followed by apparently irrelevant and unjustifiable exclamations of glad surprise, or sorrow or dismay. You can't make head or tail out of the talk, because you never hear anything that the person at the other end of the wire says. Well, I heard the following series of remarkable observations, all from the one tongue, and all shouted, —for you can't ever persuade the gentle sex to speak gently into a telephone:

"Hello, is that you, Daisy?"

Pause.

"Yes. Why, how did that happen?"

Pause.

"What did you say?"

Pause.

"Oh, no, I don't think it was."

Pause.

"No! Oh, no, I didn't mean that. I did think of getting it, but I don't believe it will stay in style, and—what?—and Charlie just hates that shade of blue, anyway."

Pause.

"What's that?"

Pause.

"You wouldn't let him dictate to you, at least before you were married?"

Pause.

"Why, my dear, how childish! You don't suppose I'd let him afterwards, do you?"

Pause.

"I turned it over with a back-stitch on the selvage edge."

Pause.

"Yes, I like that way, too; but I think it better to baste it on with valenciennes, or something of that kind. It gives such an air."

Pause.

"Yes, you know he did pay some attention to Celia."

Pause.

"Why, she threw herself right at his head."

Pause.

"And he told me he always admired me."

Pause.

"Well, he said it seemed as if he never could get anybody to introduce him."

Pause.

"Perhaps so; I generally use a hairpin."

"What did you say?" (Aside) "Children, do be quiet!"

Pause.

"Oh! B flat! Dear me, I thought you said it was the cat!"

Pause.

"Since when?"

Pause.

"Why, I never heard of it."

Pause.

"You astound me! It seems utterly impossible!"

Pause.

"Who did?"

Pause.

"Goodness gracious!"

Pause.

"Well, what is the world coming to? Was it right in church?"

Pause.

"And was her mother there?"

Pause.

"Why, Daisy, I should have died of humiliation! What did they do?"

Long pause.

"I can't be perfectly sure, because I haven't the notes by me; but I think it goes something like this: To-tolly-loll-loll-lee-ly-li-i-do! And then repeat, you know."

Pause.

"Yes, I think it is very sweet—and very solemn and impressive, if you get the andantino and the pianissimo right."

Pause.

"Did he really say that?"

Pause.

"Yes, I do care for him—what?—but mind you don't tell him, I don't want him to know it."

Pause.

"What?"

Pause.

"Oh, not in the least—go right on. Papa's here, writing,—it doesn't bother him."

Pause.

"Very well, I'll come if I can." (Aside) "Dear me, papa, how it does tire a person's arm to hold this thing up so long! I wish she'd——"

Pause.

"Oh, no, not at all; I like to talk—but I'm afraid I'm keeping you from your affairs."

Pause.

"Visitors?"

Pause.

"No, we never use butter on them."

Pause.

"Yes, that is a very good way; but all the cook-books say they are very unhealthy when they are out of season. And papa doesn't like them, anyway,—especially canned."

Pause.

"Yes, I'm going to the concert with him to-night."

Pause.

"Engaged? why, certainly not."

Pause.

"You know, dear, you'd be the very first one I'd tell."

Pause.

"No, we really are not engaged."

Pause.

"Must you go? Well, good-bye."

Pause.

"Yes, I think so. Good-bye."

Pause.

"Four o'clock, then—I'll be ready. Can Charlie meet us then?"

Pause.

"Oh, that's good. Good-bye."

Pause.

"Thank you ever so much. Good-bye."

Pause.

"Oh, not at all! Just as fresh—which?"

Pause.

"Oh, I'm glad to hear that. Good-bye."

(Hangs up the receiver and says: "Oh, it does tire a person's arm so.")

A man delivers a single brutal "Good-bye," and that is the end of it. Not so with the gentle sex—I say it in their praise, they cannot abide abruptness.

TRIBUTE TO THE "OLD BOYS."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was graduated from Harvard University in 1829, and more than a quarter of a century later he wrote the following poem, which was read at a class reunion:

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
Hang the almanac's cheat and the catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! we're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—show him the door!
"Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes! *white* if we please;
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close,—you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed,
And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old;
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge;"
It's a neat little fiction,—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker," the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;
There's the "Reverend"—what's his name? —don't make me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the Royal Society thought it was *true!*
So they chose him right in,—a good joke it was too.

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,

That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's the "Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or with pen;
And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, THE BOYS!

—*O. W. Holmes.*

THE BABY'S FIRST TOOTH.

MR. and Mrs. Jones had just finished their breakfast. Mr. Jones had pushed back his chair and was looking under the lounge for his boots. Mrs. Jones sat at the table, holding the infant Jones and mechanically working her forefinger in its mouth. Suddenly she paused in the motion, threw the astonished child on its back, turned as white as a sheet, pried open its mouth, and immediately gasped "Ephraim!"

Mr. Jones, who was yet on his knees with his head under the lounge, at once came forth, rapping his head sharply on the side of the lounge as he did so, and, getting on his feet, inquired what was the matter.

"O Ephraim," said she, the tears rolling down her cheeks and the smiles coursing up.

"Why, what is it, Aramathea?" asked the astonished Mr. Jones, smartly rubbing his head where it had come in contact with the lounge.

"Baby!" she gasped.

Mr. Jones turned pale and commenced to sweat.

"Baby! O, O, O Ephraim! Baby has —baby has got—a little toothey, oh, oh!"

"No!" screamed Mr. Jones, spreading his legs apart, dropping his chin and staring at the struggling heir with all his might.

"I tell you it is," persisted Mrs. Jones, with a slight evidence of hysteria.

"Oh, it can't be!" protested Mr. Jones, preparing to swear if it wasn't.

"Come here and see for yourself," said Mrs. Jones. "Open its 'ittle mousy-wousy for its own muzzer; that's a toody-woody; that's a blessed 'ittle 'ump o' sugar."

Thus conjured, the heir opened its mouth

"HER NAME THE COUNTERSIGN."

sufficiently for the father to thrust in his finger, and that gentleman having convinced himself by the most unmistakable evidence that a tooth was there, immediately kicked his hat across the room, buried his fist in the lounge, and declared with much feeling that he could lick the individual who would dare to intimate that he was not the happiest man on the face of the earth. Then he gave Mrs. Jones a hearty smack on the mouth and snatched up the heir, while that lady rushed tremblingly forth after Mrs. Simmons, who lived next door.

In a moment Mrs. Simmons came tearing in as if she had been shot out of a gun, and right behind her came Miss Simmons at a speed that indicated that she had been ejected from two guns.

Mrs. Simmons at once snatched the heir from the arms of Mr. Jones and hurried it to the window, where she made a careful and critical examination of its mouth, while Mrs. Jones held its head and Mr. Jones danced up and down the room, and snapped his fingers to show how calm he was.

It having been ascertained by Mrs. Simmons that the tooth was a sound one, and also that the strongest hopes for its future could be entertained on account of its coming in the new of the moon, Mrs. Jones got out the necessary material and Mr. Jones at once proceeded to write seven different letters to as many persons, unfolding to them the event of the morning and inviting them to come on as soon as possible.

HAVING FUN WITH EUROPEAN GUIDES.

EUROPEAN guides know about enough English to tangle everything up so that a man can make neither head nor tail of it. They know their story by heart,—the history of every statue, painting, cathedral, or other wonder they show you. They know it and tell it as a parrot would,—and if you interrupt and throw them off the track, they have to go back and begin over again. All their lives long they are employed in showing strange things to foreigners and listening to their bursts of admiration.

It is human nature to take delight in exciting admiration. It is what prompts children to say "smart" things and do absurd ones, and in other ways "show off" when company is present. It is what makes gossips turn out in rain and storm to go and be the first to tell a startling bit of news. Think, then, what a passion it becomes with a guide, whose privilege it is, every day, to show to strangers wonders that throw them into perfect ecstasies of admiration! He gets so that he could not by any possibility live in a soberer atmosphere.

After we discovered this, we *never* went into ecstasies any more,—we never admired anything,—we never showed any but impassible faces and stupid indifference in the presence of the sublimest wonders a guide had to display. We had found their weak point. We have made good use of it ever since. We have made some of those people savage at times, but we have never lost our serenity.

The doctor asks the questions generally, because he can keep his countenance, and look more like an inspired idiot, and throw more imbecility into the tone of his voice than any man that lives. It comes natural to him.

The guides in Genoa are delighted to secure an American party, because Americans so much wonder, and deal so much

in sentiment and emotion before any relic of Columbus. Our guide there fidgeted about as if he had swallowed a spring mattress. He was full of animation,—full of impatience. He said:—

"Come wis me, genteelmen!—come! I show you ze letter writing by Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!—write it wis his own hand!—come!"

He took us to the municipal palace. After much impressive fumbling of keys and opening of locks, the stained and aged document was spread before us. The guide's eyes sparkled. He danced about us and tapped the parchment with his finger:—

"What I tell you, genteelmen! Is it not so? See! handwriting Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!"

We looked indifferent,—unconcerned. The doctor examined the document very deliberately, during a painful pause. Then he said, without any show of interest,—

"Ah,—Ferguson,—what—what did you say was the name of the party who wrote this?"

"Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!"

Another deliberate examination.

"Ah,—did he write it himself, or,—or how?"

"He write it himself!—Christopher Colombo! he's own handwriting, write by himself!"

Then the doctor laid the document down and said,—

"Why, I have seen boys in America only fourteen years old that could write better than that."

"But zis is ze great Christo——"

"I don't care who it is! It's the worst writing I ever saw. Now you mustn't think you can impose on us because we are strangers. We are not fools, by a good deal. If you have got any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot them out!—and if you haven't, drive on!"

We drove on. The guide was considerably shaken up, but he made one more venture. He had something which he thought would overcome us. He said,—

"Ah, genteelmen, you come wis us! I show you beautiful, oh, magnificent bust Christopher Colombo!—splendid, grand, magnificent!"

He brought us before the beautiful bust, —for it *was* beautiful,—and sprang back and struck an attitude:—

"Ah, look, genteelmen! — beautiful, grand, — bust Christopher Colombo!—beautiful bust, beautiful pedestal!"

The doctor put up his eye-glass,—procured for such occasions:—

"Ah,—what did you say this gentleman's name was?"

"Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!"

"Christopher Colombo,—the great Christopher Colombo! Well, what did *he* do?"

"Discover America!—discover America —oh, ze diable!"

"Discover America? No,—that statement will hardly wash. We are just from America ourselves. Christopher Colombo, —pleasant name,—is—is he dead?"

"Oh, corpo di Baccho!—three hundred year!"

"What did he die of?"

"I do not know. I cannot tell."

"Small-pox, think?"

"I do not know, genteelmen,—I do not know *what* he died of."

"Measles, likely?"

"Maybe,—maybe. I do *not* know,—I think he die of something."

"Parents living?"

"Im-posseeble!"

"Ah,—which is the bust and which is the pedestal?"

"Santa Maria!—*zis* ze bust!—*zis* ze pedestal!"

"Ah, I see, I see,—happy combination,—very happy combination, indeed. Is—is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust?"

This joke was lost on the foreigner,—guides can not master the subtleties of the American joke.

We have made it interesting for this Roman guide. Yesterday we spent three or four hours in the Vatican again, that wonderful world of curiosities. We came very near expressing interest sometimes, even admiration. It was hard to keep from it. We succeeded, though. Nobody else ever did in the Vatican museums. The guide was bewildered, nonplussed. He walked his legs off, nearly, hunting up extraordinary things, and exhausted all his ingenuity on us, but it was a failure; we never showed any interest in anything. He had reserved what he considered to be his greatest wonder till the last,—a royal Egyptian mummy, the best preserved in the world, perhaps. He took us there. He felt so sure this time that some of his old enthusiasm came back to him:—

"See, genteelmen! — Mummy! Mummy!"

The eye-glass came up as calmly, as deliberately as ever.

"Ah,—Ferguson,—what did I understand you to say the gentleman's name was?"

"Name?—he got no name!—Mummy! —'Gyptian mummy!"

"Yes, yes. Born here?"

"No. *'Gyptian* mummy."

"Ah, just so. Frenchman, I presume?"

"No! *Not* Frenchman, not Roman! Born in Egypta!"

"Born in Egypta. Never heard of Egypta before. Foreign locality, likely. Mummy,—mummy. How calm he is, how self-possessed! Is—ah!—is he dead?"

"Oh, *sacre bleu!* been dead three thousan' year!"

The doctor turned on him savagely:—

"Here, now, what do you mean by such conduct as this? Playing us for Chinamen, because we are strangers and trying to learn! Trying to impose your vile second-hand carcasses on *us?* Thunder and lightning! I've a notion to—to—if you've got a nice, *fresh* corpse fetch him out!—or we'll brain you!"

However, he has paid us back partly, and without knowing it. He came to the hotel this morning to ask if we were up, and he endeavored, as well as he could, to describe us, so that the landlord would know which persons he meant. He finished with the casual remark that we were lunatics. The observation was so innocent and so honest that it amounted to a very good thing for a guide to say.

Our Roman Ferguson is the most patient, unsuspecting, long-suffering subject we have had yet. We shall be sorry to part with him. We have enjoyed his society very much. We trust he has enjoyed ours, but we are harassed with doubts.—*Mark Twain.*

WAIL OF THE OVERCOATLESS MAN.

THE new and budding springtime was amending winter's scenes
By tinting here and patching there with Nature's glowing greens;
By throwing in a golden sun to add its warming light
And nurture all that had escaped cold winter's deadly blight;
By bringing southern breezes up to scent the sunny hours
With perfume wafted from a clime of ever bursting flowers.

'Twas then I seemed to dream and gone were winter's dreary dead.
The brown, the sear, the yellow leaf beneath spring's kiss were fled.
There naught remained but dreamy bliss amid the perfumes rare,
Nothing remained of worry, or of trouble, or of care.
Nothing but dreams that soothed and lulled the weary and oppressed
Upon the breast of nature in a soft and dreamy rest.
And all the happy springtime dreamed I on in joyous mood
Beneath the leafy bowers of a densely tangled wood;
And all that glorious autumn—ah, how happy was my lot!
Forever and anon I dreamed—I dreamed and wished for naught,
But in the chill December I awoke with sudden shock
To find, alas! my overcoat still unredeemed —in hock.

REFLECTIONS OF "THE INSPIRED IDIOT."

"I READ an article in a magazine about a young man's chances of success in life," said the Shoe Clerk, "and I was surprised to learn that they are better to-day than they were twenty-five or thirty years ago."

"The magazines are printing a good many humorous features these days," responded the Inspired Idiot.

"But this was a serious article. It was written by the president of one of the biggest trusts in the country and he said he knew of half a dozen jobs paying from $10,000 to $15,000 a year now vacant because there were no young men to fill them."

"That's too bad," said the Inspired Idiot. "But it is just like the young men of to-day. They are not willing to begin at a low salary. I suppose the young fellows who were invited to take the positions wanted $20,000 or $25,000 a year and a share of the rake-off when the crowd inside whipsawed the market. The young men of to-day are a cruel gang and would crush the tender neck of a trust under their iron heels. It is this feeling of indifference on the part of young men that is driving trusts from this country. It was not so when I was on earth the first time. We young men were willing to make a few sacrifices to help the trusts along. The question of a few thousand dollars on our salary cut no figure with us. If we found a trust struggling along on a measly capital of $100,000,000 we would accept $10,000 or $15,000 a year and let it go at that.

"Yes, the young men of to-day are driving capital out of this country, and the time will come when they will be glad to work for $15,000, or even $10,000, a year. But it will be too late; the wage scale will be cut down and they will find other young men who will be tickled to death to get steady employment at $8,000 or $9,000. You can't expect a young man to give up his time for nothing, even to please a trust. Not that he cares a rap for the money, but it is the principle of the thing. Nor is it fair to condemn a trust because it is unable to pay living wages.

"To prove the illimitable chances of success enjoyed by the young men of to-day it is only necessary to look about you. Suppose you were the best authority in the world on the production of oil and were tired of working for Rockefeller and wanted to go into business for yourself. Of course, if you didn't work for Rockefeller you

would have to start for yourself if you wanted to fool around oil. You open an office, fitted up to beat the band, and have your name put on the door in gold letters. You have now arisen from a humble employe of the oil trust to a dealer in oil yourself, thereby proving the absence of flies on a young man's chances. Then when you get the first order for a barrel of oil you call up Rockefeller and ask him if he will sell it to you. In about a week you will be wondering if your chances of selling out your office and getting your old job with Rockefeller are as good as your chances were of starting in business.

"If you are of a financial turn of mind and aspire to be a banker your chances of success are brighter than a lead dollar. If you live long enough you may some day be the sixteenth assistant bookkeeper and if the bubonic plague should hit the bank you might eventually become acquainted with the fourth vice-president. The easiest and most direct way to success in this line, however, is to take the bank's surplus and undivided profits and locate in South America.

"This is a great world and there is as much difference in folks as there is in people. If the elevator of life goes to the top floor it is a success; if it gets balled up at the tenth and sticks there it is a failure.

"'There goes a man who is a success,' you say.

"'How much does he know?' I ask.

"'Enough to write his check for a million,' you answer.

"'Take the witness, that's our case,' I say, for you have thrown me out of court. Your client is a night-blooming success.

"'There is an awful example of total failure in life,' you say, pointing to another man.

"'Bankrupt?' I ask.

"'Worse. Professor of astronomy at fifteen hundred a year.'

"'The poor wretch. Why don't they vag him?'

"Adam's chances for a successful career were dazzling until the snake came in and cornered the apple market. It is an old saying that every man may aspire to be president, but nobody ever heard of more than one man at a time getting the salary for holding down the job. And Mr. Bryan will tell you that the chances of being president are not as good as they used to be.

"When presidents of trusts write on the question of success they ought to define success. Jay Gould used to be called a successful man, but he was a fizzle alongside of Cornelius Vanderbilt. And Vanderbilt was only a floor-walker compared with John D. Rockefeller, who is a half-billionaire. When John gets his success habit in thorough working order a young man will have to go to him for his chances to breathe.

"The trouble with these success writers is that they write from the standpoint of the cash register. Most anybody would say that Greeley, Seward, Tilden, Blaine and Sherman were successful, but those men have confessed that their lives were failures; their ambition was to be president, not of a trust, but of the United States. The Hon. Bath House John has risen from the rubbing table and shower to banker and poet; that beats being a trust president all hollow."

"What do you think offers the best chances for success to young men?" asked the Shoe Clerk.

"A trust has many advantages over a piece of lead pipe," said the Inspired Idiot.

"THEY WERE MARRIED SHORTLY AFTER."

SHE IS NOW HEAD OF THE HOUSE.

MRS. BROWN has all the troubles that usually fall to the lot of a doctor's wife. She catches glimpses of her husband at irregular hours, she eats many of her meals in lonely state and she has to attend most parties in tow of some good-natured friends.

A few weeks ago she made a vow that she would not go to another function this winter unless the doctor went with her, so when the Brainerds issued invitations to a duplicate whist party on December 10th she told the doctor that he must go with her whatever happened. The doctor replied that he wanted to go just as much as she did and that the only possible thing that could prevent his presence was a very sick patient. "Well, there must not be any very sick patient," Mrs. Brown returned.

After that she considered the matter as settled. The doctor was home early on the night of the party. He laid his dress suit out on the bed and was just looking up his pearl studs when the telephone bell rang. The heart of Mrs. Brown sunk, but she said. "Now, remember, you promised to go to the party whatever happened."

The doctor was gone a long time. She could hear his voice raised in expostulation. He said repeatedly that he couldn't possibly do it, that his wife would never forgive him. At last he said: "Well, hold the wire while I go and speak to my wife."

He re-entered the room, with his brow corrugated like an iron roof. "My dear," he said, "that pneumonia case of mine is a lot worse. I told Sammy to go there and he's just 'phoned me that we'll have to give oxygen and saline injections. He doesn't dare to undertake it without I'm there with him. Now, won't you go alone, just this once? You know I meant to go. See, there's my dress clothes all ready and I hurried home on purpose."

Mrs. Brown sat down and let a few tears trickle down her nose. She vowed she would not go alone. "I'm tired of being just like a widow without the fun," she said. "I won't go without you."

"Oh, come now," the doctor expostulated. "This is an unusual case. I'll just call a cab and you'll be all right. Besides, it's near Christmas and if you'll go without me I'll get you a pearl brooch. If you go and make my excuses to the Brainerds it will be all right, but if you stay away, too, they will never forgive us."

So Mrs. Brown yielded and went alone to the card party. She was home when the doctor returned. He said that he was "dog tired" and that a physician's life was "nothing but slavery without chains." Mrs. Brown really pitied him, for he looked completely fagged out and he was as hoarse as a crow.

The next morning she noticed a bit of yellow pasteboard on the floor of the hall. She picked it up. It was just a torn bit of a seat check, but she noticed that it was of the yesterday's date and said, "Balcony, Dec. 10." She wondered how it came to be in her hall. The more she thought it over the more suspicious she became. The hall had been swept the day before. There had been no one in yesterday, either. The seat check must either have been dropped by the cook or the doctor. She called Katie. "Were you at the theater last night?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," Katie answered. "I was home the evening."

The amateur detective next called up the house of the pneumonia patient. His mother answered the telephone. Mrs. Brown asked how he was resting. The answer came back clear and firm. "Oh, he's ever so much better. Last night he actually had a bowl of chicken broth."

Mrs. Brown smiled. She looked over

the papers to see what had been the amusements of the night before. She discovered that there had been a Greco-Roman wrestling match at the Coliseum. Now she penetrated the depth of the doctor's perfidy! He had bribed some one to call him up on the telephone. All his anxiety about the party had been a blind. The dress suit on the bed—Mrs. Brown laughed again.

When the doctor came home to dinner she laid the little scrap of yellow paper beside his plate. "I think, my dear," she said very quietly, "that instead of a pearl brooch I will take a diamond ring for Christmas and I would like to buy it myself to-morrow."

Mrs. Brown is wearing the diamond ring, and her husband goes with her to see or hear everything she wishes to see or hear—even lectures on Buddhism. Mrs. Brown likes lectures upon Oriental subjects.

MAME'S ENTRANCE INTO SOCIETY.

THERE are no formal coming-out parties in Mame's stratum of society. When a girl reaches the proper age she turns up her hair, puts on long skirts and waits for some young man to discover that she is really grown up and eligible for ball and party engagements.

Mame had her skirts lengthened and learned to do her hair in a "figure eight" early in November. She had done her part. Now she must wait. It is very tiresome to have your debut delayed. Every time that Mame looked up at the muslin banner hung across the front of Wrenn's hall to advertise the holiday party of the Unique Social Pleasure Club her heart contracted. If she could only be asked! She could let down her last summer's organdie and cut out the yoke and loop up the sleeves with velvet ribbon and look as well dressed as any girl in the bunch.

It grew very close to the evening set for the ball before the invitation came and then it seemed almost like an accident. She was in the corner drug store when Jimmy Johnson came in to get the holiday express packages that had accumulated there. Mame and Jimmy used to know each other at the Tilden school. They talked of old times for awhile, then, quite casually, Jimmy looked up at the muslin banner strung across the front of Wrenn's hall. "Going to the party over there?" he asked.

Mame thought rather scornfully that he might have asked her without this cautious prelude, but she looked at the perfumery display on the counter and said that she didn't expect to go.

"Won't you go with me?" Jimmy next asked with a promptness that appeased her pride.

"I should be very pleased to," she said, with a stiff little smile that concealed much girlish exultation.

"All right, then," Jimmy answered, taking up an armful of express packages. "I'll be round. Good-by. I'm busy as all get out."

Mame flew home to tell the good news. She pulled the organdie out of the dark corner of the closet and looked it over. She explained her proposed improvements to her mother. Her mother approved and even went so far as to suggest that red satin slippers ought to be worn with the toilet. The two finally decided that scarlet ribbons and the slippers would make the organdie just as good as new.

When the dress was made over and the red slippers were safe in her bureau drawer

"SHE WAS THE PREACHER'S DAUGHTER."

Mame had an awful moment. What if she would not be able to dance? True, she had learned to dance years ago on the sidewalks to the music of a street piano, and it did seem that any person who could dance on rough stone could do well on a smooth floor, but she must be on the safe side. She went over to see Ella Lynch. She asked for an expert opinion. Ella called her sister Mary from her algebra and set her down at the piano. Mary played a waltz and then a two-step, with a touch like that of a steam hammer. Ella and Mame circled solemnly around the room, bumping into the furniture and making short turns to avoid the base burner.

"You'll do," Ella said when they rested. "And you're going to be an elegant dancer after awhile." Mame went home perfectly satisfied, for Ella had assisted in Prof. Dubaroow's dancing academy for two terms and was a past grand mistress of the waltz.

She was very happy when she was all ready for the dance and had been inspected by every member of the family from her father to little Aggy. What girl isn't happy when she is ready for her first ball and knows that she can dance, that her gown is becoming and that she is really—well, why not acknowledge it?—very pretty?

Then she sat down to wait, spreading her stiff skirts about like the petals of a flower. She listened for Jimmy's ring. He was very slow. After awhile her expectancy became tinged with a dawning fear. Perhaps he had forgotten that he asked her! He had been so busy over Christmas. It was almost half-past 9 o'clock. He was not coming!

Mame bit her lips. She wondered dimly if she ever would get to a ball. Her mother and father thought of a hundred reasons why Jimmy should be late. She rejected them all. He wasn't coming.

There was a tremendous clumping on the stairs. Jimmy burst into the room like a jovial cyclone. "Get a move on you, Mame. We don't want to miss the grand march. Come on! Good-by, folks."

And in this fashion Mame was introduced to society.

MR. SPOOPENDYKE SURPRISES HIS WIFE.

"NOW, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, hurrying up to his wife's room, "if you'll come down in the yard, I've got a pleasant surprise for you."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, "what have you got, a horse?"

"Guess again," grinned Mr. Spoopendyke. "It's something like a horse."

"I know! It's a new parlor carpet. That's what it is!"

"No, it isn't either. I said it's something like a horse; that is, it goes when you make it. Guess again."

"Is it paint for the kitchen walls?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, innocently.

"No, it ain't and it ain't a hogshead of stove blacking, nor a set of dining-room furniture, nor it ain't seven gross of stationary wash tubs. Now guess again."

"Then it must be some lace curtains for the sitting-room windows. Isn't that just splendid?" and Mrs. Spoopendyke patted her husband on both cheeks and danced up and down with delight.

"It's a bicycle, that's what it is!" growled Mr. Spoopendyke. "I bought it for exercise and I'm going to ride it. Come down and see me."

"Well, ain't I glad," ejaculated Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You ought to have more exercise; if there's exercise in anything, it's in a bicycle. Do let's see it!"

Mr. Spoopendyke conducted his wife to the yard and descanted at length on the merits of the machine.

"In a few weeks I'll be able to make a mile a minute," he said, as he steadied the apparatus against the clothes post and prepared to mount. "Now you watch me go to the end of this path."

He got a foot into one treadle and went head first into a flower patch, the machine on top, with a prodigious crash.

"Hadn't you better tie it up to the post until you get on?" suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Leave me alone, will ye?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, struggling to an even keel. "I'm doing most of this myself. Now you hold on and keep your mouth shut. It takes a little practice, that's all."

Mr. Spoopendyke mounted again and scuttled along four or five feet and flopped over on the grassplot.

"That's splendid!" commended his wife. "You've got the idea already. Let me hold it for you this time."

"If you've got any extra strength, you hold your tongue, will ye?" growled Mr. Spoopendyke. "It don't want any holding. It ain't alive. Stand back and give me room, now."

The third trial Mr. Spoopendyke ambled to the end of the path and went down all in a heap among the flower pots.

"That's just too lovely for anything!" exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You made more'n a mile a minute, that time."

"Come and take it off!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke. "Help me up! Blast the bicycle!" and the worthy gentleman struggled and plunged around like a whale in shallow water.

Mrs. Spoopendyke assisted in righting him and brushed him off.

"I know where you made your mistake," said she. "You ought to sit on sideways. Try it that way going back."

"Maybe you can ride this bicycle better than I can," howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "You know all about wheels! What you need now is a lantern in your mouth and ten minutes behind time to be the City Hall clock! If you had a bucket of water and a handle you'd make a steam grindstone! Don't you see you can't sit on a bicycle sideways as a woman does on a horse?"

"Yes, dear," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, "but I thought if you got so you could ride it that way, you wouldn't be so likely to fall."

"Who fell?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "Didn't you see me step off? I tripped, that's all. Now you just watch me go back."

Once more Mr. Spoopendyke started in, but the big wheel turned around and looked him in the face and then began to stagger.

"Look out!" squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke.

Mr. Spoopendyke wrenched away and kicked and struggled, but it was of no avail. Down he came, and the bicycle was a hopeless wreck.

"What'd ye want to yell for?" he shrieked. "Couldn't ye keep your measly mouth shut? What'd ye think ye are, anyhow, a fog horn? Blast the measly bicycle!" and Mr. Spoopendyke hit it a kick that folded it up like a bolt of muslin.

"Never mind, my dear," consoled Mrs. Spoopendyke, "I'm afraid the exercise was too violent anyway, and I'm rather glad you broke it."

"I s'pose so," snorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "There's sixty dollars gone."

"Don't worry, love. I'll go without the carpet and curtains, and the paint will do

well enough in the kitchen. Let me rub you with arnica."

But Mr. Spoopendyke was too deeply grieved by his wife's conduct to accept any office at her hands, preferring to punish her by letting his wounds smart rather than get well, and thereby relieve her of any anxiety she brought on herself by acting so outrageously under the circumstances.

"GOT STRIPES DOWN HIS LEGS."

I USED to boss him in the store
And oversee his work,
For I had charge of one whole floor
And he was just a clerk.
To-day it's different, if you please;
We've changed respective pegs,
I'm private in the ranks—and he's
Got stripes
Down
His
Legs.

The girls, whose smiles were once for me,
Now scarce vouchsafe a glance,
Such great attraction can they see
In decorated pants.
The erstwhile clerk no longer my
Indulgence humble begs.
I'm down below. He's up on high,
With stripes
Down
His
Legs.

It's "Private Jones, do this and that."
In haste I must bestir—
To Jenkins, on whom oft I've sat,
I'm told to answer "Sir!"
One born to rule, it's come to pass
Of woe I drink the dregs—
I'm in the army with, alas!
No stripes
Down
My
Legs.

—*Edwin L. Sabin.*

BOTH HAD BEEN REJECTED.

JACK, I hear you have gone and done it,
Yes, I know; most fellows will;
Went and tried it once myself, sir,
Though you see I'm single still.
And you met her—did you tell me?
Down at Brighton last July,
And resolved to ask the question
At a soiree? So did I.

I suppose you left the ball-room,
With its music and its light;
For they say love's flame is brightest
In the darkness of the night.
Well, we walked along together,
Overhead the starlit sky;
And I'll bet—old man confess it—
You were frightened. So was I.

So you strolled along the terrace,
Saw the summer moonlight pour
All its radiance on the waters
As they rippled on the shore,
Till at length you gathered courage,
When you saw that none were nigh—
Did you draw her close and tell her
That you loved her? So did I.

Well, I needn't ask you further,
And I'm sure I wish you joy;
Think I'll wander down and see you
When you're married—eh, my boy?
When the honeymoon is over,
And you're settled down, we'll try—
What? The deuce you say! Rejected?
You rejected? So was I!

"ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER."

PATHETIC AND HOMELIKE.

NOTHING touches the heart so quickly as the pathetic. Around the death of an outcast, a pauper, the poet has woven verses of dignity and pathos:

Tread softly; bow the head,
In reverent silence bow;
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger, however great,
With holy reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed,
One by that paltry bed,
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state.
Enter; no crowds attend.
Enter; no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread.
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meager hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound:
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed; again
That short, deep gasp—and then
The parting groan!

O change! O wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars:
This moment there, so low,
So agonized—and now
Beyond the stars!

O change! stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod.
The sun eternal breaks,
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

IT WAS ONLY A DREAM.

I WAS sitting alone one evening,
Counting the tireless tick
Of the clock that hung in the corner,
Until drowsiness played me a trick.

From out of the hallway came romping,
As children so often will,
A dear little girl and her brother,
And rudely I bade them be still.

The face of fair Ethel grew solemn,
And Jamie looked suddenly sad,
While his lips asked the pertinent question,
"Ethel, what makes papa bad?"

How quickly my heart then relented!
And, gathering one to each knee,
I told them a wonderful story
Of the wonderful days to be.

They listened with eager attention
Until happiness shone in each face.
Ere long they were slumbering sweetly,
And my lap was their nestling place.

Then I lifted them ever so gently—
But that was the end of my joy,
For I woke from the dream I was dreaming,
And I've no little girl or boy.

—*William S. Lord.*

IF WE ONLY KNEW.

IF we knew the woe and heartache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load,
Would we waste the day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be?
Would we wait with such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow,
Never trouble us again,
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, those little ice-cold fingers!
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How these little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
For our reaping by and by!

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FAVORITE POEM.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN knew every word and line of it, and he often took occasion, in his meditative moods, to repeat the following verses:

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The child that a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection that proved,
The husband that mother and infant that blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those that beloved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats to the steep,
The beggar that wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of Heaven,
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed,
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,—
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking from, they too would shrink;
To the life we are clinging to, they too would cling;
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but their story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers may come;
They joyed, but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died,—ay, they died; and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear and the song and the dirge
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,—
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

"TAKE KEER OF YOURSE'F."

OLD man never had much to say,
'Ceptin' to Jim;
And Jim was the wildest boy he had,
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Never heerd him speak but once
Er twice in my life—and first time was
When the army broke out, and Jim he went,
The old man backin' him, for three months.
And all 'at I heerd the old man say
Was, jes' as we turned to start away:
"Well, good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

'Peared like he was more satisfied
Jes' lookin' at Jim,
And likin' him all to hisse'f-like, see?
'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him!
And over and over I mind the day

The old man came and stood round in the way
While we was drillin', a-watchin' Jim,
And down at the depot a-hearin' him say:
"Well, good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Never was nothin' about the farm
Disting'ished Jim;
Neighbors all uset to wonder why
The old man 'peared wrapped up in him;
But when Cap Biggler he writ back
'At Jim was the bravest boy we had
In the whole dern regiment, white or black,
And his fightin' good as his farmin' bad—
'At he had led, with a bullet clean
Bored through his thigh, and carried the flag
Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen,
The old man wound up a letter to him
'That Cap read to us, 'at said: "Tell Jim Good-bye,
And take keer of hisse'f!"

Jim came back jes' long enough
To take the whim
'At he'd like to go back in calvery—
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Jim 'lowed 'at he'd had sich luck afore,
Guessed he'd tackle her three years more.
And the old man gave him a colt he'd raised,
And follered him over to Camp Ben Wade,
And laid around fer a week er so,
Watchin' Jim on dress parade—
Tel finally he rid away,
And last he heerd was the old man say:
"Well, good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Tuk the papers, the old man did,
A-watchin' fer Jim—
Fully believin' he'd make his mark
Some way—jes' wrapped up in him!
And many a time the word 'u'd come
'At stirred him up like the tap of a drum—
At Petersburg, fer instance, where
Jim rid right into their cannons there,
And tuk 'em and p'inted 'em t'other way
And socked it home to the boys in gray
As they skooted fer timber, and on and on—
Jim a lieutenant and one arm gone,
And the old man's words in his mind all day:
"Well, good-bye, Jim;
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Think of a private, now perhaps,
We'll say like Jim,
'At's clumb clean up to the shoulder straps—
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!—
Think of him—with the war plum through,
And the glorious old Red-white-and-blue
A-laughin' the news down over Jim
And the old man bendin' over him—
The surgeon turnin' away with tears
'At hadn't leaked fer years and years—
As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to
His father's, the old voice in his ears:
"Well, good-bye, Jim;
Take keer of yourse'f!"

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

FOUGHT WITH GRANT AND LEE.

THIS was written in 1885, just before the death of General Grant:

They sat together, side by side,
In the shade of an orange tree;
One had followed the flag of Grant,
The other had fought with Lee.

The boy in blue had an empty sleeve,
A crutch had the boy in gray;

"IF WE ONLY KNEW."

They talked of the long and weary march,
They talked of the bloody fray.

"My chief is dead," the Johnny said,
"A leader brave was he;
And sheathed fore'er at Lexington,
Doth hang the sword of Lee."

"My leader lives,"—the boy in blue
Spoke low and with a sigh—
"But all the country waits in fear
That he to-day may die."

"God bless our Grant!" the vet'ran said,
And dropped a tear, and then
In heartfelt tones the answer came,
For the rebel said—"Amen."

TAKING A LOOK BACKWARD.

COME, my wife, put down the Bible,
Lay your glasses on the book,
Both of us are bent and aged—
Backward, mother, let us look.
This is still the same old homestead
Where I brought you long ago,
When the hair was bright with sunshine
That is now like winter's snow.
Let us talk about the babies,
As we sit here all alone,
Such a merry troop of youngsters;
How we lost them one by one.

Jack, the first of all the party,
Came to us one winter's night;
Jack, you said, should be a parson,
Long before he saw the light.
Do you see the great cathedral,
Filled the transept and the nave,
Hear the organ grandly pealing,
Watch the silken hangings wave;
See the priest in robes of office,
With the altar at his back—
Would you think that gifted preacher
Could be your own little Jack?

Then a girl with curly tresses
Used to climb upon my knee,
Like a little fairy princess
Ruling at the age of three.
With the years there came a wedding—
How your fond heart swelled with pride
When the lord of all the country
Chose your baby for his bride!
Watch that stately carriage coming,
And the form reclining there—
Would you think that brilliant lady
Could be your own little Clare?

Then the last, a blue-eyed youngster—
I can hear him prattling now—
Such a strong and sturdy fellow,
With his broad and honest brow.
How he used to love his mother!
Ah! I see your trembling lip!
He is far off on the water,
Captain of a royal ship.
See the bronze upon his forehead,
Hear the voice of stern command—
'Tis the boy who clung so fondly
To his mother's gentle hand?

Ah! my wife, we've lost the babies,
Ours so long and ours alone;
What are we to these great people,
Stately men and women grown?
Seldom do we ever see them:
Yes, a bitter tear-drop starts,
As we sit here in the fire-light,
Lonely hearth and lonely hearts.
All their lives are full without us;
They'll stop long enough one day
Just to lay us in the church-yard,
Then they'll each go on their way.

"ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER."

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time! in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart, as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O swift tide of years!
I am weary of toil, I am weary of tears;
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away,
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother! my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between;
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again;
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone.
No other worship abides and endures
Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours;
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sorrowing soul and the world-weary brain;
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,
Shielding my eyes from the flickering light;
For oh! with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother! the years have been long
Since last I was hushed by your lullaby song;
Sing them again,—to my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream;
Clasp to your arms in a loving embrace,
With your soft, light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

—*Mrs. Elizabeth Akers.*

SHE WAS THE PREACHER'S MOTHER.

SHE was a little old woman, very plainly dressed in black bombazine that had seen much careful wear; her bonnet was very old-fashioned, and people stared at her tottering up the aisle of the church, evidently bent on securing one of the best seats, for a great man preached that day. The house was filled with splendidly dressed people who had heard of the fame of the preacher, of his learning, his intellect and goodness, and they wondered at the presumption of the poor old woman.

She must have been in her dotage, for she picked out the pew of the richest and proudest member of the church and took a seat.

Three ladies who were seated there beckoned to the sexton, who bent over the intruder and whispered something, but she was hard of hearing, and smiled a little withered smile, as she said, gently, "Oh, I'm quite comfortable here, quite comfortable."

"But you are not wanted here," said the sexton, pompously; "there is not room. Come with me, my good woman; I will see that you have a seat."

"Not room!" said the old woman, looking at her shrunken proportions and then at the fine ladies. "Why, I'm not crowded a bit. I rode ten miles to hear the sermon to-day, because——"

But here the sexton took her by the arm, shook her roughly in a polite underhand way, and then she took the hint. Her faded old eyes filled with tears, her chin quivered; but she rose meekly and left the pew. Turning quietly to the ladies, who were spreading their rich dresses over the space she left vacant, she said gently: "I hope, my dears, there'll be room in heaven for us all."

Then she followed the pompous sexton to the rear of the church, where, in the last pew, she was seated between a threadbare girl and a shabby old man.

"She must be crazy," said one of the ladies in the pew which she had first occupied. "What can an ignorant old woman like her want to hear Dr. —— preach for? She would not be able to understand a word he said."

"Those people are so persistent. The idea of her forcing herself into our pew! Isn't that voluntary lovely? There's Dr. —— coming out of the vestry. Is he not grand?"

"Splendid! What a stately man! You know he has promised to dine with us while he is here."

He was a commanding looking man, and as the organ voluntary stopped, and he looked over the great crowd of worshipers gathered in the vast church, he seemed to scan every face. His hand was on the Bible, when suddenly he leaned over the reading desk and beckoned to the sexton, who obsequiously mounted the steps to receive a mysterious message.

And then the three ladies in the grand pew were electrified to see him take his way the whole length of the church to return with the old woman, when he placed her in the front pew of all, its other occupants making willing room for her. The great preacher looked at her with a smile of recognition, and then the services proceeded, and he preached a sermon that struck fire from every heart.

"Who was she?" asked the ladies who could not make room for her, as they passed the sexton at the door.

"The preacher's mother," was the reply.

OUR LITTLE BOY BLUE.

THE little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was, when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that is the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said.
"And don't you make any noise!"

So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
O, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue, they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them, and put them there.

—*Eugene Field.*

ONLY THE BABY CRIED FOR LORRAINE.

"ARE you ready for your steeple-chase, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree?
You're booked to ride your capping race to-day at Coulterlee,
You're booked to ride Vindictive, for all the world to see,
To keep him straight, and keep him first, and win the run for me."

She clasped her new-born baby, poor Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree,
"I can not ride Vindictive, as any man might see,
And I will not ride Vindictive with this baby on my knee;
He's killed a boy, he's killed a man, and why must he kill me?"

"Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree,
Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coulterlee
And land him safe across the brook and win the blank for me,
It's you who may keep your baby, for you'll get no keep from me."

"That husbands could be cruel," said Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree,
"That husbands could be cruel I have known for seasons three;
But oh! to ride Vindictive while a baby cries for me
And be killed across the fence at last for all the world to see?"

She mastered young Vindictive—oh! the gallant lass was she!—
And she kept him straight and won the race, as near as near could be;
But he killed her at the brook against a pollard willow tree.
Oh! he killed her at the brook—the brute! —for all the world to see,
And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine, Lorree.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

TIM WENT STRAIGHT HOME.

"IT'S a staving night for a supper, a hot supper, too," said Tim Mulligan to himself, as he stood on the street corner, in the piercing wind and sleet.

"A staving night," he reiterated, as he peered wistfully into the bakery windows across the way. He had not had any dinner at all, and not enough breakfast to say so—nothing but a crust or two that he had picked up.

A little humpbacked, stunted figure, with dull blue eyes, and thin, peaked face surmounted by a brimless hat; his clothes, evidently odds and ends—for the pants

WHAT IS A HOME WITHOUT BOOKS?

were too large and long, while the coat-sleeves came scarcely below his elbows, and the garment would not begin to button around him,—that was Tim.

"It's a bad night," he said, as a gust of wind nearly took him off his feet. "The worst I ever knew," which was saying a good deal, for Tim had known some pretty rough nights in the course of his short life. "There isn't much show of my getting anything to-night. Guess I'd better be turnin' in, pervided nobody's gone and took possession of my 'stablishment."

But just as Tim was bracing himself up to face the storm, some one came driving down the street at a furious rate, stopping so close to Tim that he took a step to get out of the way.

"Here, bub, hold my horse for me," said the gentleman, springing out; and handing the lines to Tim, he disappeared.

"Mebbe he'll give me as much as—five cents," thought Tim, when he had thoughtfully obeyed. "If he does, I'll have a plate of hot beans and biscuits. P'r'aps he'll give me ten. Wouldn't I have a reg'lar square meal then? But 'tain't likely."

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed. Tim's hands were pretty thoroughly benumbed when at last the gentleman returned in as much haste as he had gone away.

"Here's something for you," he said, dropping a couple of coins into Tim's hand, then springing into his buggy.

Tim went under the nearest gaslight to examine.

"Je-ru-sa-lem!" he gasped, as he saw two bright silver dimes in his rather grimy hands. Twenty cents seemed a small fortune to Tim, for there were so few things a poor little hunchback like him could do.

He would have such a supper, baked beans, biscuit, and a cup of coffee, and even a doughnut; he could have all that, and still have some money left for to-morrow. The richest man in the whole great city would have felt poor beside Tim, as, clutching his treasure, he crossed the street. There, crouching in the shadow of a doorway, he spied two miserably forlorn little figures.

"Hullo!" he cried. "What you doin' here?"

"Nuthin'," replied the oldest briefly.

"What makes you stay here then? Why don't you go home?" continued Tim.

"Hain't got none," was the reply; and then feeling the hearty, though unspoken sympathy of one of their own sort, the little waif added, as he drew his jacket-sleeve across his eyes, "They carried mother up to the graveyard, yonder," pointing in the direction of the pauper burial ground, "and we hasn't anybody now, nor nowheres to stay."

As Tim stood deliberating, the bakery door opened and a most appetizing odor came out, reminding Tim of his promised treat.

"Hungry?" he asked.

"You bet!" was the inelegant but emphatic response. Tim reflected on his own real good fortune. He could get biscuits, cold beans, and perhaps doughnuts enough for them all.

"Tell you what, fellers," he said magnificently, "I was just a-goin' to order my bill of fare. I'll increase my order a little, have a party and invite you two. As it's rather suddint, we won't none of us bother 'bout party cloes. 'Greeable?"

"Reckon we air," was the quick response. Tim made a dive for the bakery, trying hard not to smell the coffee, nor think how much better a plate of hot beans would be than the same cold.

"Now," he said, reappearing, "all aboard. Follow me sharp."

You may be sure the two little ragamuffins did as they were bidden.

"'Tain't much further," said Tim, at length. "I'm a little s'lect in my tastes, you see, so I live rather out of the way o' folks," laughed he.

Presently they struck the railroad; and then, in a few minutes, he stopped before an unused, dilapidated flag house.

"Walk in," he asked, politely holding open the door, which was only a plank. There certainly was not much room to spare when they were all in, but then they were sheltered, and all the warmer for being obliged to keep close together.

"Reckon we'd better interduce before grub, hadn't we? I'm Tim Mulligan—at your service, an' happy to meet you."

"The boys in the alley call us Speckle-Face and Red-Top. I'm Speckle-Face, and he's Red-Top," said the spokesman.

"Now we're all right, and old friends," said Tim, complacently. "Let's pitch in."

He had spread the contents of his parcels on an old box, and without waiting for another invitation, didn't they "pitch in"! Tim watched them with solid satisfaction, contenting himself with one small biscuit and half a doughnut. "I'm not so very pertic'ler about beans. Guess I won't indulge to-night," he said.

It did not take very long to clear up, even to the last crumb of Tim's spread.

"Now, sirs," said the brave little host, when it was gone and his guests showed signs of departing, "my accommerdations are not so very grand, but they're better than the storm. You'd better stop over night."

As his guests made no remonstrance to this suggestion, he made ready a bed for them, a little straw and part of an old blanket.

"You bundle up together, and you'll stand it, I guess," said Tim

"You're an awful good feller," said Speckle-Face, gratefully, as he pulled the blanket round him, and in less than five minutes both were sound asleep.

It was cold over by the door, which did not quite fit, and Tim missed his blanket, but did not say anything. Something came to him as he lay there shivering. Sometimes he crept into a church because it was warm there; he had caught at such times snatches of sermons about One who once lived on earth, was homeless, poor, and lonely—"like us fellers," thought Tim. But now this mysterious One was great, rich and powerful, and had a beautiful home. And those who would love and try to please Him could go and live with Him. He thought it over, as the bitter wind and storm came through the cracks upon him. He drew as far away as possible, up beside his little visitors, who lay sleeping so peacefully.

"I wonder if Jesus'd listen to a poor hunchy like me." And clasping his stiff little hands, Tim knelt and made his first prayer: "Dear Lord, I don't know who you are, nor where you live, but I wish you'd take me to your home, for I am so tired, and hungry, and cold. And I'll do everything I can, if you'll tell me how. Won't you please take me? Amen."

Then Tim lay down again, and somehow he did not mind the cold as before.

"I wonder—when—He'll take me—and how I'll get there," he thought dreamily.

It was broad daylight before the two little visitors awoke, threw off the blanket and sat up.

"Hello!" said Speckle-Face, but Tim did not stir.

"Hello!" piped Red-Top.

Then Speckle-Face shook him, but still Tim's eyes did not open, and Red-Top, putting his hand out on his face, started back in terror.

"He's cold, like she was," he sobbed.

Tim's prayer had been answered; he

had gone to that home where they shall hunger no more.

And I think he had found that, inasmuch as he had done it unto the least of earth's sorrowing ones, he had done it unto Him.

WE SIMPLY SAY, "GOOD-BYE."

WE say it for an hour or for years,
We say it smiling, say it choked with tears;
We say it coldly, say it with a kiss;
And yet we have no other word than this,— "Good-bye."

We have no dearer word for our heart's friend,
For him who journeys to the world's far end,
And sears our soul with going; this we say,
As unto him who steps but o'er the way,— "Good-bye."

Alike to those we love, and those we hate,
We say no more at parting at life's gate,
To him who passes out beyond earth's sight,—
We cry, as to the wanderer for the night,— "Good-bye."

JUST TWO WEE SHOES.

I SAW wife pull out the bottom drawer of the old family bureau this evening, and went softly out, and wandered up and down, until I knew that she had shut it up and gone to her sewing. We have some things laid away in that drawer which the gold of kings could not buy, and yet they are relics which grieve us until both our hearts are sore. I haven't dared look at them for a year, but I remember each article.

There are two worn shoes, a little chip-hat with part of the brim gone, some stockings, pants, a coat, two or three spools, bits of broken crockery, a whip, and several toys. Wife—poor thing—goes to that drawer every day of her life, and prays over it, and lets her tears fall upon the precious articles; but I dare not go.

Sometimes we speak of little Jack, but not often. It has been a long time, but somehow we can't get over grieving. He was such a burst of sunshine into our lives that his going away has been like covering our every-day existence with a pall. Sometimes, when we sit alone of an evening, I writing and she sewing, a child on the street will call out as our boy used to, and we will both start up with beating hearts and a wild hope, only to find the darkness more of a burden than ever.

It is so still and quiet now. I look up at the window where his blue eyes used to sparkle at my coming, but he is not there. I listen for his pattering feet, his merry shout, and his ringing laugh; but there is no sound. There is no one to climb over my knees, no one to search my pockets and tease for presents; and I never find the chairs turned over, the broom down, or ropes tied to the door-knobs.

I want some one to tease me for my knife; to ride on my shoulder; to lose my axe; to follow me to the gate when I go, and be there to meet me when I come; to call "good-night" from the little bed, now empty. And wife, she misses him still more: there are no little feet to wash, no prayers to say; no voice teasing for lumps of sugar, or sobbing with the pain of a hurt toe; and she would give her own life, almost, to awake at midnight, and look

across to the crib and see our boy there as he used to be.

So we preserve our relics; and when we are dead we hope that strangers will handle them tenderly, even if they shed no tears over them.

"ROOM FOR A TIRED LITTLE FELLOW."

HE had played for his lordship's levee,
He had played for her ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy
And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,
And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they said—too late—"He's weary;
He shall rest, for at least, to-night."

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,
As they watched in the silent gloom,
With the sound of a strained cord breaking
A something snapped in the room.

'Twas a string of his violoncello,
And they heard him stir in his bed:—
"Make room for a tired little fellow,
King God," was the last that he said.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

IN the early spring of 1863, when the Confederate and Federal armies were confronting each other on the opposite hills of Stafford and Spottsylvania, two bands chanced one evening, at the same hour, to begin to discourse sweet music on either bank of the river. A large crowd of the soldiers of both armies gathered to listen to the music, the friendly pickets not interfering, and soon the bands began to answer each other. First the band on the northern bank would play "Star-Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," or some other national air, and at its conclusion the "boys in blue" would cheer most lustily. And then the band on the southern bank would respond with "Dixie" or "Bonnie Blue Flag," or some other Southern melody, and the "boys in gray" would attest their approbation with an "old Confederate yell." But presently one the bands struck up a tune—in sweet and plaintive notes which were wafted across the beautiful Rappahannock, were caught up at once by the other band and swelled into a grand anthem which touched every heart—"Home, Sweet Home!" At the conclusion of this piece there went up a simultaneous shout from *both sides of the river*—cheer followed cheer, and those hills, which had so recently resounded with hostile guns, echoed and re-echoed the glad acclaim. A chord had been struck responsive to which the hearts of enemies—enemies *then*—could beat in unison; and, on both sides of the river,

Something down the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

THERE was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister who was a child too, and his constant companion. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the water; they wondered at the goodness and power of God, who made them so lovely.

They used to say to one another sometimes: Supposing all the children upon

A READING ROOM IN A WEALTHY HOME.

earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water, and the smallest bright speck playing at hide and seek in the sky all night must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand-in-hand at a window. Whoever saw it first cried out, "I see the star." And after that, they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that before lying down in their bed, they always looked out once again to bid it good-night; and when they were turning around to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand at the window at night, and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon, when the child looked out all alone, and when there was no face on the bed, and when there was a grave among the graves, not there before, and when the star made long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears. Now these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels; and the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "No!"

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!" And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him—and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth the child looked out upon the star as the home he was to go to when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child, and, while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched out his tiny form on the bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another!"

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "Oh, my sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him,—and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him and said:

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son."

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "The mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "Oh, mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet!"—and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter!"

And the man who had been a child, saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said: "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is around my mother's neck, and at her feet is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!"—And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he cried so long ago: "I see the star!"

They whispered one to another, "He is dying." And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And O, my Father, now I thank Thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!"—

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

—*Charles Dickens.*

WAS MERELY "WHISPERIN' BILL."

SO you're takin' the census, mister?
There's three of us livin' still,
My wife, an' I, an' our only son, that folks
call Whisperin' Bill;
But Bill couldn't tell ye his name, sir, an'
so it's hardly worth givin',
For ye see a bullet killed his mind, an' left
his body livin'.

Set down for a minute, mister; ye see Bill
was only fifteen
At the time o' the war, an' as likely a boy as
ever this world has seen;
An' what with the news of battles lost, the
speeches an' all the noise,
I guess every farm in the neighborhood
lost a part of its crop o' boys.

'Twas harvest-time when Bill left home; every stalk in the fields o' rye
Seemed to stand tip-top to see him off an' wave him a fond good-bye;
His sweetheart was here with some other girls—the sassy little Miss!
An' pretendin' she wanted to whisper 'n his ear, she gave him a rousin' kiss.

Oh, he was a handsome feller, an' tender an' brave an' smart,
An' tho' he was bigger than I was, the boy had a woman's heart.
I couldn't control my feelin's, but I tried with all my might,
An' his mother an' me stood a-cryin' till Bill was out o' sight.

His mother she often told him when she knew he was goin' away,
That God would take care o' him, maybe, if he didn't forgit to pray;
An' on the bloodiest battle-fields, when bullets whizzed in the air,
An' Bill was a-fightin' desperit, he used to whisper a prayer.

Oh, his comrades has often told me that Bill never flinched a bit,
When every second a gap in the ranks told where a ball had hit.
An' one night when the field was covered with the awful harvest o' war,
They found my boy 'mongst the martyrs o' the cause he was fightin' for.

His fingers were clutched in the dewy grass—oh, no, sir, he wasn't dead,
But he lay sort of helpless an' crazy with a rifle-ball in his head;
An' if Bill had really died that night I'd give all I've got worth givin';
For ye see the bullet had killed his mind an' left his body livin'.

An officer wrote an' told us how the boy had been hurt in the fight,
But he said that the doctors reckoned they could bring him round all right,
An' then we heard from a neighbor, disabled at Malvern Hill,
That he thought in the course of a week or so he'd be comin' home with Bill.

We was that anxious t' see him we'd set up an' talk o' nights
Till the break o' day had dimmed the stars an' put out the northern lights;
We waited an' watched for a month or more, an' the Summer was nearly past,
When a letter came one day that said they'd started for home at last.

I'll never forgit the day Bill came—'twas harvest-time again—
An' the air-bloom over the yellow fields was sweet with the scent o' the grain;
The door-yard was full o' the neighbors, who had come to share our joy,
An' all of us sent up a mighty cheer at the sight o' that soldier boy.

An' all of a sudden somebody said: "My God! don't the boy know his mother?"
An' Bill stood a-whisperin', fearful like, an' starin' from one to another:
"Don't be afraid, Bill," said he to himself, as he stood in his coat o' blue,
"Why, God'll take care o' you, Bill; God'll take care o' you."

He seemed to be loadin' an' firin' a gun, an' to act like a man who hears
The awful roar o' the battle-field a-soundin' in his ears;
I saw that the bullet had touched his brain an' somehow made it blind,
With the picture o' war before his eyes an' the fear o' death in his mind.

I grasped his hand, an' says I to Bill,
"Don't ye remember me?
I'm yer father—don't ye know me? How frightened ye seem to be!"
But the boy kep' a-whisperin' to himself, as if 'twas all he knew,
"God'll take care o' you, Bill; God'll take care o' you."

He's never known us since that day, nor his sweetheart, an' never will:
Father an' mother an' sweetheart are all the same to Bill.
An' many's the time his mother sets up the whole night through,
An' smooths his head, and says: "Yes, Bill, God'll take care o' you."

Unfortunit? Yes, but we can't complain. It's a livin' death more sad
When the body clings to a life o' shame an' the soul has gone to the bad;
An' Bill is out o' the reach o' harm an' danger of every kind.
We only take care of his body, but God takes care of his mind.

OLD AND BLIND.

I AM old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind;
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme, to Thee.

O Merciful One!
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near;
When friends pass by me, and my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me; and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown:
My vision thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear:
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred; here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance of Thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

Is it nothing now,
When Heaven is opening on my sightless eyes?
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine.
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

—*Milton.*

A HOME LIBRARY OF GOOD BOOKS.

RELIGIOUS AND SUBLIME.

RELIGION is the source of the greatest consolation to the afflicted, the sorrowing and those who suffer. Thomas Moore, sweetest of the Irish poets, says:

O Thou who driest the mourner's tear,
  How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
  We could not fly to Thee!

The friends who in our sunshine live
  When winter comes are flown,
And he who has but tears to give
  Must weep those tears alone.

But Thou wilt heal the broken heart,
  Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
  Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
  And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
  Is dimmed and vanished too,

O who could bear life's stormy doom,
  Did not Thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
  Our peace-branch from above?

Then sorrow touched by Thee grows bright
  With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
  We never saw by day.

THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

IN Genesis the world was made;
  In Exodus the march is told;
Leviticus contains the law;
  In Numbers are the tribes enrolled.
In Deuteronomy again
  We're urged to keep God's law alone;
And these five books of Moses make
  The oldest writings that are known.

Brave Joshua to Canaan leads;
  In Judges oft the Jews rebel;
We read of David's name in Ruth
  And First and Second Samuel.
In First and Second Kings we read
  How bad the Hebrew state became;
In First and Second Chronicles
  Another history of the same.
In Ezra captive Jews return,
  And Nehemiah builds the wall;
Queen Esther saves her race from death,
  These books "historical" we call.

In Job we read of patient faith;
  The Psalms and David's songs of praise;
The Proverbs are to make us wise;
  Ecclesiastes next portrays
How fleeting earthly pleasures are;
  The Song of Solomon is all
About the love of Christ; and these
  Five books "devotional" we call.

Isaiah tells of Christ to come,
  While Jeremiah tells of woe,
And in his Lamentations mourns
  The Holy City's overthrow.
Ezekiel speaks of mysteries,
  And Daniel foretells Kings of old;

Hosea calls men to repent;
  In Joel blessings are foretold.

Amos tells of wrath; and Edom
  Obadiah's sent to warn;
While Jonah shows that Christ should die,
  And Micah where He should be born.
In Nahum Nineveh is seen;
  In Habakkuk Chaldea's guilt;
In Zephaniah Judah's sins;
  In Haggai the Temple's built,
Zachariah speaks of Christ,
  And Malachi, of John, His sign.
The prophets number seventeen,
  And all the books are thirty-nine.

Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,
  Tell what Christ did in every place;
Acts show what the Apostles did,
  And Romans how we're saved by grace.
Corinthians instructs the church,
  Galatians shows us faith alone,
Ephesians true love; and in
  Philippians God's grace is shown.
Colossians tells us more of Christ,
  And Thessalonians of the end;
In Timothy and Titus both
  Are rules for pastors to attend.

Philemon Christian friendship shows;
  Then Hebrews clearly tells us how all
The Jewish law prefigured Christ;
  And these epistles are by Paul.
James shows that faith by works must live,
  And Peter urges steadfastness,
While John exhorts to Christian love,
  For those who have it God will bless.
Jude shows the end of evil men,
  And Revelation tells of heaven.
This ends the whole New Testament,
  And all the books are twenty-seven.

CURIOUS LITERARY COMPOSITION.

THIS is one of the most curious literary compositions known. The initial letters spell "My Boast is in the Glorious Cross of Christ," and the words in italics, when read on the left-hand side from top to bottom, and on the right-hand side from bottom to top, form the Lord's Prayer complete:

Make known the gospel truth, *our* Father King;
  Yield up Thy grace, dear *Father,* from above;
Bless us with hearts *which* feelingly can sing:
  "Our life Thou *art* for*ever,* God of Love."
Assuage our grief *in* love *for* Christ, we pray,
  Since the Prince of *Heaven* and *Glory* died.
Took all sins and *hallowed the* display,
  Infinite *be*ing, first man, *and* then was crucified.
Stupendous God! *Thy* grace and *power* make known;
  In Jesus' *name* let all *the* world rejoice,
Now labor in *Thy* Heavenly *kingdom* own,
  That blessed *kingdom,* for Thy saints *the* choice
How vile to *come* to Thee *is* all our cry;
  Enemies to *Thy*self and all that's *Thine;*
Graceless our *will,* we live *for* vanity;
  Loathing the very *be*ing, *evil* in design—
O God, Thy will be *done from* earth to Heaven;
  Reclining *on* the gospel let *us* live,
In *earth* from sin *delivere*d and forgiven.
  Oh! *as* Thyself, *but* teach us to forgive;
Unless *its* power *temptation* doth destroy,
  Sure *is* our fall *into* the depths of woe.

Carnal *in* mind, we have *not* a glimpse of joy
Raised against *Heaven;* in *us* no hope we know
O *give* us grace, and *lead* us on the way;
Shine on *us* with Thy love, and give *us* peace.
Self, and *this* sin that rises *against* us, slay,
Oh, grant each *day* our *trespass*es may cease;
Forgive *our* evil deeds, *that* oft we do;
Convince us *daily* of *them,* to our shame;
Help us with Heavenly *bread, forgive* us, too,
Recurrent lusts; *and we*'ll adore Thy name.
In Thy *forgive*ness we *as* saints can die,
Since for *us* and our *trespasses* so high,
Thy Son, *our* Saviour, died on Calvary.

CHARITY AS DEFINED BY THE BIBLE.

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

MORNING HYMN IN PARADISE.

THESE are thy glorious words, Parent of Good,
Thus wondrous fair—thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
'Midst these thy lowest works.
Yet these declare thy goodness beyond thought
And power divine!

—*Milton.*

PSALM XXIV.

THE earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein:

For He hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in His holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek Him, that seek Thy face, O Jacob. Selah.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory. Selah.

IMMORTALITY.

O listen, man!
A voice within us speaks that startling word,
"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
Hymn it into our souls; according harps,
By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality.
Thick-clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.

O listen ye, our spirits; drink it in
From all the air. 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;
'Tis floating midst Day's setting glories; Night,
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears:
Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen, living Hand; and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.
The dying hear it; and, as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

—*Dana.*

NEARER HOME.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

But the waves of that silent sea
Roll dark before my sight,
That brightly the other side
Break on a shore of light.

O, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink,
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think,

Father, perfect my trust,
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the Rock of a living faith.

—*Phoebe Cary.*

THERE IS NO DEATH.

THERE is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellowed fruit
Or rainbow-tinted flowers,

The granite rocks disorganize,
And feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
And flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate;
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The birdlike voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Around the tree of life.

Where'er He sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same,—
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

—*J. L. McCreery.*

"LEST WE FORGET."

GOD of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!
Amen.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

FRANCES E. WILLARD, known the world over in connection with temperance work, and associated for so many years with Lady Somerset, the leader of the total abstinence crusade in England, was President of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union of the United States nearly twenty years. She was born at Churchville, New York, in 1839, and died in New York City in 1898. She was President of the World's Christian Temperance Union, of which she was the founder; was the author of several books and a public platform and pulpit speaker of much force.

WHITE LIVES FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

FRANCES E. WILLARD, head of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union for many years, believed in "white lives" for both men and women; and that men should be as pure in thought and deed as they required women to be. She was, all in all, one of the remarkable women of the Nineteenth Century, and accomplished great good:

* * * "This gentle age into which we have happily been born, is attuning the twain whom God hath made for such great destiny, to higher harmonies than any other age has known, by a reform in the denaturalizing methods of a civilization largely based on force, by which the boy and girl have been sedulously trained apart. They are now being set side by side in school, in church, in government, even as God sets male and female everywhere side by side throughout his realm of law, and has declared them one throughout his realm of grace. Meanwhile, the conquest, through invention, of matter by mind, lifts woman from the unnatural subjugation of the age of force. In the presence of a Corliss engine, which she could guide as well as he, but which is an equal mystery to them both, men and women learn that they are fast equalizing on the plane of matter, as a prediction of their confessed equalization upon the planes of mind and of morality.

"We are beginning to train those with each other who were formed for each other, and the American Home, with its Christian method of a two-fold headship, based on laws natural and divine, is steadily rooting out all that remains of the mediæval continental and harem philosophies concerning this greatest problem of all time. The true relations of that complex being whom God created by uttering the mystic thought that had in it the potency of Paradise: 'In our own image let us make man, and let them have dominion over all the earth,' will ere long be ascertained by means of the new correlation and attuning, each to other, of a more complete humanity upon the Christ-like basis that 'there shall be no more curse.' * * *

"Woman is the embodiment of what shall be. In an age of force, woman's greatest grace was to cling; in this age of peace she doesn't cling much, but is every bit as tender and as sweet as if she did. * * *

"The personal habits of men and women must reach the same high level. On a low plane and for selfish ends primeval and mediæval man wrought out, with fiercest cruelty, virtue as the only tolerated estate of one-half the human race. On a high plane Christianity, working through modern womanhood, shall yet make virtue the only tolerated estate of the other half of the human race, and may Heaven speed that day! A woman knows that she must walk the straight line of a true life or men will look upon her with disdain. A man needs, for his own best good, to find that in the eyes of women, just the same is true of him."

EDUCATION NECESSARY FOR WOMEN.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, possessing one of the most brilliant minds known among American fair ones, was ever an advocate of "woman's rights." She believed in the advancement of women through the medium of education, not only as an aid in "getting on" but as a necessity in securing self-reliance:

"The strongest reason for giving women all the opportunities for higher education,

MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, a woman of remarkable oratorical gifts, was born at Johnstown, N. Y., in 1815, and afterwards graduated from Miss Willard's celebrated Seminary at Troy, N. Y. Her family was a prominent one during the Revolutionary period, several of her ancestors having fought in the ranks of the patriots under Washington. Her father, Judge Daniel Cady, was a well-known jurist. She devoted her life to the betterment of the condition of the women of the United States.

for the full development of her faculties and forces of mind and body, for giving her the most enlarged freedom of thought and action; a complete emancipation from all forms of bondage, of custom, dependence, superstition; from all the crippling influences of fear, is the solitude and personal responsibility of her own individual life. The strongest reason why we ask for woman a voice in the Government, under which she lives; in the religion she is asked to believe; equality in social life, where she is the chief factor; a place in the trades and professions, where she may earn her bread, is because of her birthright to self-sovereignty; because, as an individual, she must rely on herself. No matter how much women prefer to lean, to be protected and supported, nor how much men desire to have them do so, they must make the voyage of life alone, and for safety in an emergency, they must know something of the laws of navigation. * * *

"To appreciate the importance of fitting every human soul for independent action, think for a moment of the immeasurable solitude of self. We come into the world alone, unlike all who have gone before us; we leave it alone, under circumstances peculiar to ourselves.

* * * "Alike mid the greatest triumphs and darkest tragedies of life, we walk alone. On the divine heights of human attainment, eulogized and worshiped as a hero, or saint, we stand alone. In ignorance, poverty and vice, as a pauper or criminal alone we starve or steal, alone we suffer the sneers and rebuffs of our fellows, alone we are hunted and wounded through dark courts and alleys, in by-ways and highways, alone we stand at the judgment seat, alone in the prison cell we lament our crimes and misfortunes, and alone we expiate them on the gallows. In hours like these we realize the awful solitude of individual life, its pains, its penalties, and its responsibilities; hours in which the youngest and most helpless are thrown on their own resources for guidance and consolation.

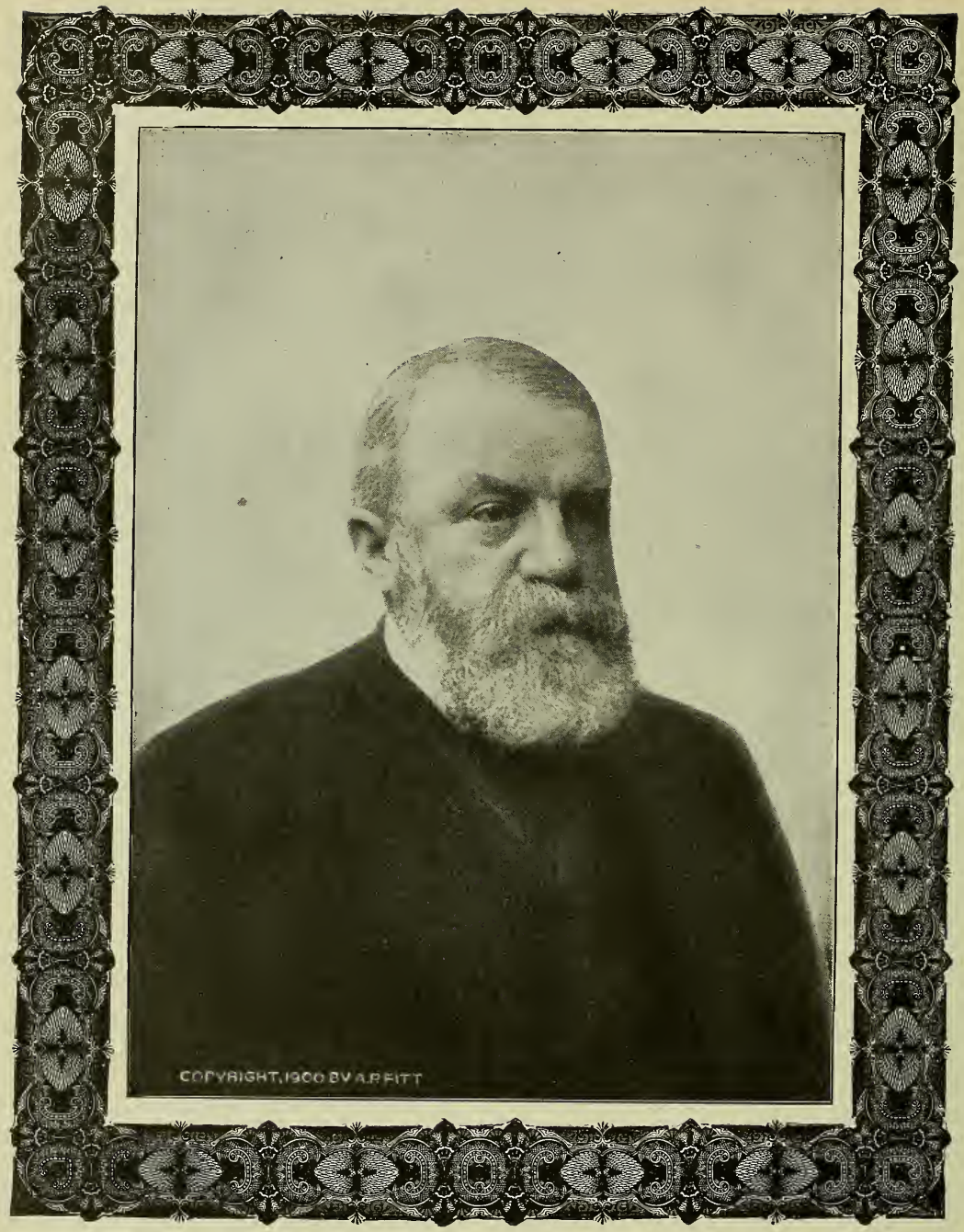
"To throw obstacles in the way of a complete education, is like putting out the eyes, to deny the rights of property is like cutting off the hands, to deny political equality is to rob the ostracized of all self-respect; of credit in the market place; of recompense in the world of work; of a voice in those who make and administer the law; a choice in the jury before whom they are tried, and in the judge who decides their punishment."

SOME OF MOODY'S SAYINGS.

REV. DWIGHT L. MOODY was an impassioned orator of the most pronounced type; apt in illustration, fervid in appeal and eloquent to a degree, few could resist him. He attempted no lofty flights, but, being natural at all times, was effective with all classes. During one of his sermons he gave an example of a mother's love:

"I know a mother who, like Christ, gave her life for love.

"When the California gold fever broke out, a man went there, leaving his wife in New England with his boy. As soon as he got on and was successful he was to send for them. It was a long time before he succeeded, but at last he got money enough to send for them. The wife's heart leaped for joy She took her boy to New York, got on board a Pacific steamer, and sailed away to San Francisco. They had not been long at sea before the cry of 'Fire! fire!' rang through the ship, and rapidly it gained on them. There was a powder magazine on board, and the captain knew the moment the fire reached the powder every



REV. DWIGHT L. MOODY, the great evangelist, was born February 5, 1837, at Northfield, Massachusetts, where he also died sixty-three years later after a life filled with good deeds and noble works. When Dwight was but four years old, his father died. In 1871 he and Ira D. Sankey began a series of revival meetings in this country, afterwards going to England, Ireland and Scotland, where they drew such crowds as had never been known before in the history of the world.

man, woman and child must perish. They got out the life boats, but they were too small. In a minute they were overcrowded. The last one was just pushing away, when the mother pleaded with them to take her and her boy.

" 'No,' they said, 'we have got as many as we can hold.'

"She entreated them so earnestly, that at last they said they would take one more. Do you think she leaped into that boat and left her boy to die? No! She seized her boy, gave him one last hug, kissed him, and dropped him over into the boat.

" 'My boy,' she said, 'if you live to see your father, tell him that I died in your place.' That is a faint type of what Christ has done for us.

"There was a little boy who went to one of the mission Sunday-schools. His father moved to another part of the city, about five miles away, and every Sunday that boy came past thirty or forty Sunday-schools to the one he attended. And one Sunday a lady, who was out collecting scholars for a Sunday-school, met him and asked him why he went so far, past so many schools.

" 'There are plenty of others,' said she, 'just as good.'

" 'They may be as good,' said the boy, 'but they are not so good for me.'

" 'Why not?' she asked.

" 'Because they love a fellow over there,' he answered.

"Ah! love won him. 'Because they love a fellow over there!' How easy it is to reach people through love! Sunday-school teachers should win the affections of their scholars if they wish to lead them to Christ."

SAM JONES ON SHINING LIGHTS.

THERE are many who maintain that Sam Jones, the Southern revivalist, is not an orator, and yet he is, in the truest sense of that much-abused term. He follows no beaten path, but marks a way of his own and follows it, thus showing the genius of originality. One of his most notable sermons was on "Let Your Light Shine:"

"I have kicked the bushel off a great many men's lights, and they would fall out with me and say I put their light out. And I didn't. Their light had gone out over ten years before, when they went and turned that bushel down over it. It went out the minute they turned that bushel over it. Sometimes it is the bushel of neglect. Sometimes it is the bushel of wilful transgression. Sometimes it is the bushel of avarice. And there are a thousand bushels that will be furnished you at any time you want one to turn down over your light. And at any moment, if you put a bushel over your light—if your light was burning and you have taken and turned a bushel and put over it—you will find your light is out. And don't be foolish enough to think that the man that removed the bushel put your light out. It was the bushel turned down over it that put the light out.

"Never mind about other people's lights. Look after your own light. Some clergymen, instead of shedding their own light by preaching Christ, are looking after false lights.

"Church members should let their lights shine by their actions. Win the sinner by love. A worldly man recently entered one of the churches in Indianapolis, and was allowed to stand fifteen minutes in the aisle. Then he walked around to another aisle. No Christian offered him a seat. By and by, after he got tired out standing, he leaned over to a brother who had his light under a bushel, and ventured to inquire:

" 'What church is this?'

"'Christ's church, sir—Christ's,' said the church member, impatiently.

"'Is he in?' asked the man, meekly. [Laughter.]

"The churchman left his light under the bushel, and went and got the stranger a seat. He was so mad about it that when he got back to his bushel, the light was out. [Laughter.]

"How many Christians here to-night have put out their light?

"Many clergymen, instead of making Christ shine, are trying to shine themselves. Their sermons are not to save sinners, but they are made to win the praise of men. They read well, but they don't save souls."

ADORATION OF THE CREATOR.

OF old hast Thou laid the foundation of the earth: and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure: yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed: but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, "Return, ye children of men." For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.—*Psalms.*

A CREED GOOD ENOUGH FOR ALL.

I HOLD that Christian grace abounds
  Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
  Of love to men.

I hold all else, named piety,
  A selfish scheme, a vain pretense;
Where center is not, can there be
  Circumference?

This I moreover hold, and dare
  Affirm where'er my rhyme may go,—
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
  Love makes them so.

Whether it be the lullabies
  That charm to rest the nursing bird,
Or that sweet confidence of sighs
  And blushes, made without a word.

Whether the dazzling and the flush
  Of softly sumptuous garden bowers,
Or by some cabin door, a bush
  Of ragged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
  Nor stubborn fasts, nor stated prayers,
That makes us saints; we judge the tree
  By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
  From works, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
  Is dry as dust.

—*Alice Cary.*

PRAYERS THAT WERE ANSWERED.

I PRAYED for riches, and achieved success,—
All that I touched turned into gold. Alas!
My cares were greater, and my peace was less
When that wish came to pass.

I prayed for glory; and I heard my name
Sung by sweet children and by hoary men.
But ah! the hurts, the hurts that come with fame!
I was not happy then.

I prayed for love, and had my soul's desire;
Through quivering heart and body and through brain
There swept the flame of its devouring fire;
And there the scars remain.

I prayed for a contented mind. At length
Great light upon my darkened spirit burst.
Great peace fell on me, also, and great strength,
Oh! had that prayer been first!

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

BIBLE READING.

IT will be almost universally conceded that no other language is so rich in meaning as the language of the Bible. Great leading truths are but the branches upon which cluster the most varied practical lessons of wisdom and virtue.

Almost whole books of the sacred writings are marked in each successive sentence with this abundant fruitfulness of meaning. With but an equal amount of attention and preparation, it is, therefore, but natural that there would be, correspondingly, a greater failure in giving full and complete expression to the language of the Bible than to the language of human origin.

In the most ordinary forms of speech, a part of the sense is constantly lost for want of a proper adaptation in the modulations of the voice. How much more this must be true where almost every word has an important bearing upon the whole, thus requiring a constantly changing variety of tone, time, stress and slide, in giving completeness to the sense. Here may be based two great classes of evils in expression.

1st. That form of expression which yields only a part of the meaning. We have a vast field of utterance, marked by various degrees of monotony, in which only a part of the meaning is brought out. No injustice may be done to that which is said, but it is not all said. Important words are lost in the general tone. The lights and shades of modulation are slighted, thus robbing the author of much that his words should have been made to convey. Through ignorance of the power of these changes, or the neglect of them, precious utterances are rendered fruitless and barren.

2d. A perversion of the true meaning. A quality of voice at variance with the sentiment, an improper pitch, a misplaced emphasis, inappropriate time, a false slide or inflection, may so utterly destroy the sense, and misrepresent the meaning as to divert the words entirely from their meaning.

We believe it should be made the conscientious practice of every reader of the Bible, first to satisfy his own mind as to the meaning of each passage, and then to

see that his rendering will properly represent that meaning.

The following anecdote in point here, may suggest some important lessons in this direction:

A student at the Theological Seminary at Andover, who had an excellent opinion of his own talent, on one occasion asked the professor who taught elocution at the time,—

"What do I especially need to learn in this department?"

"You ought first learn to read," said the professor.

"Oh, I can read now," replied the student.

The professor handed the young man a Testament, and pointing to the twenty-fifth verse of the twenty-fourth chapter of Luke's Gospel, he asked him to read that. The student read, "Then he said unto them, O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken."

"Ah," said the professor, "they were fools for believing the prophets, were they?"

Of course that was not right, and so the young man tried again.

"O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken."

"The prophets, then, were sometimes liars?" asked the professor.

"No. O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken."

"According to this reading," the professor suggested, "the prophets were notorious liars."

This was not a satisfactory conclusion, and so another trial was made. "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken."

"I see now," said the professor, "the prophets wrote the truth, but they spoke lies."

This last criticism discouraged the student, and he acknowledged that he did not know how to read. The difficulty lies in the fact that the words "slow of heart to believe," applies to the whole of the latter part of the sentence, and emphasis on any particular word entirely destroys the meaning.

There are thousands of passages that may be rendered meaningless or even ridiculous by the change of emphasis alone upon a single word.

In addition, to this common want of expression, there are a variety of styles, in popular use, peculiar to Bible reading, against which we utter a most respectful, though a most earnest protest.

1st. Professional Style.

This is capable of sub-division into a number of varieties, but with so little in favor of either, as to give no ground for distinction in the general objection. The reader should avoid any style that is professional, if for no other reason than that it is professional.

2d. Inflated Style.

There is that form of utterance which says in the tone and manner, "I am commissioned to handle this message. Behold me! Listen to me!" At which, great swelling sounds issue forth, with the unfortunate effect that Divine words are lost in sound. We should ever recognize by a humility of tone and manner that the words are Jehovah's.

3d. Pious Tone.

We are not opposed to the utmost purity of voice, marked with a manly dignity and a becoming solemnity, but there prevails a variety of cant and whine which should fall under the same condemnation which God himself pronounces upon other lip service. The best gift which God gave to man in the flesh, is his manhood; and we will not believe that He meant we should lose that manhood when uttering His

words. If ever it should glow and burn in all its Divine origin, it is when thus standing in God's stead.

4th. Trifling Style.

This style, in contrast with professional dignity and excessive piety, is no less to be guarded against. Kings' messages, the proclamations of Chief Magistrates, the language of the wise and learned, claim a corresponding dignity of expression; how much more the words of Infinite Power and of Infinite Wisdom.

It is evident that the very purpose of the Divine Word may be thwarted by the tone and manner. God has made his word simple. Do not rob it of that simplicity by bringing in a profundity of expression. He has brought it down to the comprehension of the human mind. Do not give such an inhuman utterance as to raise it up out of the reach of humanity.

God has made it plain. Do not involve it in mystery by vacant, weird and professional tones. God meant it for man. Do not read it to the angels. It is the word of the dear Heavenly Father, full of mercy and the tenderest affection. Do not read it as the message of an Absolute Monarch. Yet, it is God's word. Avoid that reckless vagabondish manner which so often marks the utterance of human language.

It is God's truth, meant for man. Read it as of old they read "in the law of God, distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading."

—*J. W. Shoemaker.*

ANGELS SHOULD RING CHRISTMAS BELLS.

LET the angels ring the bells,
Christmas bells!
They first brought the news from glory,
First proclaimed on earth the story:
Let the angels ring the bells,
Brimming o'er with mirth and gladness,
Tumbling, turning round in madness:
Christmas bells! Christmas bells!
Telling that, to shepherds told,
In their midnight hymns of old—
That sweet tale once sung by them;
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Let the angels ring the bells,
Christmas bells!
Let them ring, on tiptoe standing:
Let them pause, the bells high landing;
Let the angels ring the bells,
With their deep peals and sonorous,
Blending in metallic chorus;
Christmas bells! Christmas bells!
Now to soft notes gently dwindling,
Then again to rapture kindling;
Ne'er before such joy to them:
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Let the children hear the bells,
Christmas bells!
With their romping shouts and laughter,
Each the other running after;
Let the children hear the bells!
Do not dwell upon their foibles,
Let them be to them as joy-bells!
Christmas bells! Christmas bells!
As they catch them, and glad listen,
See the light in their eyes glisten;
Give them gifts of toy or gem:
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Let the aged hear the bells,
Christmas bells!
Deaf and palsied, downward stooping,
Sad and lone, round fireside grouping,
Let the aged hear the bells!
They right well discern their meaning,
Mem'ries of their childhood gleaming:
Christmas bells! Christmas bells!
They have heard them yearly ringing,
Nearer their translation bringing:
Sadly sweet the tale to them,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Let creation hear the bells,
  Christmas bells!
Cease her sighing and her moaning,
Cease her travail and her groaning:
  Let creation hear the bells!
Christ has bought her man's redemption,
Christ has brought her sin's exemption:
  Christmas bells! Christmas bells!
Let her join them in their ringing;
Let her break forth into singing.
He her tide of woe shall stem:
Christ, once born in Bethlehem!

—*Rev. J. E. Rankin.*

THE MANGER OF BETHLEHEM.

THERE'S a song in the air!
  There's a star in the sky!
  There's a mother's deep prayer
  And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

  There's a tumult of joy
  O'er the wonderful birth,
  For the virgin's sweet boy
  Is the Lord of the earth,
Ay! the star rains its fire and the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

  In the light of that star
  Lie the ages impearled;
  And that song from afar
  Has swept over the world.
Every hearth is aflame, and the Beautiful sing,
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

  We rejoice in the light,
  And we echo the song
  That comes down through the night
  From the heavenly throng.
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in his cradle our Saviour and King.

WHAT THE CYNIC SEES.

THE Cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind to light, mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game.

The Cynic puts all human actions into only two classes—openly bad, and secretly bad. All virtue, and generosity, and disinterestedness, are merely the appearance of good, but selfish at the bottom.

His criticisms and innuendoes fall indiscriminately upon every lovely thing, like frost upon the flowers. If Mr. A. is pronounced a religious man, he will reply: Yes, on Sundays. Mr. B. has just joined the church: Certainly, the elections are coming on. The minister of the gospel is called an example of diligence: It is his trade. Such a man is generous: Of other men's money. This man is obliging: To lull suspicion and cheat you. That man is upright: Because he is green.

Thus his eye strains out every good quality, and takes in only the bad. To him religion is hypocrisy, honesty a preparation for fraud, virtue only a want of opportunity, and undeniable purity, asceticism.

It is impossible to indulge in such habitual severity of opinion upon our fellowmen without injuring the tenderness and delicacy of our own feelings. A man will be what his most cherished feelings are.

—*Beecher.*

GOOD BOOKS IN A WESTERN HOME.

IN A SENTIMENTAL STRAIN.

SENTIMENT is a powerful factor in the shaping of our lives. Sentiment does not altogether mean the love of a youth for a maiden, although both are apt to be sentimental at that time; whatever stirs the emotions is sentimental in the truest sense. Read Charles Dickens' description of the death of "Little Nell:"

By little and little, the old man drew back towards the inner chamber, while these words were spoken. He pointed there, as he replied, with trembling lips,—

"You plot among you to wean my heart from her. You will never do that—never while I have life. I have no relative or friend but her—I never had—I never will have. She is all in all to me. It is too late to part us now."

Waving them off with his hand, and calling softly to her as he went, he stole into the room. They who were left behind drew close together, and after a few whispered words,—not unbroken by emotion, or easily uttered,—followed him. They moved so gently, that their footsteps made no noise, but there were sobs from among the group, and sounds of grief and mourning.

For she was dead. There, upon her little bed, she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now.

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death.

Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." These were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever.

Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings and fatigues? All gone. This was the true death before their weeping eyes. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happiness were born; imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes. The old fireside had smiled on that same sweet face; it had passed like a dream through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold, wet night, at the still, dying boy, there had been the same mild lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty, after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and kept the small hand tight folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile — the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he passed it to his lips, then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and as he said it, he looked, in agony, to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead and past all help, or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was ebbing fast—the garden she had tended—the eyes she had gladdened—the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtless hour—the paths she had trodden as if it were but yesterday—could know her no more.

"It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on her cheek, and give his tears free vent—"it is not in this world that Heaven's justice ends. Think what it is compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish expressed in solemn terms above this bed could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!"

JEAN ANDERSON, MY JOY, JEAN.

JEAN ANDERSON, my joy, Jean,
Just lay your loof in mine,
An' let us talk thegither
O' days of auld lang syne.
The sun is gettin' low, Jean,
An' death is drawin' near:
'Tis growin' hard for baith to see,
'Tis growin' hard to hear.

Jean Anderson, my joy, Jean,
I kenn'd ye lang ago,
When ye were but a wee thing,
That toddlin' roun' did go.
An' I was but a child, Jean,
A boastfu', boist'rous boy,
That pulled ye in his wooden cart,
Jean Anderson, my joy.

Jean Anderson, my joy, Jean,
I comp'nied ye to school;
Your basket hung between us,
To keep the gowden rule;
An' hameward when we strolled, Jean,
It was a joy fu' sweet
For us to gang our lane, and pluck
Spring violets at our feet.

Jean Anderson, my joy, Jean,
When first we twa were wed,
Your cheeks were like the blush rose,
As dewy and as red;
Your e'en were like the sky, Jean,
As gentle and as blue;
An' oh, your trustfu', wifely touch,
It thrilled me through and through.

Jean Anderson, my joy, Jean,
Ye've been my anely lo'e;
I lo'ed ye in your bairnheid;
I've lo'ed ye steadfast through;
I lo'ed your girlhood curls, Jean;
I lo'e the locks of snaw
That Time has drifted on your head,
An' spring will never thaw.

Jean Anderson, my joy, Jean,
Our bairns, they too are grown;
An' roun' the cheerfu' ingle,
Have wee things o' their own:
Three lives, I think, we've lived, Jean,
Since we were girl and boy—
Our ain, our bairnies', and their bairns'—
Jean Anderson, my joy.

Jean Anderson, my joy, Jean,
There is ane life beyon',
An', though I'm dull o' hearin',
I seem to catch its soun';
An', through the mist, I see, Jean,
Heights o' that gowden lan',
Up which we baith shall mount to God,
Led by His lo'in han'.

Jean Anderson, my joy, Jean,
It makes cauld bluid leap warm,

To think that Hame we're nearin',
  Beyon' life's beatin' storm;
To think that there, at last, Jean,
  We'll lean upon His breast,
Who gathers wearie, waitin' anes,
  An' gi'es them His ain Rest.

—*J. E. Rankin.*

"BETSY AND I ARE OUT."

DRAW up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout,
For things at home are cross-ways, and Betsy and I are out,—
We who have worked together so long as man and wife,
Must pull in single harness the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter?" says you. I swan! it's hard to tell!
Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well;
I have no other woman — she has no other man;
Only we've lived together as long as ever we can.

So I have talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with me;
And we've agreed together, that we can never agree;
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime,
We've been a gatherin' this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a start;
Although we ne'er suspected, 'twould take us two apart;
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone,
And Betsy, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing, I remember, whereon we disagreed,
Was somethin' concerning heaven — a difference in our creed;
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast — we arg'ed the thing at tea—
And the more we arg'ed the question, the more we couldn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow;
She had kicked the bucket, for certain — the question was only—How?
I held my opinion, and Betsy another had;
And when we were done a talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
But for full a week it lasted and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I fretted because she broke a bowl;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way;
Always somethin' to arg'e and something sharp to say,—
And down on us came the neighbors, a couple o' dozen strong,
And lent their kindliest sarvice to help the thing along.

And there have been days together — and many a weary week—
When both of us were cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak;

And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the summer and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with me;
And we have agreed together that we can never agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine;
And I'll put it in the agreement and take it to her to sign.

Write on that paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—
Of all the farm and live stock, she shall have her half;
For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day,
An' it's nothin' more than justice that Betsy has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead; a man can thrive and roam,
But women are wretched critters, unless they have a home.
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
That Betsy never should want a home, if I was taken away.

There's a little hard money besides, that's drawin' tol'rable pay,
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day,—
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;
Put in another clause there, and give her all of that.
I see that you are smiling, sir, at my givin' her so much;
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such;

True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young,
And Betsy was always good to me, exceptin' with her tongue.

When I was young as you, sir, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps;
And all of 'em was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And for a time I was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once, when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon—
Never an hour went by me, when she was out of sight;
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen were tidy as any I ever seen;
And I don't complain of Betsy or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarreled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer; and I'll go home to-night,
And read the agreement to her and see if it's all right;
And then in the mornin' I'll sell to a tradin' man I know—
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur;
That when I'm dead at last she will bring me back to her,

"BETSY AND I ARE OUT."

And lay me under the maple we planted years ago,
When she and I were happy, before we quarreled so.

And when she dies, I wish that she would be laid by me;
And lyin' together in silence, perhaps we'll then agree;
And if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we've quarreled here.

BETSY DESTROYS THE PAPER.

(They did not part.)

I'VE brought back the paper, lawyer, and fetched the parson here,
To see that things are regular, and settled up fair and clear;
For I've been talking with Caleb, and Caleb has with me,
And the 'mount of it is we're minded to try once more to agree.

So I came here on the business,—only a word to say
(Caleb is staking pea-vines, and couldn't come to-day)
Just to tell you and parson how that we've changed our mind;
So I'll tear up the paper, lawyer, you see it wasn't signed.

And now if parson is ready, I'll walk with him toward home;
I want to thank him for something, 'twas kind of him to come;
He's showed a Christian spirit, stood by us firm and true;
We mightn't have changed our mind, squire, if he'd been a lawyer too.

There!—how good the sun feels, and the grass, and blowin' trees!
Something about them lawyers makes me feel fit to freeze;
I wasn't bound to state particular to that man,
But it's right you should know, parson, about our change of plan.
We've been some days a-waverin' a little, Caleb and me,
And wished the hateful paper at the bottom of the sea;
But I guess 'twas the prayer last evening, and the few words you said,
That thawed the ice between us, and brought things to a head.

You see, when we came to division, there was things that wouldn't divide;
There was our twelve-year-old baby, she couldn't be satisfied
To go with one or the other, but just kept whimperin' low,
"I'll stay with papa and mamma, and where they go I'll go."

Then there was grandsire's Bible—he died on our wedding day;
We couldn't halve the old Bible, and should it go or stay?
The sheets that was Caleb's mother's, her sampler on the wall,
With the sweet old names worked in—Tryphena, and Eunice, and Paul.
Still we went on a-talkin'; I agreed to knit some socks,
And made a dozen striped shirts, and a pair of war'mus frocks;
And he was to cut a doorway from the kitchen to the shed;
"Save you climbing steps much in frosty weather," he said.

He brought me the pen at last; I felt a sinkin' and he
Looked as he did with the agur, in the spring of sixty-three.
'Twas then you dropped in, parson, 'twasn't much that was said,
"Little children, love one another," but the thing was killed stone dead.

I should like to make confession; not that I'm going to say
The fault was all on my side, that never was my way,
But it may be true that women—tho' how 'tis I can't see—
Are a trifle more aggravatin' than men know how to be.

Then, parson, the neighbors' meddlin'—it wasn't pourin' oil;
And the church a-laborin' with us, 'twas worse than wasted toil;
And I've thought and so has Caleb, though maybe we are wrong,
If they'd kept to their own business, we should have got along.

There was Deacon Amos Purdy, a good man as we know,
But hadn't a gift of laborin' except with the scythe and hoe;
Then a load came over in peach time from the Wilbur neighborhood,
"Season of prayer," they called it; didn't do an atom of good.

Then there are pints of doctrine, and views of a future state
I'm willing to stop discussin'; we can both afford to wait;
'Twon't bring the millennium sooner, disputin' about when it's due,
Although I feel an assurance that mine's the scriptural view.

But the blessedest truths of the Bible, I've learned to think, don't lie
In the texts we hunt with a candle to prove our doctrines by,
But them that come to us in sorrow, and when we're on our knees;
So if Caleb won't argue on free-will, I'll leave alone the decrees.

But there's the request he made; you know it, parson, about
Bein' laid under the maples that his own hand set out,
And me to be laid beside him when my turn comes to go;
As if—as—don't mind me; but 'twas that that unstrung me so.

And now, that some scales, as we think, have fallen from our eyes,
And things brought so to a crisis have made us both more wise,
Why, Caleb says and so I say, till the Lord parts him and me,
We'll love each other better, and try our best to agree.

—*Will M. Carleton.*

KATIE LEE AND WILLIE GRAY.

TWO brown heads with tossing curls,
Red lips shutting over pearls,
Bare feet, white and wet with dew,
Two eyes black and two eyes blue—
Little boy and girl were they
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They were standing where a brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Flashed its silver, and thick ranks
Of willow fringed its mossy banks—
Half in thought and half in play,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They had cheeks like cherry red,
He was taller, 'most a head;
She with arms like wreaths of snow
Swung a basket to and fro,
As they loitered, half in play,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

"Pretty Katie," Willie said,
And there came a dash of red
Through the brownness of the cheek,
"Boys are strong and girls are weak,
And I'll carry, so I will,
Katie's basket up the hill."

Katie answered with a laugh,
"You shall only carry half;"
Then said, tossing back her curls,
"Boys are weak as well as girls."
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?
Men are only boys grown tall;
Hearts don't change much, after all;
And when, long years from that day,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray
Stood again beside the brook
Bending like a shepherd's crook—

It is strange that Willie said,
While again a dash of red
Crowned the brownness of his cheek,
I am strong and you are weak;
Life is but a slippery steep,
Hung with shadows cold and deep.

"Will you trust me, Katie dear?
Walk beside me without fear?
May I carry, if I will,
All your burdens up the hill?"
And she answered, with a laugh,
"No, but you may carry half."

Close beside the little brook
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Working with its silver hands
Late and early at the sands,
Stands a cottage, where, to-day,
Katie lives with Willie Gray.

In the porch she sits, and lo!
Swinging a basket to and fro,
Vastly different from the one
That she swung in years agone;
This is long, and deep, and wide,
And has rockers at the side.

THEY WERE MARRIED SHORTLY AFTER THAT.

"I KNOW what you're going to say," she said,
And she stood up, looking uncommonly tall;
"You are going to speak of the hectic fall,
And say you are sorry the summer's dead,
And no other summer was like it, you know,
And can I imagine what made it so?
Now, ain't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said;
"You're going to ask if I forget
That day in June when the woods were wet,
And you carried me"—here she dropped her head—
"Over the creek; you are going to say,
Do I remember that horrid day?
Now, ain't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you are going to say," she said;
"You are going to say that since that time
You have rather tended to run to rhyme;
And,"—her clear glance fell, and her cheek grew red,—

"And have I noticed your tone was queer;
Why, everybody has seen it here!
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," I said,
"You are going to say we've been much annoyed,
And I'm short of tact—you will say, devoid—
And I'm clumsy and awkward, and call me Ted,
And I'll bear abuse like a dear old lamb,
And you'll have me, anyway, just as I am?
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Ye—es," she said.

LINGERING LOVERS FINALLY PARTED.

GOOD-NIGHT, sweetheart! It can't be ten, I know;
That clock would better "go a little slow!"
I do not see how it can have the face
To take "new deals" at such a rapid pace.
Full well I know ten minutes have not flown
Since it struck nine! Good-night, my love, my own!
"Good-night, Charlie!"

Oh, yes; last night, while going down Broadway,
Whom do you think I met? Dick Gray!
Just home from Europe! You should hear him talk!
'Twould make a mummy laugh to see him walk!
He struts around with such a killing air.
Ha! ha! Good-night, my love, my jewel rare.
"Good-night, Charlie!"

Oh, Katie! wait, dear; I forgot to tell
You something. Let me think! That's funny! Well,
It's gone, and in a moment so am I.
My darling, how I hate to say good-bye!
Some fellows would much later stay, I know;
But "Ten" your mother says; so I must go.
"Good-night, Charlie!"

Sometime, bewitching Kate, — ah! sometime, sweet,—
"Good-bye" shall we consider obsolete;
No more will clocks strike terror to my heart,
And in exultant tones bid me depart.
Ah! now, like Cinderella at the ball,
I fly from happiness! Good-night, my all!
"Good-night, Charlie!"

Oh, Katie, dear, it's too much trouble, think,
To get a match? I could not sleep a wink
Without my smoke. It is a lovely night,
So clear and sweet, and it is just as bright
As day. Well, I must tear myself away.
Thanks, dear! Good-night, once more I'll say!
"Good-night, Charlie!"

Oh, dear! How stupid of me! There's my cane—
I must come back and get it! Should it rain
To-morrow eve, will come and let you know
About the party; if not, we'll go.
Hark! Catch me ere I fall! Oh! what a shock!
It strikes again! Good-night! Confound that clock!
"Good-night, Charlie!"

THE BOY ON THE BACK-YARD FENCE.

THE boy stood on the back-yard fence,
whence all but he had fled;
The flames that lit his father's barn shone
just above the shed.
One bunch of crackers in his hand, two
others in his hat,
With piteous accents loud he cried, "I never
thought of that!"
A bunch of crackers to the tail of one small
dog he'd tied;
The dog in anguish sought the barn, and
'mid its ruins died.

The sparks flew wide, and red and hot, they
lit upon that brat;
They fired the crackers in his hand, and
e'en those in his hat.

Then came a burst of rattling sound—the
boy! Where was he gone?
Ask of the winds that far around strewed
bits of meat and bone:
And scraps of clothes, and balls, and tops,
and nails, and hooks, and yarn–
The relics of that dreadful boy that burnt
his father's barn.

DEAR, COQUETTISH, KATHIE MORRIS.

AH! fine it was that April time, when
gentle winds were blowing,
To hunt for pale arbutus blooms that
hide beneath the leaves,
To hear the merry rain come down, and
see the clover growing,
And watch the airy swallows as they
darted round the eaves.

You wonder why I dream to-night of clo-
ver that was growing
So many years ago, my wife, when we
were in our prime;
For hark! the wind is in the flue, and John-
ny says 'tis snowing,
And through the storm the clanging
bells ring in the Christmas time.

I cannot tell, but something sweet about
my heart is clinging—
A vision and a memory; 'tis little that I
mind
The weary wintry weather, for I hear the
robins singing,
And the petals of the apple-blooms are
ruffled in the wind.

It was a sunny morn in May, and in the
fragrant meadow
I lay and dreamed of one fair face, as
fair and fresh as spring;
Would Kathie Morris love me? Then in
sunshine and in shadow
I built up lofty castles on a golden wed-
ding ring.

Oh, sweet it was to dream of her, the sol-
dier's only daughter,
The pretty, pious Puritan that flirted so
with Will;
The music of her winsome mouth was like
the laughing water
That broke in silvery syllables by Farmer
Phillip's mill.

And Will had gone away to sea; he did
not leave her grieving;
Her bonny heart was not for him, so
reckless and so vain;
And Will turned out a buccaneer, and
hanged was he for thieving
And scuttling helpless ships that sailed
across the Spanish main.

And I had come to grief for her, the scornful village beauty,
For oh, she had a witty tongue, could cut you like a knife;
She scanned me with her handsome eyes, and I, in bounden duty,
Did love her—loved her more for that—and wearied of my life.

And yet 'twas sweet to dream of her, to think her wavy tresses
Might rest, some happy, happy day, like sunshine on my cheek.
The idle winds that fanned my brow I dreamed were her caresses,
And in the robin's twitterings I heard my sweetheart speak.

And as I lay and dreamed of her, her fair, sweet face adorning
With lover's fancies, treasuring the slightest words she said,
'Twas Kathie broke upon me like a blushing summer morning,
And a half-open rosy clover reddened underneath her tread.

Then I looked up at Kathie, and her eyes were full of laughter;
Oh, Kathie, Kathie Morris, I am lying at your feet;
Bend above me, say you love me, that you'll love me ever after,
Or let me lie and die here, in the fragrant meadow sweet!"

And then I turned my face away, and trembled at my daring,
For wildly, wildly had I spoke, with flashing cheek and eye;
And there was silence; I looked up, all pallid and despairing,
For fear she'd take me at my word, and leave me there to die.

The silken fringes of her eyes upon her cheeks were drooping,
Her merciless white fingers tore a blushing bud apart;
Then, quick as lightning, Kathie came, and kneeling half and stooping,
She hid her bonny, bonny face against my beating heart!

Oh, nestle, nestle, nestle there! the heart would give thee greeting;
Lie thou there, all trustfully, in trouble and in pain;
This breast shall shield thee from the storm and bear its bitter beating,
These arms shall hold thee tenderly in sunshine and in rain.

Old sexton, set your chimes in tune, and let there be no snarling;
Ring out a happy wedding hymn to all the listening air;
And, girls, strew roses as she comes—the scornful, brown-eyed darling—
A princess by the wavy gold and glistening of her hair!

Hark! hear the bells! The Christmas bells? Oh, no; who set *them* ringing?
I think I hear our bridal bells, and I with joy am blind—
Johnny, don't make such a noise! I hear the robins singing,
And the petals of the apple-blooms are ruffled in the wind.

Ah, Kathie! you've been true to me in fair and cloudy weather,
Our Father has been good to us when we've been sorely tried;
I pray to God, when we must die. that we may die together,
And slumber softly underneath the clover, side by side.

"THE MIGHT OF LOVE."

THE MIGHT OF LOVE.

"THERE is work, good man, for you
to-day!"
So the wife of Jamie cried,
"For a ship at Garl'ston, on Solway,
Is beached, and her coal's to be got away
At the ebbing time of tide."

"And, lassie, would you have me start,
And make for Solway sands?
You know that I, for my poor part,
To help me, have no horse nor cart—
I have only just my hands!"

"But, Jamie, be not, till ye try,
Of honest chances baulked;
For, mind ye, man, I'll prophesy
That while the old ship's high and dry
Her master'll have her caulked."

And far and near the men were pressed,
As the wife saw in her dreams.
"Aye," Jamie said, "she knew the best,"
As he went under with the rest
To caulk the open seams.

And while the outward-flowing tide
Moaned like a dirge of woe,
The ship's mate from the beach-belt cried:
"Her hull is heeling toward the side
Where the men are at work below!"

And the cartmen, wild and open-eyed,
Made for the Solway sands—
Men heaving men like coals aside,
For now it was the master cried:
"Run for your lives, all hands!"

Like dead leaves in the sudden swell
Of the storm, upon that shout,
Brown hands went fluttering up and fell,
As, grazed by the sinking planks, pell-mell
The men came hurtling out!

Thank God, thank God, the peril's past!
"No! no!" with blanching lip,
The master cries. "One man, the last,
Is caught, drawn in, and grappled fast
Betwixt the sands and the ship!"

"Back, back, all hands! Get what you can—
Or pick, or oar, or stave."
This way and that they breathless ran,
And came and fell to, every man,
To dig him out of his grave!

"Too slow! too slow! the weight will kill!
Up, make your hawsers fast!"
Then every man took hold with a will—
A long pull and a strong pull—still
With never a stir o' the mast!

"Out with the cargo!" Then they go
At it with might and main.
"Back to the sands! too slow, too slow!
He's dying, dying! yet, heave ho!
Heave ho! there, once again!"

And now on the beach at Garl'ston stood
A woman whose pale brow wore
Its love like a queenly crown; and the blood
Ran curdled and cold as she watched the flood
That was racing in to the shore.

On, on it trampled, stride by stride.
It was death to stand and wait;
And all that were free threw picks aside,
And came up dripping out o' th' tide,
And left the doomed to his fate.

But lo! the great sea trembling stands;
Then, crawling under the ship,
As if for the sake of the two white hands
Reaching over the wild, wet sands,
Slackened that terrible grip.

"Come to me, Jamie! God grants the way,"
She cries, "for lovers to meet."
And the sea, so cruel, grew kind, they say,
And, wrapping him tenderly round with spray,
Laid him dead at her feet.

ROSE TO A HIGHER LIFE.

THE words of a blue-eyed child as she kissed her chubby hand and looked down the stairs: "Good-night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning."

It came to be a settled thing, and every evening, as the mother slipped the white night-gown over the plump shoulders, the little one stopped on the stairs and sang out, "Good-night, papa," and as the father heard the silvery accents of the child, he came, and taking the cherub in his arms, kissed her tenderly, while the mother's eyes filled, and a swift prayer went up, for, strange to say, this man who loved his child with all the warmth of his great, noble nature, had one fault to mar his manliness. From his youth he loved the wine-cup. Genial in spirit, and with a fascination of manner that won him friends, he could not resist when surrounded by his boon companions. Thus his home was darkened, the heart of his wife bruised and bleeding, the future of his child shadowed.

Three years had the winsome prattle of the baby crept into the avenues of the father's heart, keeping him closer to his home, but still the fatal cup was in his hand. Alas for frail humanity, insensible to the calls of love! With unutterable tenderness God saw there was no other way; this father was dear to him, the purchase of His Son; He could not see him perish, and calling a swift messenger, He said, "Speed thee to earth and bring the babe."

"Good-night, papa," sounded from the stairs. What was there in the voice? was it the echo of the mandate, "Bring me the babe"?—a silvery plaintive sound, a lingering music that touched the father's heart, as when a cloud crosses the sun. "Good-night, my darling"; but his lips quivered and his broad brow grew pale. "Is Jessie sick, mother? Her cheeks are flushed, and her eyes have a strange light."

"Not sick," and the mother stooped to kiss the flushed brow; "she may have played too much. Pet is not sick."

"Jessie tired, mamma; good-night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning."

"That is all, she is only tired," said the mother as she took the small hand. Another kiss and the father turned away; but his heart was not satisfied.

Sweet lullabies were sung; but Jessie was restless and could not sleep. "Tell me a story, mamma"; and the mother told of the blessed babe that Mary cradled, following along the story till the child had grown to walk and play. The blue, wide-open eyes filled with a strange light, as though she saw and comprehended more than the mother knew.

That night the father did not visit the saloon; tossing on his bed, starting from a feverish sleep and bending over the crib, the long, weary hours passed. Morning revealed the truth—Jessie was smitten with a fever.

"Keep her quiet," the doctor said; "a few days of good nursing, and she will be all right."

Words easy said; but the father saw a look on the sweet face such as he had seen before. He knew the message was at the door.

Night came. "Jessie is sick; can't say good-night, papa"; and the little clasping fingers clung to the father's hand.

"O God, spare her! I cannot, cannot

bear it!" was wrung from his suffering heart.

Days passed; the mother was tireless in her watching. With her babe cradled in her arms her heart was slow to take in the truth, doing her best to solace the father's heart: "A light case! the doctor says, 'Pet will soon be well.' "

Calmly as one who knows his doom, the father laid his hand upon the hot brow, looked into the eyes even then covered with the film of death, and with all the strength of his manhood cried, "Spare her, O God! spare my child, and I will follow thee."

With a last painful effort the parched lips opened: "Jessie's too sick; can't say good-night, papa—in the morning." There was a convulsive shudder, and the clasping fingers relaxed their hold; the messenger had taken the child.

Months have passed. Jessie's crib stands by the side of her father's couch; her blue embroidered dress and white hat hang in his closet; her boots with the print of the feet just as she last wore them, as sacred in his eyes as they are in the mother's. Not dead, but merely risen to a higher life; while, sounding down from the upper stairs, "Good-night, papa, Jessie see you in the morning," has been the means of winning to a better way one who had shown himself deaf to every former call.

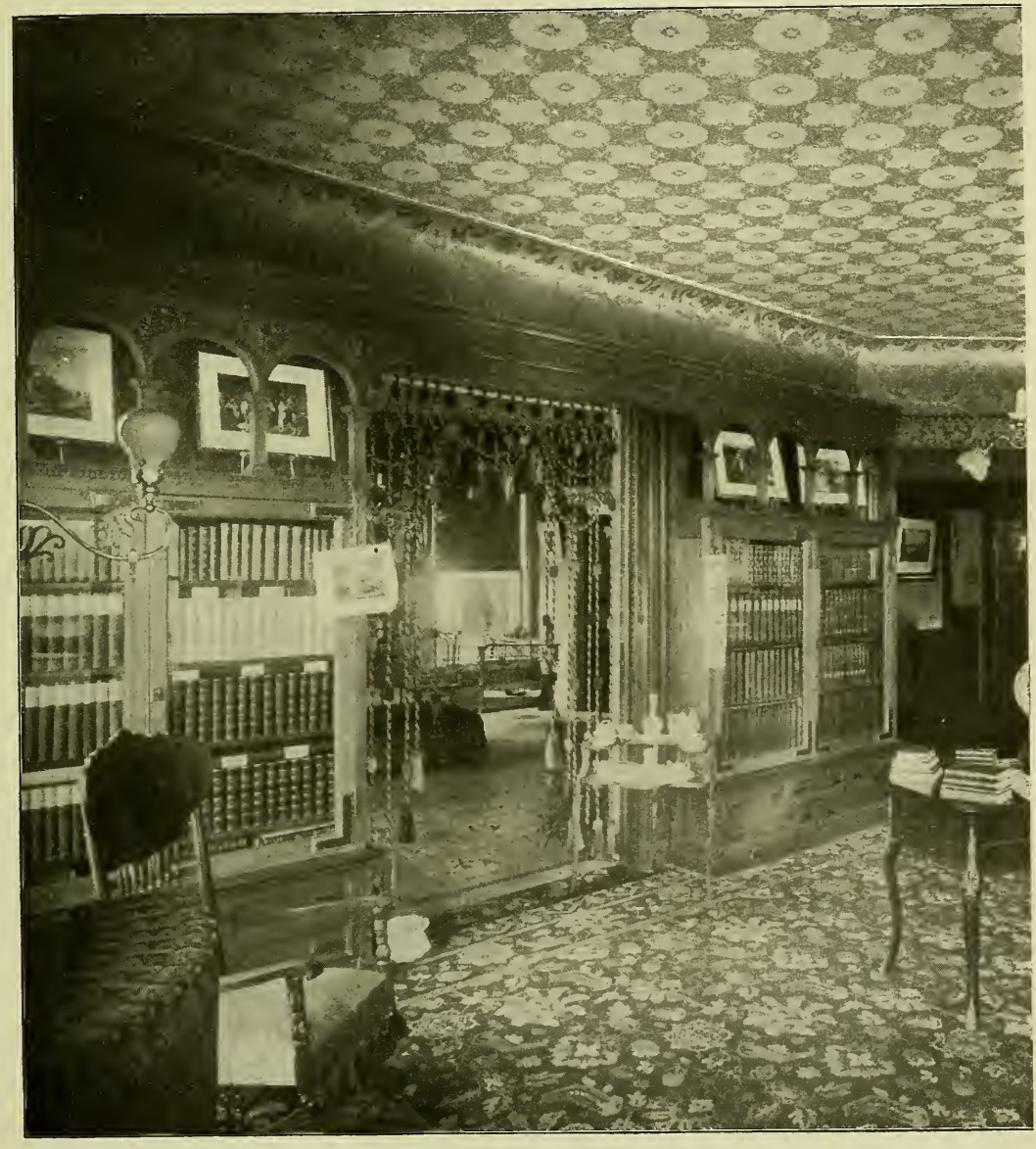
WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

FAREWELL!—but whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain;
But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles—
Too blest, if he tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmured, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst; there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distilled—
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

—*Thomas Moore.*



A LIBRARY IN A CITY HOME.

WHERE TRUE HAPPINESS REIGNS.

TELL me, ye winged winds that round my pathway soar,
Do ye not know some spot where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell, some valley in the west
Where, free from toil and pain, the weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low
And sighed for pity as it answered—"No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep, whose billows round me play,
Knowest thou some favorite spot, some island far away,
Where weary one may find the bliss for which she sighs—
Where sorrow never lives, and friendship never dies?
The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow
Stopped for awhile and sighed to answer—"No."

And thou, serenest moon, that with such lovely face
Dost look upon the earth asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me in all thy round hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man may find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice sweet but sad responded—"No."

Tell me, my secret soul, Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place from sorrow, sin and death?
Is there no happy spot where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm, and weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best subjects to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings and whispered—"Yes, in Heaven."

HE HAD TO DO HIS DUTY.

WHAT! Robbed the mail at midnight! We'll trail them down, you bet!
We'll bring them to the halter; I'm sheriff of Yuba yet.
Get out those mustangs, hearties, and long before set of sun
We'll trail them down to their refuge, and justice shall yet be done.

It's pleasant, this rude experience; life has a rugged zest
Here on the plains and mountains, far to the open west:
Look at those snow-capped summits—waves of an endless sea;
Look at yon billowed prairie, boundless as grand and free.

Ah! we have found our quarry! yonder within the bush!
Empty your carbines at them, then follow me with a rush!
Down with the desperadoes! Ours is the cause of right!
Though they should slash like demons, still we must gain the fight!

Pretty hot work, McGregor, but we have gained the day.
What? Have we lost their leader? Can he have sneaked away?
There he goes in the chaparral! He'll reach it now in a bound!
Give me that rifle, Parker! I'll bring him down to the ground.

There, I knew I could drop him; that little piece of lead
Sped straight on to its duty. The last of the gang is dead.
He was a handsome fellow, plucky and fearless, too;
Pity such men are devils, preying on those more true.

What have you found in his pockets? Papers? Let's take a look.
"George Walgrave" stamped on the cover? Why, that is my brother's book;
The deeds and the papers also, and letters received from me;
He must have met these demons. Been murdered and robbed, you see.

And I have been his avenger! It is years since last we met.
We loved each other dearly, and Walgraves never forget.
If my voice is broken, excuse me. Somehow it confines my breath—
Let me look on the face of that demon who dogged poor George to his death!

Good God! It is he; my brother! killed by my own strong hand!
He is no bandit leader! This is no robber band;
What a mad, murderous blunder! Friends, who thought they were foes.
Seven men dead on the prairie, and seven homes flooded with woes.

And to think that I should have done it! When ere many suns should set,
I hoped to embrace my brother—and this is the way we've met!
He with his dead eyes gazing up to the distant sky,
And I his murderer, standing, living and unharmed, by!

Well, his fate is the best one! Mine, to behold his corse
Haunting my life forever; doomed to a vain remorse.
How shall I bear its shadows? How could this strange thing be?
O my brother and playmate! Would I had died for thee!

Pardon my weak emotion. Bury them here, my friends;
Here, where the green-plumed willow over the prairie bends.
One more tragedy finished in the romance of strife,
Passing like somber shadows over this frontier life. —*I. Edgar Jones.*

LITTLE MEG AND I.

YOU asked me, mates, to spin a yarn, before we go below;
Well, as the night is calm and fair, and no chance for a blow,
I'll give you one,—a story true as ever yet was told—
For, mates, I wouldn't lie about the dead; no, not for gold.
The story's of a maid and lad, who loved in days gone by;
The maiden was Meg Anderson, the lad, messmates, was I.

A neater, trimmer craft than Meg was very hard to find;
Why, she could climb a hill and make five knots again the wind;
And as for larnin', hulks and spars! I've often heard it said
That she could give the scholars points and then come out ahead.
The old school-master used to say, and, mates, it made me cry,
That the smartest there was little Meg; the greatest dunce was I.

But what cared I for larnin' then, while she was by my side;
For, though a lad, I loved her, mates, and for her would have died;
And she loved me, the little lass, and often have I smiled
When she said, "I'll be your little wife," 'twas the prattle of a child.
For there lay a gulf between us, mates, with the waters running high;
On one side stood Meg Anderson, on the other side stood I.

Meg's fortune was twelve ships at sea and houses on the land;
While mine—why, mates, you might have held my fortune in your hand.
Her father owned a vast domain for miles along the shore;
My father owned a fishing-smack, a hut, and nothing more;
I knew that Meg I ne'er could win, no matter how I'd try,
For on a couch of down lay she, on a bed of straw lay I.

I never thought of leaving Meg, or Meg of leaving me,
For we were young, and never dreamed that I should go to sea,
Till one bright morning father said: "There's a whale-ship in the bay:
I want you, Bill, to make a cruise—you go aboard to-day."
Well, mates, in two weeks from that time I bade them all good-bye,
While on the dock stood little Meg, and on the deck stood I.

I saw her oft before we sailed, whene'er I came on shore,
And she would say: "Bill, when you're gone, I'll love you more and more;
And I promise to be true to you through all the coming years."
But while she spoke her bright blue eyes were filled with pearly tears.
Then, as I whispered words of hope and kissed her eyelids dry,
Her last words were: "God speed you, Bill!" so parted Meg and I.

Well, mates, we cruised for four long years, till at last, one summer's day,
Our good ship, the Minerva, cast anchor in the bay.
Oh, how my heart beat high with hope, as I saw her home once more,
And on the pier stood hundreds, to welcome us ashore;
But my heart sank down within me as I gazed with anxious eye—
No little Meg stood on the dock, as on the deck stood I.

Why, mates, it nearly broke my heart when I went ashore that day,
For they told me little Meg had wed, while I was far away.
They told me, too, they forced her to't—and wrecked her fair young life—
Just think, messmates, a child in years, to be an old man's wife.
But her father said it must be so, and what could she reply?
For she was only just sixteen—just twenty-one was I.

Well, mates, a few short years from then—perhaps it might be four—
One blustering night Jack Glinn and I were rowing to the shore,
When right ahead we saw a sight that made us hold our breath—
There floating in the pale moonlight was a woman cold in death.
I raised her up: oh, God, messmates, that I had passed her by!
For in the bay lay little Meg, and over her stood I.

EVENING AT THE FARM.

OVER the hill the farm-boy goes,
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar-tree, about the spring,
The katydid begins to sing;
The early dews are falling;
Into the stone heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
Cheerily calling,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co! co'!"
Farther, farther, over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day;
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plow;
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow,
The cooling dews are falling:
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
The whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,
His cattle calling:
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes,
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling:
The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye,
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
Soothingly calling,
"So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying "So! so, boss! so! so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes,
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the crickets' ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
The heavy dews are falling.
The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose,
But still in his sleep the farm-boy goes
Singing, calling—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"

—*J. T. Trowbridge.*

MY BED IS A BOAT.

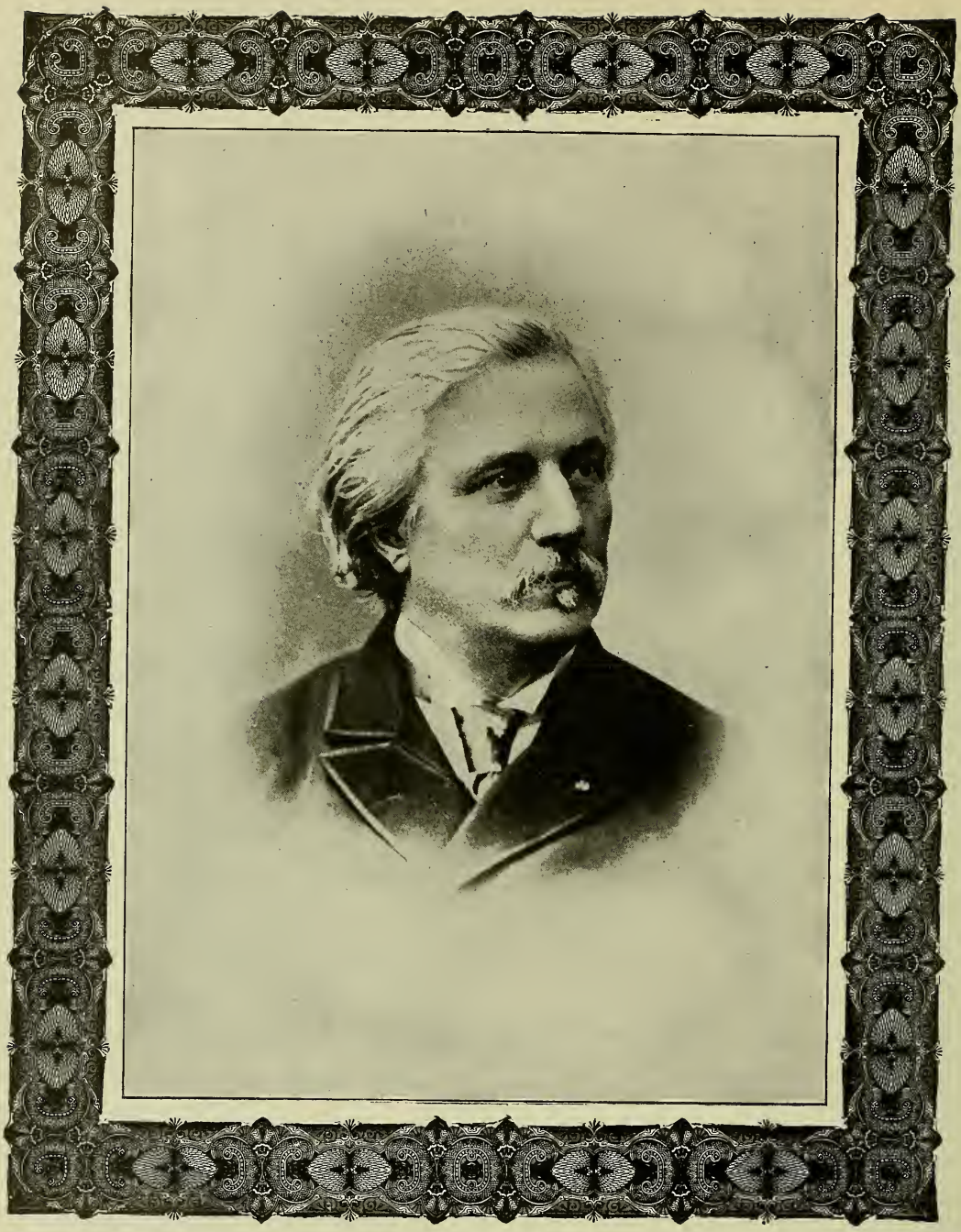
MY bed is like a little boat;
Nurse helps me in when I embark;
She girds me in my sailor's coat,
And starts me in the dark.

At night I go on board and say
Good-night to all my friends on shore;
I shut my eyes and sail away,
And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,
As prudent sailors have to do—
Perhaps a slice of wedding-cake,
Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer;
But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room, beside the pier,
I find my vessel fast.

—*R. L. Stevenson.*



HON. SIR JOSEPH ADOLPHE CHAPLEAU, K. C. M. G., late Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, was, by many persons who heard him speak in both French and English, considered to be the greatest orator Canada ever produced. His reputation as an orator stands high. His massive head, pleasant countenance and leonine locks, coupled with the impassioned speech of the French Canadian, made him a conspicuous figure on a platform—in grace only rivalled by Sir Wilfred Laurier. He passed away in the early days of 1898.

JEWELS OF PATRIOTISM.

REV. DR. RYERSON, for many years Superintendent of Education in upper Canada, was a notable speaker. Perhaps one of the best of his patriotic addresses was that delivered in 1875, on the occasion of a pioneers' picnic held at Queenston Heights on the anniversary of Lundy's Lane! He congratulated the pioneers on their spirit of loyalty and then proceeded:

What is this loyalty? It is no other than an attachment to the institutions and the laws of the land in which we live, and to the history of the nation to which we belong. It is not merely a sentiment of respect of the country to an individual, or even to the Sovereign. If it gathered around the person of the Sovereign, it is because that Sovereign represented the institutions of the people, the overshadowing laws of the people, the real and essential freedom, and the noblest development of the spirit of the people. Loyalty in its true essence and meaning was the principle of respect to our Sovereign, the freedom of our institutions, and the excellencies of our civilization, and it is therefore a feeling worthy to be perpetuated by the people. Shakespeare—that great apostle of human nature—has said:

"Though loyalty, well held, to fools does make
Our faith mere folly; yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer."

Loyalty is, therefore, faithful to its own principles, whether the personal object of it is in prosperity or adversity.

"Loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the game;
True as the dial of the sun,
Though it be not shone upon."

Hence, says Lord Clarendon of a statesman of his time: "He had no veneration for the court, but only such loyalty to the King as the law required." True loyalty is, therefore, fidelity to the constitution, laws and institutions of the land, and, of course, to the sovereign power representing them.

Thus it was with our loyalist forefathers. There was no class of inhabitants of the old British-American colonies more decided and earnest than they in claiming the rights of British subjects when invaded; yet when, instead of maintaining the rights of British subjects, it was proposed to renounce the allegiance of British subjects and destroy the unity of the Empire, or "the life of the Nation" (as our American neighbors expressed it in their recent Civil War to maintain the unity of their republic), then were our forefathers true to their loyalty, and adhered to the unity of the Empire, at the sacrifice of property and home, and often of life itself. Of them might be said what Milton says of Abdiel, amid the revolting hosts:

"Abdiel, faithful found;
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept."

Our United Empire loyalist forefathers

"kept their loyalty unshaken, unseduced, unterrified" during seven long years of conflicts and sufferings; and that loyalty, with a courage and enterprise, and under privations and toils unsurpassed in human history, sought a refuge and a home in the wilderness of Canada, felled the forests of our country, and laid the foundations of its institutions, freedom and prosperity.

Canadian loyalty is the perpetuation of that British national life which has constituted the strength and glory of Great Britain since the morning of the Protestant reformation, and placed her at the head of the freedom and civilization of mankind. This loyalty maintains the characteristic traditions of the nation—the mysterious links of connection between grandfather and grandson—traditions of strength and glory for a people, and the violations of which are a source of weakness and disorganization. Canadian loyalty, therefore, is not a mere sentiment, or mere affection for the representative or person of the Sovereign; it is a reverence for, and attachment to, the laws, order, institutions and freedom of the country. As Christianity is not a mere attachment to a bishop, or ecclesiastic, or form of church polity, but a deep love of divine truth; so Canadian loyalty is a firm attachment to that British constitution for those British laws, adopted or enacted by ourselves, which best secure life, liberty and prosperity, and which prompt us to Christian and patriotic deeds by linking us with all that is grand and noble in the traditions of our national history.

CANADA.

O CHILD of Nations, giant-limbed,
  Who stand'st among the nations now
Unheeded, unadorned, unhymned,
  With unanointed brow,—

How long the ignoble sloth, how long
  The trust in greatness not thine own?
Surely the lion's brood is strong
  To front the world alone!

How long the indolence ere thou dare
  Achieve thy destiny, seize thy fame,—
Ere our proud eyes behold thee bear
  A nation's franchise. nation's name?

The Saxon force, the Celtic fire,
  These are thy manhood's heritage!
Why rest with babes and slaves? Seek higher
  The place of race and age.

I see to every wind unfurled
  The flag that bears the Maple-Wreath;
Thy swift keels furrow round the world
  Its blood-red folds beneath.

Thy swift keels cleave the furthest seas;
  Thy white sails swell with alien gales;
To stream on each remotest breeze
  The black smoke of thy pipes exhales.

O Falterer, let thy past convince
  Thy future,—all the growth, the gain,
The fame since Cartier knew thee, since
  Thy shores beheld Champlain!

Montcalm and Wolfe! Wolfe and Montcalm!
  Quebec, thy storied citadel,
Attests in burning song and psalm
  How here thy heroes fell!

O Thou that bor'st the battle's brunt
  At Queenston, and at Lundy's Lane,—
On whose scant ranks but iron front
  The battle broke in vain!

Whose was the danger, whose the day,
  From whose triumphant throats the cheers,
At Chrysler's Farm, at Chateaugay,
  Storming like clarion-bursts our ears?

SIR GEORGE CARTIER was born as early as 1814, and was one of the greatest of the French Canadians of the nineteenth century. George Cartier fought for his countrymen in the engagements at St. Denis in 1837. He held a seat in the Assembly, and was one of the few French Canadians to oppose the retention of seignorial tenure. Later Mr. Cartier was connected in several administrations with Sir John Macdonald, and was in the first Confederation ministry.

On soft Pacific slopes,—beside
  Strange floods that northward rave and fall,—
Where chafes Acadia's chainless tide—
  Thy sons await thy call.

They wait; but some in exile, some
  With strangers housed, in stranger lands;
And some Canadian lips are dumb
  Beneath Egyptian sands.

O mystic Nile! Thy secret yields
  Before us; thy most ancient dreams
Are mixed with far Canadian fields
  And murmur of Canadian streams.

But thou, my Country, dream not thou!
  Wake, and behold how night is done,-
How on thy breast, and o'er thy brow,
  Bursts the uprising sun!

—*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

THE FUTURE OF CANADA.

LOOKING into the future, I perceive my country spanning this broad continent, her bosom throbbing with life and great plenty. Upon the pages of her history I can read the records of her achievements. It is worthy of a land with so rich an inheritance. I see her artists kneel for inspiration before her majestic and lovely landscapes, while able pens are moulding the traditions and legends with which the land is so richly strewn into an imperishable literature, encompassing history, romance and song.

Later on I imagine that I see a people, intelligent, thrifty and well-ordered—who, with roll of drum and the joyous waving of flags, celebrates the centennial anniversary of the birth of Canada; and I hear statesmen alluding to this nineteenth year of the Confederation as the one which saw unworthy men strive to sever the ties of the sisterhood. Later on still, it seems as if I heard them relate with pride that in spite of these men's treason the loyalty and faith of the people remained unshaken; that they went on adding and building, striving and achieving, until they crowned their work with a nationhood that in the eyes of civilized mankind stood second to none in prosperity, intelligence and general contentment.

—*Edmund Collins.*

EMPIRE FIRST.

Popular Song.

SHALL we break the plight of youth,
  And pledge us to an alien love?
No! We hold our faith and truth,
  Trusting to the God above.

  Stand, Canadians, firmly stand,
  Round the flag of Fatherland.

Britain bore us in her flank,
  Britain nursed us at our birth,
Britain reared us to our rank
  'Mid the nations of the earth.
    Stand, Canadians, etc.

In the hour of pain and dread,
  In the gathering of the storm,
Britain raised above our head
  Her broad shield and sheltering arm.
    Stand, Canadians, etc.

O triune kingdom of the brave,
  O sea-girt island of the free,
O empire of the land and wave,
  Our hearts, our hands, are all for thee.
    Stand, Canadians, etc.

—*John Talon-Lesperance.*

SONG FOR CANADA.

SONS of the race whose sires
Aroused the martial flame
That filled with smiles
The triune Isles,
Through all their heights of fame!
With hearts as brave as theirs,
With hopes as strong and high,
We'll ne'er disgrace
The honored race
Whose deeds can never die.
Let but the rash intruder dare
To touch our darling strand,
The martial fires
That thrilled our sires
Would flame throughout the land.

Our lakes are deep and wide,
Our fields and forests broad;
With cheerful air
We'll speed the share,
And break the fruitful sod;
Till blest with rural peace,
Proud of our rustic toil,
On hill and plain
True kings we'll reign,
The victors of the soil.
But let the rash intruder dare
To touch our darling strand,
The martial fires
That thrilled our sires
Would light him from the land.

Health smiles with rosy face
Amid our sunny dales,
And torrents strong
Fling hymn and song
Through all the mossy vales;
Our sons are living men,
Our daughters fond and fair;
A thousand isles
Where plenty smiles
Make glad the brow of Care.
But let the rash intruder dare
To touch our darling strand,
The martial fires
That thrilled our sires
Would flame throughout the land.

And if in future years
One wretch should turn and fly,
Let weeping Fame
Blot out his name
From Freedom's hallowed sky;
Or should our sons e'er prove
A coward, traitor race,—
Just heaven! frown
In thunder down
T' avenge the foul disgrace!
But let the rash intruder dare
To touch our darling strand,
The martial fires
That thrilled our sires
Would light him from the land.

—*Charles Sangster.*

CANADIAN ARISTOCRACY.

OURS is a democratic country in an age of democracy. We here enjoy, at least in theory, what is called the reign of the common people. But the reign of the common people, that is to say, the right of the masses of mankind to govern themselves, requires on the part of those who govern an earnest discharge of those duties which are necessarily involved in the privileges which they enjoy. In politics, as in other things, power and privilege bring with them an inevitable load of responsibility and duty, and we cannot hope to succeed in the noble task of self-government, unless each one of us, realizing this, shall do his duty in the situation which he occupies, and shall, within the sphere of his powers and influence, labor to promote the

accomplishment of sound reforms in their due season. Now, in this democratic country we have but few, and I wish we had no examples of the class distinctions of the old world. I think they ought not to have been introduced. They are foreign to our soil; they are unsuited to our habits; they are relics of old times now past; they are not given under the advice of our own leaders of opinion; and I wish it might become a part of our unwritten code that these exotic distinctions should not be by us received. Yet, sir, I am a believer in a certain, and in a real sense, in the principle of aristocracy. I believe in the true aristocracy of energy, learning, ability and integrity; an aristocracy whose marks and titles are found in the earnest efforts of a man to do his duty and to excel in its discharge; and whose distinctions are such as a free people themselves confer by the expression of their confidence, by mandates to the great council of the country, by selection of high offices of public trust, by commission to regulate the affairs, to guide the high destinies of the people among whom they live. That is the aristocracy and the only aristocracy which is suited to our day and country.

—*Edward Blake.*

THIS CANADA OF OURS.

LET other tongues in older lands
Loud vaunt their claims to glory,
And chaunt in triumph of the past,
Content to live in story.
Tho' boasting no baronial halls,
Nor ivy-crested towers,
What past can match thy glorious youth,
Fair Canada of ours?
Fair Canada,
Dear Canada,
This Canada of ours!

We love those far-off ocean Isles
Where Britain's monarch reigns;
We'll ne'er forget the good old blood
That courses through our veins;
Proud Scotia's fame, old Erin's name,
And haughty Albion's powers,
Reflect their matchless lustre on
This Canada of ours.
Fair Canada,
Dear Canada,
This Canada of ours!

May our Dominion flourish then,
A goodly land and free,
Where Celt and Saxon, hand in hand,
Hold sway from sea to sea;
Strong arms shall guard our cherished homes
When darkest danger lowers,
And with our life-blood we'll defend
This Canada of ours.
Fair Canada,
Dear Canada,
This Canada of ours!

—*James David Edgar.*

THE OLDEN FLAG.

RAISE high the royal standard!
Shame not thy royal birth;
The prestige of thy might sustain,
Thou noblest of the earth!
Great Canada! thou fair, free land!
A world looks forth to thee;
No alien hand thy hand shall lead;
Thou'lt bow no servile knee.

Then rally round the olden flag!
The loved red, white and blue;
Let traitors scheme, or boasters brag,
To Canada prove true.

HON. SIR CHARLES TUPPER, Baronet, has played a large part in the political history of the last forty years. He was born in Amherst, N. S., in 1821, and graduated M. D. from Edinburgh University in 1843. Returning to his native country he began to practice medicine. In 1855 he was elected to the Nova Scotia Assembly. Dr. Tupper entered Sir John Macdonald's Cabinet one year after the Hon. Jos. Howe, having waived a prior claim. He filled many important posts. He has been a man of great power and splendid vitality. As an orator he was both forcible and eloquent.

Float on, Oh flag of Empire vast!
  Long may those colors wave
O'er many a blood-bought heritage;
  O'er many a hero's grave.
The grandeur of thy fame doth light
  The fields our fathers won;
The noblest gift which valiant sire
  Could e'er bequeath his son.

Droop not, Oh peerless standard!
  Oh loyal hearts and true!
Forget not ye the olden land
  Though cherishing the new.
Forget not hearts and hopes are one,
  From Britain's sea-girt Isles
To where, beyond the Rocky steep,
  The broad Pacific smiles.

Wave on, Oh flag of Empire vast!
  O'er mountain, rock and stream;
Where wholesome fealty rests secure,
  Beneath thy fervent gleam.
For, should the tramp of hostile feet
  Arouse our peaceful shore,
Britannia's conquering sword would flash
  Through Canada once more.

Then rally round the olden flag!
  The loved red, white and blue;
Let traitors scheme, or boasters brag,
  To Canada prove true.—*Mrs. Macleod.*

THE MAPLE TREE.

O MAPLE tree! O, Maple tree!
  O, thou'rt a pride and joy to me;
Of all trees of the forest green
There's none compares with thee, I ween;
Long may you stand, so green and grand,
Pride and joy of our happy land—
  O, Maple tree!

And all the birds they love thee best,
And sing the sweetest in thy breast;
And there's no shade, nor spreading tree,
The free-foot rovers love like thee;
Long may you stand, so green and grand,
Pride and joy of our happy land—
  O, Maple tree!

And in the merry month of Spring,
Ere yet the birds begin to sing,
O, how the schoolboy shouts to see
The drops of nectar drop from thee!
Long may you stand, so green and grand,
Pride and joy of our happy land—
  O, Maple tree!

And maidens, on their bridal morn,
With boughs the festal halls adorn—
And children clap their hands to see—
How old men love the Maple tree;
Long may you stand, so green and grand,
Pride and joy of our happy land—
  O, Maple tree!

And all our sons, where'er they roam,
Still twine thy name with thoughts of home;
Tho' far away from thee, I ween,
Yet memory keeps thy branches green!
Long may you stand, so green and grand,
Pride and joy of our happy land—
  O, Maple tree!
—*Alex McLachlan.*

MY OWN CANADIAN HOME.

THOUGH other skies may be as bright,
  And other lands as fair;
Though charms of other climes invite
  My wandering footsteps there;
Yet there is one, the peer of all
  Beneath bright heaven's dome;
Of thee I sing, O happy land,
  My own Canadian home!

Thy lakes and rivers, as the "voice
  Of many waters," raise

To Him who planned their vast extent,
  A symphony of praise;
Thy mountain peaks o'erlook the clouds—
  They pierce the azure skies;
They bid thy sons be strong and true—
  To great achievements rise.

A noble heritage is thine,
  So grand, and fair and free;
A fertile land, where he who toils
  Shall well rewarded be;
And he who joys in nature's charms
  Exulting here may roam,
'Mid scenes of grandeur which adorn
  My own Canadian home.

Shall not the race that treads thy plains
  Spurn all that would enslave?
Or they who battle with thy tides,
  Shall not that race be brave?
Shall not Niagara's mighty voice
  Inspire to actions high?
'Twere easy such a land to love,
  Or for her glory die.

And doubt not should a foeman's hand
  Be armed to strike at thee,
Thy trumpet call throughout the land
  Need scarce repeated be!
As bravely as on Queenston's Heights,
  Or as in Lundy's Lane,
Thy sons will battle for thy rights,
  And Freedom's cause maintain.

Did kindly heaven afford to me
  The choice where I would dwell,
Fair Canada! that choice should be
  The land I love so well.
I love thy hills and valleys wide,
  Thy waters' flash and foam;
May God in love o'er thee preside,
  My own Canadian home!

—*E. G. Nelson.*

THE FUTURE OF CANADA.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER, speaking at the city of Quebec in January, 1893, was most eloquent in indicating the extent of the loyalty of the various classes of Canadians. He said:

As far as I am concerned, gentlemen, I want no little republic of San Marino, no principality of Monaco; and although Caesar said that he would rather be the first in a village than the second in Rome, I say that my ambition is to be a citizen of a great country. I look forward to the day when Canada will have a population of 30,000,000 inhabitants, of 40,000,000 perhaps, and when its voice will weigh in the destinies of the world. I ask you, gentlemen, of whom the majority are French like myself, is there a single man amongst you who would seriously like to see Canada cut up, who would detach from our patrimony a single portion of what was the country of our ancestors? Who would like, for instance, to detach from our patrimony Cape Breton, rendered illustrious in our annals by so many struggles, by so much heroism and courage? Who would like to detach from it Port Royal, Grand Pré, Beausejour, the land of Evangeline and all that reminds us of Acadia? Is there one who would like to detach from our patrimony that immense plain, now covered with cities and farms, furrowed by great rivers, crowned with forests, and hallowed with the blood of Gannier, DeBreboeuf and so many other missionaries whose names are known alone to God? Who would detach from our patrimony the land of the West, as it was called in the days when LaVerandrye and his sons ventured upon its trackless prairies? No; and, for my part, I say that this country is ours and ours it must remain. There is room

enough in this great country for all the races, all the creeds and all the religions. Need I say to you, gentlemen, to you who remember history, that if we are separated from our fellow-countrymen by language and religion, we are united to them by a bond which is perhaps just as dear—by liberty? Is there a man amongst us who forgets that when Papineau was struggling for the rights of his race and for the constitutional liberty which we to-day enjoy his principal coadjuators were John Nelson, the Scotchman, and O'Callaghan, the Irishman? Is there a man who can forget that, when the constitutional voice was useless, when our representations and remonstrances remained for years and years unanswered, and when the peasants of St. Denis took up arms and faced the veterans of Waterloo, their commander was not a Canadian, but an Englishman named Wilfred Nelson? And, three days afterwards, these same peasants were swept with the leaden hail at St. Charles, can it be forgotten that the man who again led them was an Englishman named Thomas S. Brown? How can these men or their descendants—English, Scotch, Irish and French—who shed their blood to win for us the liberties we enjoy to-day, make use of the same liberties to tear each other to pieces? Ah! no. Far be from me the thought; let us be more broad-minded, and say that those who shared in the labor shall also share in the reward.

JACQUES CARTIER.

IN the seaport of St. Malo, 'twas a smiling morn in May,
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away;
In the crowded old Cathedral, all the town were on their knees,
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscovered seas;
And every Autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier,
Filled manly hearts with sorrow, and gentle hearts with fear.

A year passed o'er St. Malo—again came round the day,
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away;
But no tidings from the absent had come the way they went,
And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden spent;
And manly hearts were filled with gloom, and gentle hearts with fear,
When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of the year.

But the earth is as the Future, it hath its hidden side,
And the Captain of St. Malo was rejoicing in his pride;
In the forests of the North—while his townsmen mourned his loss—
He was rearing on Mount Royal the fleur-de-lis and cross;
And when two months were over, and added to the year,
St. Malo hailed him home again, cheer answering to cheer.

He told them of a region, hard, iron-bound, and cold,
Nor seas of pearl abounded, nor mines of shining gold;
Where the wind from Thulé freezes the word upon the lip,
And the ice in Spring comes sailing athwart the early ship;
He told them of the frozen scene until they thrilled with fear,
And piled fresh fuel on the hearth to make him better cheer.

But when he chang'd the strain,—he told how soon is cast
In early Spring the fetters that hold the waters fast;
How the Winter causeway, broken, is drifted out to sea,
And the rills and rivers sing with pride the anthem of the free;
How the magic wand of Summer clad the landscape to his eyes,
Like the dry bones of the just when they wake in Paradise.

He told them of the Algonquin braves—the hunters of the wild;
Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her child;
Of how, poor souls, they fancy in every living thing
A spirit good or evil, that claims their worshipping;
Of how they brought their sick and maim'd for him to breathe upon;
And of the wonders wrought for them, thro' the Gospel of St. John.

He told them of the river whose mighty current gave
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's briny wave;
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight,
What time he reared the cross and crown on Hochelaga's height;
And of the fortress cliff, that keeps of Canada the key;—
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his perils over sea.

—*Thomas D'Arcy McGee.*

HOW CANADA WAS SAVED.

(May, 1660.)

"IL faut ici donner la gloire a ces dix-sept Francois de Montreal, et honorer leurs cendres d'un eloge qui leur est deu avec justice, et que nous ne pouvons leur refuser sans ingratitude. Tout estait perdu, s'ils n'eussent peri, et leur malheur a suave ce pais."—Relations Des Jesuites, 1660, p. 17.

Beside the dark Utawa's stream, two hundred years ago,
A wondrous feat of arms was wrought, which all the world should know;
'Tis hard to read with tearless eyes that record of the past,
It stirs the blood, and fires the soul, as with a clarion's blast.
What though no blazoned cenotaph, no sculptured columns, tell
Where the stern heroes of my song in death triumphant fell;
What though beside the foaming flood untombed their ashes lie,
All earth becomes the monument of men who nobly die.

A score of troublous years had passed since on Mount Royal's crest
The gallant Maisoneuve upreared the Cross devoutly bless'd,
And many of the saintly Guild that founded Ville-Marie
With patriot pride had fought and died—determined to be free.
Fiercely the Iroquois had sworn to sweep, like grains of sand,
The sons of France from off the face of their adopted land,
When, like the steel that oft disarms the lightning of its power,
A fearless few their country saved in danger's darkest hour.

Daulac, the Captain of the Fort—in manhood's fiery prime—
Hath sworn by some immortal deed to make his name sublime,
And sixteen "Soldiers of the Cross," his comrades true and tried,
Have pledged their faith for life and death—all kneeling side by side;
And this their oath:—On flood or field, to challenge face to face
The ruthless hordes of Iroquois, the scourges of their race;
No quarter to accept or grant,—And, loyal to the grave,
To die like martyrs for the land they shed their blood to save.

Shrived by the priest within the Church where oft they had adored,
With solemn fervour they partake the Supper of the Lord;
And now, those self-devoted youths from weeping friends have passed,
And on the fort of Ville-Marie each fondly looks his last.
Unskilled to steer the frail canoe, or stem the rushing tide,
On through a virgin wilderness, o'er stream and lake they glide,
Till, weary of the paddle's dip, they moor their barks below
A Rapid of Utawa's flood—the turbulent Long-Sault.

There, where a grove of gloomy pines sloped gently to the shore,
A moss-grown Palisade was seen—a Fort in days of yore;
Fenced by its circle, they encamped; and on the listening air,
Before those staunch Crusaders slept, arose the voice of prayer.
Sentry and Scout kept watch and ward, and soon, with glad surprise,
They welcomed to their roofless hold a band of dark allies,—
Two stalwart chiefs and forty "braves,"—all sworn to strike a blow
In one great battle for their lives against the common foe.

Soft was the breath of balmy Spring in that fair month of May,
The wild flower bloomed, the wild bird sang on many a budding spray,—
A tender blue was in the sky, on earth a tender green,
And Peace seemed brooding, like a dove, o'er all the sylvan scene;
When, loud and high, a thrilling cry dispelled the magic charm,
And scouts came hurrying from the woods to bid their comrades arm,
And bark canoes skimmed lightly down the torrent of the Sault,
Manned by three hundred dusky forms—the long expected foe.

They spring to land—a wilder brood hath ne'er appalled the sight—
With carbines, tomahawks, and knives that gleam with baleful light;
Dark plumes of eagles crest their chiefs, and broidered deerskins hide
The blood-red war-paint that shall soon a bloodier red be dyed.
Hark! to the death-song that they chant,—behold them as they bound,
With flashing eyes and vaunting tongues, defiantly around;
Then, swifter than the wind, they fly, the barrier to invest
Like hornet-swarms that heedless boys have startled from a nest.

As Ocean's tempest-driven waves dash forward on a rock,
And madly break in seething foam, hurl'd backward by the shock,
So onward dashed that surging throng, so backward were they hurl'd,

When from the loopholes of the Fort flame burst and vapour curl'd.
Each bullet aimed by bold Daulac went crashing through the brain,
Or pierced the bounding heart of one who never stirred again;
The trampled turf was drenched with blood—blood stained the passing wave—
It seemed a carnival of death, the harvest of the grave.

The sun went down—the fight was o'er—but sleep was not for those
Who, pent within that frail redoubt, sighed vainly for repose;
The shot that hissed above their heads, the Mohawks' taunting cries,
Warned that never more on earth must slumber seal their eyes.
In that same hour their swart allies, o'erwhelmed by craven dread,
Leaped o'er the parapet like deer and traitorously fled;
And, when the darkness of the night had vanished, like a ghost,
Twenty and two were left—of all—to brave a maddened host.

Foiled for a time, the subtle foes have summoned to their aid
Five hundred kinsmen from the Isles, to storm the Palisade;
And, panting for revenge, they speed, impatient for the fray,
Like birds of carnage from their homes allured by scent of prey.
With scalp-locks streaming in the breeze, they charge—but never yet
Have legions in the storm of fight a bloodier welcome met
Than those doomed warriors, as they faced the desolating breath
Of wide-mouthed musketoons that poured hot cataracts of death.

Eight days of varied horrors passed! What boots it now to tell
How the pale tenants of the Fort heroically fell?
Hunger, and thirst, and sleeplessness—death's ghastly aids—at length
Marred and defaced their comely forms, and quelled their giant strength.
The end draws nigh—they yearn to die—one glorious rally more.
For the dear sake of Ville-Marie, and all will soon be o'er;
Sure of the martyr's golden Crown, they shrink not from the Cross,
Life yielded for the land they love they scorn to reckon loss!

The Fort is fired, and through the flames, with slippery, splashing tread,
The red men stumble to the camp o'er ramparts of the dead;
There, with set teeth and nostril wide, Daulac the dauntless stood,
And dealt his foes remorseless blows 'mid blinding smoke and blood,
Till, hacked and hewn, he reeled to earth, with proud unconquered glance,
Dead—but immortalized by death—Leonidas of France!
True to their oath, that glorious band no quarter basely craved;—
So died the peerless Twenty-two, so Canada was saved! —*Geo. Murray.*

THE BATTLE OF GRAND PRE.

(February 9, 1746.)

ROOM for the dead, the honored dead, in this fair year of grace;
In the Valhalla of the brave, give them a glorious place!
The loyal men who crossed the sea, and came with battle ring,
To hold this free fair land of ours a province for their king.

When Winter's iron fetters bound river and lake and bay,
And snow-drifts, piled in fleecy white, on plain and mountain lay,
Where Blomidon's blue crest looks down upon the valley land,
And the great waves of Fundy lap the grey stones on the strand;
Here, where the scattered homesteads stood, from time and labor won,
The brave commander of the force quartered his garrison,
Retaining for his citadel the old French stone house, set
Where the ripple of the Gaspereaux sighs round its ruins yet.

Down from the heights of Cobequid, on noiseless snow shoes borne,
Slowly the crafty foeman came, by march and travel worn;
Lightly the low toboggans swept, bearing their motley freight,
Food for the rebels on the march, shot for the brave who wait;
Broad rivers, all unknown to name, their stealthy footsteps crossed,
The Shubenacadie, Ste. Croix, and Avon bridged by frost;
For sixteen weary days they crept over these leagues of snow.
As the grim panther tracks his prey, so stole they on the foe.
In the deep stillness of the night,—out from he cold, black cloud,
The snowflakes, falling one by one, the hemlock branches bowed;
Forest, and plain, and hamlet, all hushed in slumber deep,
And still before the driving blast the freezing Frenchmen creep;
With panting breath and weary tread, through midnight's icy blast,
With murder in their hearts, they reach the Grand Pré camp at last.

The sentinels were at their post, within the watchers slept,
Hushed in the tumult which the storm and cruel snow-drift kept;
Oh, God! that brave men thus should die, no time to rouse or stir;
One hundred English soldiers fell in that dread massacre,
Guarding the colors of their king in this new province land,—
Scalped by the Indians' tomahawk, hewn down by alien hand!

Roused by the din at dead of night, piercing the stone house then,
Brave Noble faced, with sword in hand, those fierce and blood-stained men;
The bitter wind in fury swept around his half-clad form,
The flash of steel and sweep of shot, more cruel than the storm;
The Red Cross flag of England waved above his fortress rude.
And brave, as all her loyal sons, he well her foes withstood;
All worn and faint, from battle sore, wounded in heart and frame,
From dying lips the valiant shout of "No surrender!" came.
Nor nobler names can Britain write upon her glorious scroll
Than those who held the fort that night where Minas' waters roll,—
Surprised, and overpowered and slain, yet heroes everyone,
Those cold, set faces, white and still, turned to the rising sun.
Though many a score of years has marked this earth with loss and gain,
Since Noble fought his last long fight on Grand Pré's snowy plain,
No stone is raised to mark the place where his brave comrades fell,
No monument above his grave, of valiant deeds to tell.

Room for the honored dead to-day, in memory's tender grace,
To chronicle their glorious deeds above their burial-place.
Crimean heroes, all our own, Lucknow and Kars still tell
That Nova Scotia's sons can serve their Queen and country well!
But, with their fame, let us recall the battle long ago,
When English soldiers met the French at daybreak in the snow,
And held the fort, and kept the flag, as only heroes could,
Where, in this orchard land of ours, the old grey stone house stood.

Now, in this year of Jubilee, when living deeds are read,
Glance backward through the centuries which hold our honored dead,—
Where Lechmere sank, and Pickering died, where the brave Noble fell,
Under our own old English flag, the flag they loved so well;
Where sunny Gaspereaux sweeps on amid the apple trees,
And the blue waves of Minas chant a requiem to the breeze;
Raise shaft or column to the dead, let some memorial fair
Tell to our children's children still that Heroes slumber there!

—*M. J. Katzmann Lawson.*

TECUMSEH'S DEATH.

AMID that scene, like some dark towering fiend,
With death-black eyes and hands all spotted o'er,
The fierce Tecumseh on his tall lance leaned,
Fired with much spoil and drunk with human gore;
And now his blasting glance ferocious gleamed—
The chief who leads the eagles to his shore—
When, with one scream that devils might appal,
Deep in his breast he lodged the whizzing ball.

Like the quick bolt that follows on the flash
Which rends the mountain oak in fearful twain,
So springs the warrior with infernal dash
Upon the Christian writhing in his pain;
High gleamed his hatchet, ready now to crash
Along the fibers of his swimming brain,
When from the adverse arm a bullet flew
With force resistless, and with aim too true.

The baffled Chieftain tottered, sunk, and fell,
Rage in his heart, and vengeance in his glance;
His features ghastly pale—his breast was hell;
One bound he made to seize his fallen lance,
But quick the death-shades o'er his vision swell,
His arm dropped nerveless, straining to advance;
One look of hatred, and the last, he gave,
Then sunk and slumbered with the fallen brave.

Forth from the copse a hundred foemen spring,
And pounce like vultures on the bleeding clay;
Like famished bloodhounds to the corse they cling,
And bear the fallen hero's spoils away;

The very covering from his nerves they wring,
And gash his form, and glut them o'er their prey,—
Wild hell-fiends all, and reveling at his death,
With bursting shrieks and pestilential breath.

—*Major Richardson.*

ALONG THE LINE.

A. D. 1812.

STEADY be your beacon's blaze
Along the line! along the line!
Freely sing your Freedom's praise
Along the line! along the line!
Let the only sword you draw
Bear the legend of the law,
Wield it less to strike than awe
Along the line! along the line!

Let them rail against the North
Beyond the line; beyond the line!
When it sends its heroes forth
Along the line! along the line!
On the field or in the camp
They shall tremble at your tramp,
Men of the old Norman stamp,
Along the line! along the line!

Wealth and pride may rear their crests,
Beyond the line! beyond the line!
They bring no terror to our breasts,
Along the line! along the line!
We have never bought or sold
Afric's sons with Mexic's gold,
Conscience arms the free and bold,
Along the line! along the line!

Steadfast stand, and sleepless ward,
Along the line! along the line!
Great the treasures that you guard
Along the line! along the line!
By the babes whose sons shall be
Crown'd in far futurity
With the laurels of the free,
Stand your guard along the line!

—*Thomas D'Arcy McGee.*

IN THE NORTHWEST—1885.

"FORWARD!"
The captain said,
Out of the morning's red
Brave and noble and dread,
With hero and martial tread,
Into the North and the Westward

Over dim forest and lake,
Over lone prairie and brake,
The clamor of battle to wake
For kindred and country's sake,
Into the North and the Westward.

"Forward!"
'Neath northern sky,
Ready to fight and die;
Where the shadowy marshbirds fly
With their weird and lonely cry,
Far to the North and the Westward.

Only the rifle's crack,
And answer of rifle back;
Heavy each haversack,
Dreary the prairie's track
Far to the North and the Westward.

"Forward!"
Seeking the foe,
Starving and bleeding they go,
Into the sleet and the snow,
Over bleak rivers that flow
Far to the North and the Westward.

Falling on frozen strands;
Falling, devoted bands,
Sleeping with folded hands!

Dead, for home and for lands—
Dead in the North and the Westward!
—*William Wilfred Campbell.*

LORD DUFFERIN'S TRIBUTE TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

ON the 21st of November, 1872, at Victoria Square, Montreal, Lord Dufferin, then Governor-General of Canada, unveiled the statue erected by the citizens in honor of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. His remarks are well worth preserving and are here given in full:

"Gentlemen:—It is with a degree of pleasure, very difficult to express in words, that I find myself engaged in the discharge of a duty so appropriate to my office, and so congenial to my feelings, as that which you have imposed upon me to-day. Among the many circumstances which have made me feel at what a fortunate epoch I have arrived in Canada, by no means the least agreeable is the fact that there should have been reserved to me this opportunity of taking part in a ceremony which evinces, in so marked and general a manner, the unfailing loyalty and affection entertained by the citizens of this large, prosperous and wealthy town to the person and throne of our Sovereign. It is, therefore, with the most heartfelt satisfaction that I undertake the function now allotted to me, and that I become the momentary depositary of this unique and precious gift with which you, gentlemen, the subscribers to the undertaking, are desirous to grace your city, and which you now commission me to hand over as a perpetual ornament to the inhabitants of Montreal and to their children forever. And I must say it is to no mean heritage that these future generations will fall heirs, for, thanks to the magic power of the sculptor long after we and those who have loved and honored Queen Victoria shall have passed away, there will still remain to them and to their descendants, untouched by time, this breathing representation of that open and intelligent regard that sweet womanly grace and imperial majesty of aspect, which in her lifetime combined to render the presence of the Queen of England more august than that of any contemporary monarch. It is to you, then, citizens of Montreal, that I now turn; it is in your hands that I now place this sacred deposit; it is on you that I lay the charge of guarding for yourselves and those who come after you this fair image of your Queen, this gracious impersonation of the Majesty of Britain, this stately type and pledge of our Imperial unity, this crowned and sceptered symbol of those glorious institutions which we have found to be so conducive to the maintenance of the individual liberty, and of constitutional freedom.

"Gentlemen, it was my good fortune in early life to serve near the person of our Sovereign. At that time no domestic calamity had thrown its ineffaceable shadow across the threshold of her home. I was then a spectator of her daily life, its pure joys, its refined and noble occupations, its duties never neglected, but their burdens shared by the tenderest of husbands and most sagacious of friends. It was then that I learned the secret of that hold Her Majesty possesses over the hearts of her subjects in every part of her extensive empire, and when in latter days death had forever shattered the bright visions of her early happiness, and left her to discharge, alone and unaided, during long years of widowhood, in the isolation of an empty

palace, the weighty and oppressive functions of her royal station, renewed opportunities were afforded me of observing with what patience, patriotism and devotion to the public service her brave and noble nature bore each burden and discharged each daily task. From dissipation, gaieties, the distraction of society, the widowed Sovereign may have shrunk, but from duty never. When, therefore, you cast your eyes up to this work of art, let the image of the woman, as well as of the Queen, be enshrined in your recollections, and let each citizen remember that in her, whose sculptured lineaments he now regards, he has an example of prosperity borne with meekness of adversity with patience, of the path of duty unfalteringly followed, and of a blamelessness of existence which has been a source of pride to every English heart, and whose pure and radiant influence has shed its holy light on a thousand thousand British homes. Above all, let each Canadian patriot remember as he contemplates with pride the ever brightening destinies of his native country—let your children and your children's children remember, as generation after generation, this great Dominion gathers strength and power, that it was under the auspices and the government of her whose statue I now confide unto your keeping that these mighty Provinces were confederated into a still mightier state, and that the foundations of that broad Dominion were laid which I trust is destined to prove the brightest ornament, and I trust the most powerful adjunct, of the Empire of Britain.

"Gentlemen, I thank you again for the opportunity you have given me of taking part in these proceedings, and for those kind expressions which you have addressed to me personally. I feel I can make no better return than by saying that, in the discharge of my office in this country, it is my desire and hope to follow, at however humble a distance, the example of that beloved Sovereign who, during a long reign, has faithfully trod in the paths of the British Constitution, and has never once failed in her duty to her Crown, her Ministers, her Parliament, or her people."

THE CHARGE OF THE CAVALRY.

WITH bray of the trumpet
And roll of the drum,
And keen ring of bugles,
The cavalry come,
Sharp clank the steel scabbards,
The bridle-chains ring,
And foam from red nostrils
The wild chargers fling.

Tramp! tramp! o'er the green sward
That quivers below,
Scarce held by the curb-bit,
The fierce horses go!
And the grim-visaged colonel,
With ear-rending shout,
Peals forth to the squadrons,
The order—"Trot out."

One hand on the saber,
And one on the rein,
The troopers move forward
In line on the plain.
As rings the word "Gallop!"
The steel scabbards clank,
And each rowel is pressed
To a horse's hot flank:
And swift is their rush
As the wild torrent's flow,
When it pours from the crag
On the valley below.

"Charge!" thunders the leader.
Like shaft from the bow
Each mad horse is hurled
On the wavering foe.

A thousand bright sabers
  Are gleaming in air;
A thousand dark horses
  Are dashed on the square.

Resistless and reckless
  Of aught may betide,
Like demons, not mortals,
  The wild troopers ride.
Cut right! and cut left!
  For the parry who needs?
The bayonets shiver
  Like wind-shattered reeds!

Vain—vain the red volley
  That bursts from the square—
The random-shot bullets
  Are wasted in air.
Triumphant, remorseless,
  Unerring as death—
No saber that's stainless
  Returns to its sheath.

The wounds that are dealt
  By that murderous steel
Will never yield case
  For the surgeons to heal.
Hurrah! they are broken—
  Hurrah! boys they fly—
None linger save those
  Who but linger to die.

REFLECTIONS ON A BATTLEFIELD.

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands.
  Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
  Encountered in the battle cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
  How gushed the life-blood of her brave,
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
  Upon the soil they sought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still,
  Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
  And bell of wandering kine are heard.

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
  Who mightiest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
  Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
  Through weary day and weary year.
A wild and many-weaponed throng
  Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
  And blench not at thy chosen lot.
The timid good may stand aloof,
  The sage may front—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
  The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
  The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
  The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writes with pain,
  And dies among his worshipers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
  When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
  Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
  Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
  The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

—*W. C. Bryant.*

FONTENOY.

BY our camp fires rose a murmur,
At the dawning of the day,
And the tread of many footsteps
Spoke the advent of the fray;
And as we took our places,
Few and stern were our words,
While some were tightening horse-girths,
And some were girding swords.

The trumpet blast has sounded
Our footmen to array;
The willing steed has bounded,
Impatient for the fray;
The green flag is unfolded,
While rose the cry of joy,
"Heaven speed dear Ireland's banner,
To-day at Fontenoy."

We looked upon that banner,
And the memory arose
Of our homes and perished kindred,
Where the Lee or Shannon flows;
We looked upon that banner,
And we swore to God on high,
To smite to-day the Saxon's might, —
To conquer or to die.

Loud swells the charging trumpet,—
'Tis a voice from our own land;
God of battles—God of vengeance,
Guide to-day the patriot band;
There are stains to wash away;
There are memories to destroy,
In the best blood of the Briton
To-day at Fontenoy.

Plunge deep the fiery rowels
In a thousand reeking flanks,—
Down, chivalry of Ireland,
Down on the British ranks:
Now shall their serried columns
Beneath our sabres reel,—
Through their ranks, then, with the war-horse;
Through their bosoms with the steel.

With one shout for good King Louis,
And the fair land of the vine,
Like the wrathful Alpine tempest,
We swept upon their line,—
Then rang along the battle-field
Triumphant our hurrah,
And we smote them down, still cheering
"Erin, slanthagal go bragh."*

As prized as is the blessing
From an aged father's lip,—
As welcome as the heaven
To the tempest-driven ship,—
As dear as to the lover
The smile of gentle maid,—
Is this day of long-sought vengeance
To the swords of the Brigade.

See their shattered forces flying,
A broken, routed line,—
See England, what brave laurels
For your brow to-day we twine.
Oh, thrice bless'd the hour that witnessed
The Briton turn to flee
From the chivalry of Erin,
And France's "fleur de lis."

As we lay beside our camp fires,
When the sun had passed away,
And thought upon our brethren,
Who had perished in the fray,—
Who prayed to God to grant us,
And then we'd die with joy,
One day upon our own dear land
Like this of Fontenoy.

---

*Ireland, the bright toast forever.

—*Bartholomew Dowling.*

FOR THE EMPIRE.

(On the Leaving of the Second Contingent for South Africa.)

THEY are going, they are going, from our hearths and homes, to-day,
To uphold the Old Flag's glory, in a land that's far away;
Heirs are they of Talavera—Salamanca—Waterloo,—
Blenheim — Ramillies — Maplequet—and the dark Crimea, too;
Theirs, the high descent of Valor, born of many a famous name,—
Theirs, the right to guard the colors on the deathless scroll of Fame;
They are going, they are going, and the people's parting cheers
Drown the gentle sister's weeping and the mother's hidden tears.

They have heard the voice of duty. Each of them this solemn day,
Stands for Britain and the Empire, let the end be what it may;
They have rallied to the colors, dauntless Saxon, Gael, and Celt,
And they march to stay Oppression, on the far-off southern veldt;
Theirs to bear the Empire's burden, shot and shell and bayonet charge,
Theirs to breast the narrow trenches, dug nigh Battle's bloody marge;
Theirs, mayhap, to see life's sunshine fade within the gathered gloom,
Theirs, the soldier's decoration—or the hero's unknown tomb.
Theirs, the ecstasy of Battle, where the manly spirit thrills,
When the joy of deadly combat every dastard feeling stills;
God be with them, gallant fellows, may His hand their young lives shield,
When the trumpet-blast of Duty calls them to the stricken field.
And, when victory is with them, let the strong right-arm be stayed,
When the stricken foe is helpless, may his cold steel be delayed;
'Ware the soldier's after-madness—'ware the dark o'erwhelming flood
That oft sinks the kindest nature in the cruel lust for blood.

They are going, they are going, from our hearts and homes to-day,
To uphold the Old Flag's glory, in a land that's far away;
Heirs are they of Talavera—Salamanca—Waterloo—
Blenheim — Ramillies — Maplequet—and the dark Crimea, too;
Theirs, the high descent of Valor, born of many a famous name—
Theirs, the right to guard the colors on the deathless scroll of Fame,
And they're going, they are going, whilst the people's parting cheers
Drown the gentle sister's weeping and the mother's hidden tears.

—*Eustace H K. Cockin.*

YOUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

LISTEN, young heroes, your country is calling,
Time strikes the hour for the brave and the true!
Now while the foremost are fighting and falling,
Fill up the ranks that are open for you!
You, whom the fathers made free and defended,
Stain not the scroll that emblazons their fame!
You, whose fair heritage spotless descended,
Leave not your children a birthright of shame!

—*O. W. Holmes.*

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PASTORAL AND PEACEFUL.

WHO is there who does not at times long for the quiet and restfulness of a pastoral life? The noise of the strife and confusion of the battle of life is not heard in the sylvan shades. One of the sweetest poems having relation to a pure and placid existence is "Mother's Old Arm Chair:"

I love it! I love it! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears and embalmed it with sighs,
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would you know the spell? A mother sat there!
And a sacred thing is that old arm chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
That hallowed seat with a listening ear,
To the gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm chair.

I sat and I watched her many a day
When her eyes grew dim, and her locks were gray,
And I almost worshiped her when she smiled
And turned from her Bible to bless her child:
Years rolled on, but the last one sped,
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled!
I felt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering lip and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died,
And memory still flows with the lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
As the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it! I love it! and cannot tear
My soul from my mother's old arm chair!

GRANDMA WORKING 'MONGST HER FLOWERS.

A SCENE I well remember,
As the years go hurrying by,
Comes with odors of the old time
And the color's gentlest dye:
'Tis set beneath my window,
In the home my childhood knew,
Where the honeysuckle clambered,
And the lilac bushes grew,
Where marigold and jasmine
And the lavender so sweet
Bless the senses morn and even
With their mingled-odor treat;
But sweetest, neatest, best, sir,
In the late and early hours,
Was the center of the picture—
Grandma working 'mongst her flowers.

The summer dawn stole in my
  Window, breathing bloomy smell;
Often with another blessing
  That my heart remembers well—
An old, old song, a love song,
  Sung by trembling lips I knew;
But those dear old lips were sweet as
  Flower 'near the loving dew.
And song and odor waked me
  From my childhood's dreamless sleep,
Like an angel's song o' sunrise,
  Making all my young life leap;
And always when I heard it
  Would I seek the lilac bowers,
Just to kiss that dear old lady—
  Grandma working 'mongst her flowers.

I wandered off, as boys will
  Do, to see the distant town;
I must be a man, I thought, grow
  Big and stout and win renown.
But still thro' all those years, thro'
  Love, thro' pain, success, defeat,
Came my grandma's dear old love song,
  Stealing with its old-time sweet.

At last a letter said, "Come
  Home, for grandma's very old;"
And I hastened, for I knew that
  All the story was not told.
She lay a-plucking at the
  Cover worked with lilac showers,
And I faltered, as I kissed her,
  "Grandma working 'mongst her flowers."

And, kneeling there beside her
  Bed, I sang her, leaning low,
Sob-rent lines of that old song she
  Used to sing me long ago.
A moment in my eyes she
  Looked, her hand upon my head,
Smiled as in the olden, and
  Knew me, ere her spirit fled.
If by and by I reach the
  Land where dwell the Saviour's blest,
All will there be peace, contentment,
  There will be the sweetest rest.
But all would hardly perfect
  Be behind heaven's morning towers
If I failed to hear that song from
  Grandma working 'mongst her flowers.

—*L. R. Hamberlin.*

THE RAIN ON THE ROOF.

WHEN the humid shadows hover
  over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness gently weeps
  in rainy tears,
What a joy to press the pillow of a cottage
  chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter of the soft rain
  overhead!

Every tinkle on the shingles has an echo in
  the heart,
And a thousand dreamy fancies into busy
  being start,
And a thousand recollections weave their
  bright hues into woof,
As I listen to the patter of the soft rain on
  the roof.

Now in fancy comes my mother, as she used
  to years agone,
To survey the infant sleepers ere she left
  them till the dawn.
O! I see her bending o'er me, as I list to
  the refrain
Which is played upon the shingles by the
  patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister, with her wings
  and waving hair,
And her bright-eyed cherub brother — a
  serene, angelic pair—
Glide around my wakeful pillow with their
  praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur of the soft rain
  on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me with her eyes' delicious blue,
I forget, as gazing on her, that her heart was all untrue;
I remember that I loved her with a rapture kin to pain,
While my heart's quick pulses vibrate to the patter of the rain.

There is naught in art's bravuras that can work with such a spell,
In the spirit's pure, deep fountains, whence the holy passions well,
As that melody of nature—that subdued, subduing strain
Which is played upon the shingles by the patter of the rain.

—*Coates Kinney.*

OVER THE RIVER THEY BECKON.

OVER the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who crossed to the other side
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned by the rushing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view
We saw not the angels that met him there—
The gate of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands, waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet!
She closed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a glimpse of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts—
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
Sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flushing the river and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the waters cold
And list to the sound of the boatman's oar.
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
To the better shore of the spirit-land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

—*Nancy A. W. Priest.*

BEAUTIFUL ANNABEL LEE.

IT WAS many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child, and she was a child
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee,—
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
That her high-born kinsman came,
And bore her away from me;
To shut her up in a sepulcher,
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me,
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know)
In this kingdom by the sea,
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And so, all the night-tide I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life, and my bride,
In her sepulcher there by the sea.
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

—*Edgar A. Poe.*

ISLE OF THE LONG AGO.

OH, a wonderful stream is the river of Time,
As it runs through the realms of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the Ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,
And the summers, like buds between;
And the years in the sheaf—so they come and they go
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the river of Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of that Isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—

There are heaps of dust — but we love them so!—
There are trinkets and tresses of hair;

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer,
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved, when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh, remembered for aye, be the blessed Isle,
All the day of our life till night—
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "Greenwood" of Soul be in sight!

LIFE'S BATTLE NEAR AN END.

ALAS! I'm growing old, my hair, once thick and brown,
Is now quite white and silky, and sparse about the crown;
A year, that once seemed endless, now passes like a dream,
Yet my boat still rides the billows, as it floats along the stream.

My eye, once like the eagle's, is now much dimmed by age,
And art alone enables me to read the printed page,
Yet still it rests with quickened glance upon each lovely scene,
As years roll by with silent pace and changes come between.

Life is full of gladness if we but make it so,
There's not a wave of sorrow but has an undertow.
A stout heart and a simple faith gives victory o'er the grave,
And God awaits all patiently, all powerful to save.

'Tis not a cross to live, nor is it hard to die,
If we but view the future with steadfast, fearless eye,
Looking ever on the bright side, where falls the sun's warm beam,
Our boats will ride the billows as they float along the stream.

—*Wayne Howe Parsons.*

THE VOICES OF THE BELLS.

HEAR the tolling of the bells, iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night, how we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!

For every sound that floats from the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people, they that dwell up in the steeple
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling, in that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in so rolling on the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman, they are neither brute nor human,
They are ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls; and he rolls, rolls, rolls
A pæan from the bells! and his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells! and he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time, in a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells, of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time, in a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

—*E. A. Poe.*

"'TWAS TWENTY YEARS AGO, TOM."

I'VE wandered to the village, Tom; I've sat beneath the tree
Upon the school house playground that sheltered you and me;
But none were there to greet me, Tom; and few were left to know,
Who played with us upon the green, some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom; barefooted boys at play
Were sporting, just as we did then, with spirits just as gay.
But the "master" sleeps upon the hill, which coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place, some twenty years ago.

The old school house is altered now, the benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same our penknives once defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the wall; the bell swings to and fro;
It's music just the same, dear Tom, 'twas twenty years ago.

The boys were playing some old game beneath that same old tree;
I have forgot the name just now—you've played the same with me
On that same spot; 'twas played with knives, by throwing so and so;
The loser had a task to do—these twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still; the willows on its side
Are larger than they were, Tom; the stream appears less wide;
But the grape-vine swing is ruined now, where once we played the beau,
And swung our sweethearts—pretty girls—just twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill close by the spreading beach
Is very low—'twas then so high that we could scarcely reach;
And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so,
To see how sadly I am changed, since twenty years ago.

Near by that spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name;
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you did mine the same;
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark; 'twas dying sure but slow,
Just as she died, whose name you cut, some twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears
came to my eyes;
I thought of her I loved so well, those early
broken ties;
I visited the old church-yard, and took
some flowers to strow
Upon the graves of those we loved, some
twenty years ago.

Some are in the church-yard laid, some
sleep beneath the sea;
But few are left of our old class, excepting
you and me;
And when our time shall come, Tom, and
we are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played, just
twenty years ago.

—*Stephen Marsell.*

THE ROUND OF LIFE.

TWO children down by the shining
strand,
With eyes as blue as the summer sea,
While the sinking sun fills all the land
With the glow of a golden mystery:
Laughing aloud at the sea-mew's cry,
Gazing with joy on its snowy breast,
Till the first star looks from the evening
sky,
And the amber bars stretch over the
west.

A soft green dell by the breezy shore,
A sailor lad and a maiden fair;
Hand clasped in hand, while the tale of
yore
Is borne again on the listening air,
For love is young, though love be old,
And love alone the heart can fill;
And the dear old tale, that has been told
In the days gone by, is spoken still.

A trim-built home on a sheltered bay;
A wife looking out on the listening sea;
A prayer for the loved one far away,
And prattling imps 'neath the old roof-
tree;
A lifted latch and a radiant face
By the open door in the falling night;
A welcome home and a warm embrace
From the love of his youth and his chil-
dren bright.

An aged man in an old arm-chair;
A golden light from the western sky;
His wife by his side, with her silvered hair,
And the open book of God close by,
Sweet on the bay the gloaming falls,
And bright is the glow of the evening
star;
But dearer to them are the jasper walls
And the golden streets of the Land afar.

An old church-yard on a green hillside,
Two lying still in their peaceful rest;
The fishermen's boats going out with the
tide
In the fiery glow of the amber west.
Children's laughter and old men's sighs,
The night that follows the morning clear,
A rainbow bridging our darkened skies,
Are the round of our lives from year to
year.

—*Alexander Lamont.*

TRUEST FRIENDS MUST PART.

THE truest friends must part, they say,
The fondest hearts must sever,
But friendship's bonds may last for aye,
And mem'ry live forever.

And you will go, and I shall miss
Each word, each look, each smile,
Each vanish'd pressure of your kiss,
And long for you the while.

Each thing that we have seen and lov'd,
Each flow'r, each bird, each tree,
Each place where we've together rov'd
Will hold a charm for me.

Then fare you well—this parting's pain
To those whom Fate must sever,
I only say good-bye again—
And trust 'tis not forever!

KEEP A STIFF UPPER LIP.

THE summer winds is sniffin' round the bloomin' locus' trees,
And the clover in the pastur' is a big day for the bees,
And they been a-swiggin' honey, aboveboard and on the sly,
Till they stutter in their buzzin' and stagger as they fly.

They's been a heap o' rain, but the sun's out to-day,
And the clouds of the wet spell is all cleared away,
And the woods is all the greener, and the grass is greener still;
It may rain again to-morrow, but I don't think it will.

Some say the crops is ruined, and the corn's drownded out,
And propha-sy the wheat will be a failure, without doubt;
But the kind Providence that has never failed as yet,
Will be on hand onc't more at the 'leventh hour, I bet!

Does the medder-lark complain, as he swims high and dry,
Through the waves of the wind and the blue of the sky?
Does the quail set up and whistle in a disappointed way,
Er hang his head in silence and sorrow all the day?

Is the chipmuck's health a failure? Does he walk or does he run?
Don't the buzzards ooze around up there, just like they've allus done?
Is there anything the matter with the rooster's lungs or voice?
Ort a mortal be complainin' when dumb animals rejoice?

Then let us, one and all, be contented with our lot:
The June is here this morning and the sun is shining hot.
Oh, let us fill our hearts with the glory of the day,
And banish ev'ry doubt and care and sorrow far away!

Whatever be our station, with Providence for guide,
Such fine circumstances ort to make us satisfied;
For the world is full of roses, and the roses full of dew,
And the dew is full of heavenly love that drips for me and you.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

WAITING FOR THE COMING MILLIONS.

JIM CROKER lived far in the woods, a solitary place.
Where the bushes grew, like whiskers, on his unrazored face;
And the black bear was his brother and the catamount his chum,
And Jim he lived and waited for the millions yet to come.

Jim Croker made a clearing and he sowed it down to wheat,
And he filled his lawn with cabbage and he planted it with beet,
And it blossomed with potatoes, and with peach and pear and plum,
And Jim he lived and waited for the millions yet to come.

Then Jim he took his ancient axe and cleared a forest street,
While he lived on bear and succotash and young oppossum meat,
And his rhythmic axe strokes sounded and the woods no more were dumb,
While he cleared a crooked highway for the millions yet to come.

Then they came like aimless stragglers, they came from far and near,
A little log house settlement grew round the pioneer;
And the sound of saw and broadaxe made a glad industrial hum.
Jim said, "The coming millions, they have just begun to come."

And a little crooked railway wound round mountain, hill, and lake,
Crawling toward the forest village like an undulating snake;
And one morn the locomotive puffed into the wilderness,
And Jim said, "The coming millions, they are coming by express."

And the village grew and prospered, but Jim Croker's hair was grayer;
When they got a city charter, and old Jim was chosen Mayor;
But Jim declined the honor, and moved his household goods
Far away into the forest, to the old primeval woods.

Far and far into the forest moved the grizzled pioneer,
There he reared his hut and murmured, "I will build a city here."
And he hears the woodfox barking, and he hears the partridge drum,
And the old man sits and listens for the millions yet to come.

—*S. W. Foss.*

HE FOUND THE MODEL CHURCH.

WELL, wife, I've found the model church! I worshiped there today;
It made me think of good old times, before my hairs were gray.
The meetin' house was finer built than they were years ago;
But then I found, when I went in, it wasn't built for show.

The sexton didn't seat me 'way back by the door;
He knew that I was old and deaf, as well as old and poor.
He must have been a Christian, for he led me boldly through
The long aisle of that pleasant church to find a pleasant pew.

I wish you'd heard the singin'—it had the old-time ring—
The preacher said with trumpet-voice, "Let all the people sing;"
The tune was "Coronation," and the music upwards rolled
Till I thought I heard the angels striking all their harps of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away, my spirit caught the fire,

I joined my feeble, trembling voice with that melodious choir
And sang, as in my youthful days, "Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem and crown him Lord of all."

I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing that hymn once more,
I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse of shore;
I almost want to lay aside this weather-beaten form
And anchor in the blessed port forever from the storm.

The preachin'! well, I can't iust tell all that the preacher said;
I know it wasn't written, I know it wasn't read;
He hadn't time to read, for the lightnin' of his eye
Went passing 'long from pew to pew, nor passed a sinner by.

The sermon wasn't flowery, 'twas simple Gospel truth,
It fitted poor old men like me, it fitted hopeful youth.
'Twas full of consolation for weary hearts that bleed,
'Twas full of invitations to Christ—and not to creed.

The preacher made sin hideous in Gentiles and in Jews;
He shot the golden sentences straight at the finest pews.
And, though I can't see very well, I saw the falling tear
That told me hell was some way off, and heaven very near.

How swift the golden moments fled within that holy place!
How brightly beamed the light of heaven from every happy face!
Again I longed for that sweet time when friend shall meet with friend,
When congregations ne'er break up and Sabbaths have no end.

I hope to meet that minister, the congregation, too,
In the dear home beyond the skies, that shines from heaven's blue,
I doubt not I'll remember, beyond life's evening gray,
The face of God's dear servant who preached His Word to-day.

Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought, the victory be won,
The shining goal is just ahead, the race is nearly run.
O'er the river we are nearin', they are thronging to the shore,
To shout our safe arrival where the weary weep no more.

A HANDFUL OF EARTH.

HERE is a problem, a wonder for all to see:
Look at this marvelous thing I hold in my hand!
This is a magic surprising, a mystery,
Strange as a miracle, harder to understand.

What is it? only a handful of earth; to your touch
A dry, rough powder you trample beneath your feet;
Dark and lifeless; but think for a moment how much
It hides and holds that is beautiful, bitter or sweet.

Think of the glory of color! The red of the rose,

Green of the myriad leaves and the fields of grass;
Yellow, as bright as the sun, where the daffodil blows,
Purple where violets nod as the breezes pass.

Think of the manifold power of the oak and the vine;
Nut and fruit and cluster; and ears of corn;
Of the anchored water-lily, a thing divine!
Unfolding its dazzling snow to the kiss of morn.

Strange that this lifeless thing gives vine, flower, tree,
Color and shape and character, fragrance, too;
That the timber which builds the house, the ship for the sea,
Out of this powder its strength and its toughness drew.

That the cocoa among the palms should suck its milk
From this dry dust, while dates from the self-same soil
Summer their sweet, rich fruits; that our shining silk
The mulberry-leaves should yield to the worm's slow toil.

Who shall compass or fathom God's thought profound?
We can but praise, for we may not understand;
But there's no more beautiful riddle, the whole world round,
Than is hid in this heap of dust I hold in my hand.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

BACK WHERE THEY USED TO BE.

PAP'S got his patent right, and rich as all creation;
But where's the peace and comfort that we all had before?
Let's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby Station—
Back where we used to be so happy and so pore!

The likes of us a livin' here! It's just a mortal pity
To see us in this great, big house, with cyarpets on the stairs,
And the pump right in the kitchen; and the city! city! city!—
And nothing but the city all around us everywheres!
Climb clean above the roof and look from the steeple,
And never see a robin, nor a beech or elium tree!
And right here, in earshot of at least a thousan' people,
And none that neighbors with us or we want to go and see!
Let's go a'visitin' back to Griggsby Station—
Back where the latch-string's a-hangin' from the door,
And every neighbor 'round the place is dear as a relation—
Back where we used to be so happy and so pore!

I want to see the Wiggenses—the whole kit and billin',
A-drivin' up from Shallow Ford, to stay the Sunday through,
And I want to see 'em hitchen' at their son-in-law's and pilin'
Out there at Lizy Ellen's like they used to do!

I want to see the piece-quilts that Jones girl is makin',
And I want to pester Laury 'bout their freckled hired hand,
And joke about the widower she come purt' nigh a-takin',
Till her pap got his pension 'lowed in time to save his land.

Let's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby Station—
Back where's nothin' aggervatin' any more,
She's away safe in the wood around the old location—
Back where we used to be so happy and so pore!

I want to see Merindy and help her with her sewin',
And hear her talk so lovin' of her man that's dead and gone,
And stand up with Emanuel, to show me how's he's growin',
And smile as I have saw her 'fore she put her mournin' on.

And I want to see the Samples, on the old lower Eighty,
Where John, our oldest boy, he was took and buried—for
His own sake and Katy's—and I want to cry with Katy,
As she reads all his letters over writ from the war.

What's in all this grand life and high situation,
And nary pink nor hollyhawk bloomin' at the door?
Let's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby Station—
Back where we used to be so happy and so pore.

"WHO SHALL RIDE THE DAPPLE MARE?"

"ONCE on a time," as ancient tales declare,
There lived a farmer in a quiet dell
In Massachusetts, but exactly where,
Or when, is really more than I can tell—
Except that, quite above the public bounty,
He lived within his means, and Bristol county.

By patient labor and unceasing care,
He earned, and so enjoyed, his daily bread;
Contented always with his frugal fare,
Ambition to be rich ne'er vexed his head;
And thus unknown to envy, want, or wealth,
He flourished long in comfort, peace and health.

The gentle partner of his humble lot,
The joy and jewel of his wedded life,
Discharged the duties of his peaceful cot
Like a true woman and a faithful wife;
Her mind improved by thought and useful reading,
Kind words and gentle manners showed her breeding.

Grown old at last, the farmer called his son,
The youngest, (and the favorite, I suppose,)
And said—"I long have thought, my darling John,
'Tis time to bring my labors to a close;
So now to toil I mean to bid adieu,
And deed, my son, the homestead farm to you."

The boy embraced the boon with vast delight,
And promised, while their precious lives remained,

He'd till and tend the farm from morn till night,
And see his parents handsomely maintained;
God help him, he would never fail to love, nor
Do aught to grieve his generous old gov-'nor!
The farmer said—"Well, let us now proceed,
(You know there's always danger in delays,)
And get 'Squire Robinson to write the deed;
Come—where's my staff? we'll soon be on the way."
But John replied with tender, filial care,
"You're old and weak—I'll catch the Dapple Mare."

The mare was saddled, and the old man got on,
The boy on foot trudged cheerfully along,
The while, to cheer his sire, the duteous son
Beguiled the weary way with talk and song.
Arrived at length, they found the 'Squire at home,
And quickly told him wherefore they had come.

The deed was writ in proper form of law,
With many a "foresaid," "therefore," "and the same,"
And made throughout without mistake or flaw,
To show that John had now a legal claim
To all his father's land—conveyed, given, sold,
Quit-claimed, *et cetera*— to have and hold.

Their business done, they left the lawyer's door,
Happier, perhaps, than when they entered there;
And started off as they had done before—
The son on foot, the father on the mare.
But ere the twain a single mile had gone
A brilliant thought occurred to Master John.

Alas for truth!—alas for filial duty!
Alas! that Satan in the shape of pride,
(His most bewitching form save that of beauty,)
Whispered the lad: "My boy, you ought to ride!"
"Get off!" exclaimed the jounker, " 'tisn't fair
That you should always ride the Dapple Mare."

The son was lusty, and the sire was old,
And so, with many an oath and many a frown,
The hapless farmer did as he was told,—
The man got off the steed, the boy got on,
And rode away as fast as she could trot,
And left his sire to trudge it home on foot!

That night, while seated round the kitchen fire,
The household sat, cheerful as if no word
Or deed provoked the injured father's ire,
Or aught to make him sad had e'er occurred—
Thus spoke he to his son: "We quite forgot,
I think, t' include the little turnip lot!

"I'm very sure, my son, it wouldn't hurt it,"
Calmly observed the meditative sire,
"To take the deed, my lad, and just insert it."
Here the old man inserts it—in the fire!
Then cries aloud with most triumphant air:
"Who now, my son, shall ride the Dapple Mare!"

—*J. G. Saxe.*

THE FOOLISH MAIDEN'S NEW BONNET.

A FOOLISH little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet,
With a ribbon, and a feather, and a bit of lace upon it;
And, that the other maidens of the little town might know it,
She thought she'd go to meeting the next Sunday just to show it.

But though the little bonnet was scarce larger than a dime,
The getting of it settled proved to be a work of time,
So when 'twas fairly tied, and the bells had stopped their ringing,
And when she came to meeting, sure enough, the folks were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood and waited at the door;
And she shook her ruffles out behind and smoothed them down before.
"Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" sang the choir above her head.
"Hardly knew you! Hardly knew you!" were the words she thought they said.

This made the little maiden feel so very, very cross,
That she gave her little mouth a twist, her little head a toss;
For she thought the very hymn they sang was all about her bonnet,
With the ribbon, and the feather, and the bit of lace upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the sermon or the prayer,
But pattered down the silent street, and hurried down the stair,
Till she reached her little bureau, and in a band-box on it,
Had hidden, safe from critic's eye, her foolish little bonnet.

Which proves, my little maidens, that each of you will find
In every Sabbath service but an echo of your mind;
And the silly little head, that's filled with silly little airs,
Will never get a blessing from sermon or from prayers.

"ROUGH BEN."

(An incident of the Northwest Rebellion.)

"STARVED to death," sounds kind o' hard, eh?
But it's true's I'm holdin' this 'ere knife,
An' thet woman dumped in the grave to-day
Jes' starved to death, sir, 'pon me life.

Ye wonder how in a land o' plenty,
Where even Injuns wallop around
With their belts a-loosened of overfeedin',
Fur a poor white critter grub ain't found.

Well, y' see ther's starvin' deeper'n eatin',
An' thet ther' woman we slid to-day
Ain't died o' want of bannock and bacon;
No! but a durned sight crueller way.

S'posin' ye sit on the fence rail, mister,
Fur I ain't agoin' to plow nor sow,
See them there oxen—"G'long, ye beggars!"—
(The flies is eatin' their heads off)
"Whoa!"

Wal', some three years ago'r—no matter—
When this yer' place w'ant much to see,
Me and Bill Martin and Bo'lin's brother
Cum an' squatted, jest whar we be.

An' by'm'bye other folks, hearin'
  Land in the great Nor'west had riz,
Cum, pourin' in top o' one another,
  Each squatter claimin' a patch as his.

An' among the lot thet came tom-foolin'
  Was an English chap as had no right
To 'speriment with a Nor'west winter;
  The fool bro't his sister an' took up a site.

Wal', he pitched his tent ('twas a wagon cover).
  An' thar' they lived all summer thro',
An' managed some way by winter cummin'
  To knock up a shack,—jest them thar' two.

They didn't mix with the folk'ses gen'l,
  But kep' in like, an' read fine books;
An' after a spell the lad got ailin'
  With worrit an' frettin' an' pinched like looks.

An' soon he stopped goin' out to water
  The cattle (two head o' steer he'd brought).
I see'd the gal a-tryin' to lead 'em
  An' I up and offers to guide the lot.

She wasn't proud with me, sir, never,
  Her little hand 'ud lay in my own
Like a grasshopper's wing on an acre of fallow;
  An' her eyes? my God! they'd melt a stone.

Wal', he pinched, an' coughed, an' nigher'n nigher,
  What she, cryin', called "Death's Angel," cum,
An' off he went like a snuff o' candle,
  A-takin' a homestead beyond the sun.

We plowed him in—when the sun was settin'—
  On'y us na'bours around, you see;
An' we left him covered, an' her a-cryin'
  Sumthin' about "Come back to me!"

An' the cattle died—I'm blest if they didn't.
  Contrary like—an' the claim he owned,
An' plow'd an' sow'd 'th his two gent's handles,
  W'ant worth a durn when the Injuns cum.

I found her sittin' and kinder cryin'
  By the hill as whar we had rolled him in;
Lookin' so peaked an' white an' ghost-like
  I felt like wishin' she wus with him

Wal'! the cattle wus dead, the ground w'ant ready,
  An' the Injuns t'reat'nin' every day,
To hang our wigs to the belts as held 'em
  Chock full o' rot-got, spite o' Hudson Bay.

All at onc't I see'd her trouble,
  'Twas want of wimmin' to cuddle her in,
An' the nearest petticoat, too, by thunder!
  Thirty miles off—an' she lived by sin.

An' sooner'n that, I'd—wal', I'd give her
  The best I owned, sir, my land an' life;
It was shelter, you see, an' Injuns comin'
  Jest frightened her into a-bein' my wife.

Oh! ye may star' and handle yer shooter,
  But, afore high God, she was dear to me;
I toted her back to my old log cabin,
  An' worship'd the groun' she walked—an' she?

Wal', she tried to smile an' call me "Benny,"
  When all my life I'd been called "Rough Ben,"
An' I carted her roun' like you'd a lucky-penny;
  An' th' Injuns? oh, Gov'ment settled them.

Ye mind the troops cum marchin' up here,
  An' the garrison we wus all shut in,
An' among the red-coats thet came paradin'
  Was as handsom' a chap as ever I seen.

An' while we popped at the redskins' top-knots,
Them soldier fellows as saved our lives
Cum marchin' into the wood pile barracks,
An' what did I see with my own two eyes

But my little girl as I took under cover
Grow red an' white and fall like a star,
When out from the file that peart-faced stranger
Shot like an arrow to whar' she war!

Uncle, sez I, or cousin, mebbe,
As went to school whar' she got them books?
But when he kissed my gal I "tumbled,"
And shook like the leaves that shadder the brooks.

An' then an' thar' I larned her story
(Too late! for now she was straight my wife),
For the parson sed 'twas for ever an' ever,
An' her nor me couldn't alter our life.

Wal', that evenin' I left them airly
(I'm a-goin' to lead a duck, I sed),
But I know'd that wench's heart was break-in',
An' I gave her a chance to skip 'th the lad.

But she didn't—I found her thar',
Mendin' an' bakin' the usual way;
But a look in her eyes ther' was like unto
A threat'nin' rain on a summer day.

He'd gone an' left her to me as took her
Jest fur to give her shelter and care
(I know'd 'f the brother'd lived, she'd never
A-looked at me, mor'n them oxen thar).

Somehow she kinder wilted, an' never
Ask'd no question, but sort o' still;
With thet look o' hunger a-eatin' her heart out—
Thet's the kind o' starvin' is sure to kill.

I fetch'd the best of eatin' an' drinkin'
As wus to be bo't in them times out here;
But the days went slidin' into winter,
An' mister, with snow-fly an empty cheer,

She slid away from me sort o' quiet,
W' never a moan, but "Benny, good-night!"
An' me an' the neighbors, as allus loved her,
Tuck'd her beside him, jest out o' sight.

An' the soldier-lover thet left her starvin',
I'd like to put a ball through his hide.
What? honor! another's!! You loved her!!!
My God! You're the chap for who she died.

Gimme your hand, and here above her,
Altho' she wus mine by a parson's swar',
I hain't no right to that gal's ashes,—
She died for you, an' you left her thar'.

Me and me oxen's movin' westward,
You and the gal's best left alone;
She'll rest contenteder; good-bye, I'm goin';
The claim is your'n, go claim your own.

—*Kate B. Simpson.*

SUGAR-MAKING.

WHEN nights are clear, and frosts are keen,
And the day is warm in the sun,
The snow wreathes vanish like a breath,
The sap begins to run.
And through the bush with shout and song,
The merry toilers go;
For the boys are out for work and fun
When the sap begins to flow.

When trees are tapped and the pails are hung

For the nectar of the Spring,
Then over the blazing maple-logs
The giant kettles swing;
And the dipper that stirs the bubbling sap
From lip to lip doth go;
For there's nothing so sweet as the syrup that's made
When the sap begins to flow.

But it's best at dusk by the light of the flame,
In the bonfire's smoky breath,
Where shadows weird by the caldron crouch
Like the witches in "Macbeth;"
Shadows that gibber and clutch and writhe,
With laughter echoing full;
For it's work to carry the amber juice,
But it's fun at the taffy-pull.

When night is clear, and the frost is keen,
And the sap has ceased to run,
When the sugar is caking clear and crisp,
The work of the day is done.
And through the bush with shout and song
The weary toilers go;
But they'll play it again on the morrow morn
When the sap begins to flow.

—*R. S. G. Anderson.*

THE SECOND CONCESSION OF DEER.

JOHN TOMPKINS lived in a house of logs,
On the second concession of Deer;
The front was logs, all straight and sound,
The gable was logs, all tight and round,
The roof was logs, so firmly bound,
And the floor was logs, all down to the ground;
The warmest house in Deer.

And John, to my mind, was a log himself,
On the second concession of Deer;
None of your birch, with bark of buff,
Nor basswood, weak and watery stuff,
But he was hickory, true and tough,
And only his outside bark was rough;
The grandest old man in Deer!

But John had lived too long, it seemed,
On the second concession of Deer!
For his daughters took up the governing rein,
With a fine brick house on the old domain,
All paper, and painted with satinwood stain,
The finest house in Deer!

Poor John, it was sad to see him now,
On the second concession of Deer!
When he came in from his weary work,
To strip off his shoes like a heathen Turk,
Or out of the company's way to lurk,
And ply in the shanty his knife and fork—
The times were turned in Deer!

But John was hickory to the last,
On the second concession of Deer!
And out on the river-end of his lot,
He laid up the logs in a cosy spot,
And self and wife took up with a cot,
And the great brick house might swim or not—
He was done with the pride of Deer!

But the great house could not go at all,
On the second concession of Deer;
'Twas mother no more, to wash or bake,
Nor father the gallant steeds to take—
From the kitchen no more came pie or cake—
And even their butter they'd first to make!—
There were lessons to learn in Deer!

And the lesson they learned a year or more,
On the second concession of Deer!
Then the girls got back the brave old pair,

And gave the mother her easy chair—
She told them how, and they did their share—

And John the honors once more did wear
On his own domain in Deer!

—*William Wye Smith.*

CA' ME "SCOTTY!"

YES, ca' me "Scotty" if ye will,
For sic' a name can mean nae ill;
O' a' nick-names just tak' yer fill—
I'm quite content wi' "Scotty!"

To be a Scot is nae disgrace,
Maist folk can trust a guid Scotch face!
He's never lang oot o' a place,—
The honest, faithful, "Scotty!"

A Scotchman has the knack to plod,
Through thick an' thin he'll bear his load;
His trust is aye in richt an' God,—
The perseverin' "Scotty!"

He's 'tentive baith to kirk an' mart,
To freens he's true an' hard to part;
In life's great race he needs nae start,—
"I'll win or dee," says "Scotty!"

An' if he meets wi' ane or two,
O' Scotland's sons when far awa',
They'll gree like brithers ane an' a',
A "clannish" man is "Scotty!"

Though aft he travels far frae hame,
He's aye a Scotchman a' the same,
An' prood to crack o' Scotlan's fame,—
A loyal son is "Scotty!"

Should Scotlan's ever need his help,
He'll gie her enemies a skelp,
An' mak' them rin like frichted whelp,
And gie respect to "Scotty!"

Then, ca' me "Scotty" if ye will,
Nick-name like that can work nae ill;
I'll shake yer han' wi' richt guid-will,
Whane'er ye ca' me "Scotty!"

—*John Imrie.*

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

THE stately Homes of England,
How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The Merry Homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childish tale is told;
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through the woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage Homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er her silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet-fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep
Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England!
  Long, long in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
  To guard each hallowed wall!

And green forever be the groves,
  And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
  Its country and its God.

—*Felicia D. Hemans.*

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

(Robert Burns, the great but ill-fated Scottish poet, was born near Ayr, in 1759. He and Mary were engaged to be married, but before the time fixed for the marriage ceremony arrived she died. He subsequently married, but his wedded life failed to bring joy to his heart, and he sought to drown his disappointment and unhappiness in the intoxicating bowl. The poetic merit of this piece is undisputed. It should be read in the most plaintive manner.)

THOU lingering star, with less'ning ray,
  That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
  My Mary from my soul was torn.
O, Mary! dear, departed shade!
  Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
  Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
  Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
  To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
  Those records dear of transport's past;
Thy image at our last embrace!
  Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
  O'erhung with wild woods' thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
  Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene,—
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
  The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
  Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
  And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression deeper makes,
  As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear, departed shade!
  Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
  Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

—*Robert Burns.*

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

INTO a ward of the whitewashed halls,
  Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
  Somebody's Darling was borne one day—
Somebody's Darling, so young and so brave,
  Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
  The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
  Kissing the snow of the fair young brow,
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
  Somebody's Darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful, blue-veined brow
  Brush all the wandering waves of gold;

Cross his hands on his bosom now—
  Somebody's Darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for Somebody's sake;
  Murmur a prayer both soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take—
  They were Somebody's pride, you know;
Somebody's hand hath rested there—
  Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
  Been baptized in their waves of light?

God knows best! He was Somebody's love;
  Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above,
  Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
  Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
  Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him—
  Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
  And the smiling child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
  Pausing to drop on his grave a tear,
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
  "Somebody's Darling slumbers here."

—*Anonymous.*

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

(This piece is admitted to be one of the most difficult to read in the English language, requiring nice discrimination and great powers of elocution. It is one of Shakespeare's most admirable productions. The reader should perfectly understand and thoroughly feel the sentiments which it contains, commencing deliberately on a middle key; indignation should be expressed as the prince enumerates particulars; the voice should gradually rise in the second paragraph; the conclusion requires quantity and rather slow time.)

TO be, or not to be; that is the question!
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them. To die? to sleep;
No more; and, by a sleep to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd! To die; to sleep;
To sleep? perchance to dream; aye, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause!

There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?

Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death.
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
No traveler returns, puzzles the will;

And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn away,
And lose the name of action.

—*Wm. Shakespeare.*

DEATH OF PAUL DOMBEY.

LITTLE Dombey had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly; not caring much how the time went, but watching it and watching everything.

When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall, like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen into night. Then he thought how the long unseen streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look reflecting the hosts of stars; and, more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

"Floy! What is that?"

"Where, dearest?"

"There! at the bottom of the bed."

"There's nothing there, except papa!"

The figure lifted up its head and rose, and coming to the bedside, said:

"My own boy? Don't you know me?"

Paul looked it in the face. Before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them and draw it toward him the figure turned away quickly from the little bed, and went out at the door.

The next time he observed the figure sitting at the bottom of the bed he called to it:

"Don't be so sorry for me, dear papa. Indeed, I am quite happy!"

His father coming and bending down to him, he held him round the neck, and repeated these words to him several times, and very earnestly; and he never saw his father in his room again at any time, whether it were day or night, but he called out, "Don't be so sorry for me! Indeed, I am quite happy!"

How many times the golden water danced upon the wall; how many nights the dark river rolled toward the sea in spite of him, Paul never sought to know.

One night he had been thinking of his mother and her picture in the drawing room down stairs. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother. For he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no; the river running very fast and confusing his mind.

"Floy, did I ever see mamma?"

"No, darling; why?"

"Did I ever see any kind face like a mamma's looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?"

"O yes, dear!"

"Whose, Floy?"

"Your old nurse's, often."

"And where is my old nurse? Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please!"

"She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow."

"Thank you, Floy!"

Little Dombey closed his eyes with these words and fell asleep. When he awoke the sun was high and the broad day was clear and warm. Then he awoke—woke body and mind—and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. There was no gray mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them every one, and called them by their names.

"And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" asked the child, regarding, with a radiant smile, a figure coming in.

Yes, yes. No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor, blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity.

"Floy! this is a kind, good face! I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse. Stay here! Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, my child!" cried Mrs. Pipchin, hurrying to his bed's head. "Not good-bye."

"Ah, yes! Good-bye! Where is papa?"

His father's breath was on his cheek before the words had parted from his lips. The feeble hand waved in the air, as if it cried, "Good-bye!" again.

"Now lay me down; and, Floy, come close to me and let me see you."

Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in and fell upon them, locked together.

"How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea now. I hear the waves! They always said so!"

Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. Now the boat was out at sea. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank?

"Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death!

O, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

—*Charles Dickens.*

WIDOW MALONE.

DID you hear of the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
Who lived in the town of Athlone,
Alone!
O, she melted the hearts
Of the swains in them parts;
So lovely the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So lovely the Widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score
Or more,
And fortunes they all had galore,
In store;
From the minister down
To the clerk of the Crown,
All were courting the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone
'Twas known!
That no one could see her alone,
Ohone!

Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye,
So bashful the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one Misther O'Brien, from Clare,
(How quare!
It's little for blushing they care
Down there.)
Put his arm around her waist,
Gave her ten kisses at laste,
"O," says he, "you're my Molly Malone,
My own!"
"O," says he, "you're my Molly Malone."

And the widow they all thought so shy,
My eye!
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh,
For why?
But "Lucius," says she,
"Since you've now made so free,
You may marry your Mary Malone,
Ohone!
You may marry your Mary Malone."

There's a moral contained in my song,
Not wrong;
And one comfort, it's not very long,
But strong.
If for widows you die,
Learn to kiss, not to sigh;
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,
Ohone!
O, they're all like sweet Mistress Malone.

—*Charles Lever.*

SAM SMITH'S SOLILOQUY ON MATRIMONY.

CERTAINLY, matrimony is an invention of——. Well, no matter who invented it. I'm going to try it. Where's my blue coat with the bright brass buttons? The woman has yet to be born who can resist that; and my buff vest and necktie, too; may I be shot if I don't offer them both to the little Widow Pardiggle this very night. "Pardiggle!" Phoebus! what a name for such a rosebud. I'll rechristen her by the euphonious name of Smith. She'll have me, of course. She wants a husband. I want a wife; there's one point already in which we perfectly agree.

What the mischief ails this cravat? It must be the cold that makes my hand tremble so; there—that'll do; that's quite an inspiration. Brummel himself couldn't go beyond that. Now for the widow, bless her little round face! I'm immensely obliged to old Pardiggle for giving her a quit-claim. I'll make her as happy as a little robin. Do you think I'll bring a tear into her lovely blue eyes? Do you think I'd sit, after tea, with my back to her, and my feet upon the mantel, staring up chimney for three long hours together? Do you think I'd leave her little blessed side to dangle around oyster saloons and theatres? Do I look like a man to let a woman flatten her pretty little nose against the window-pane night after night, trying to see me reel up street? No! Mr. and Mrs. Adam were not more beautiful in the nuptial bower than I shall be with the Widow Pardiggle.

Refused by a widow! Who ever heard of such a thing? Well, there's one comfort, nobody'll believe it. She is not so very pretty after all; her eyes are too small, and her hands are rough and red-dy; not so very ready either, confound the gipsy! What amazing pretty shoulders she has! Well, who cares? Ten to one she'd have set up that wretch of a Pardiggle for my model. Who wants to be a Pardiggle 2d? I'm glad she didn't have me. I mean, I'm glad I didn't have her!

—*Fanny Fern.*

THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

A DISTRICT school not far away,
'Mid Berkshire hills, on winter's day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of threescore mingled girls and boys.
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent,
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book;
When suddenly, behind his back,
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack!
As 'twere a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss!
"What's that?" the startled master cries;
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willith, if you pleathe—
I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe!"
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The master thundered, "Hither, Will!"
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came—
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun.
With smile suppressed, and birch upraised
The threatener faltered—"I'm amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude!
Before the whole set school to boot—
What evil genius put you to't?"
"'Twas she herself, sir," sobbed the lad;
"I did not mean to be so bad;
But when Susanna shook her curls,
And whispered I was 'fraid of girls,
And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,
But up and kissed her on the spot!
I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not,
But, somehow from her looks—boo-hoo—
I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

—*William Pitt Palmer.*

HOW TOM SAWYER GOT HIS FENCE WHITEWASHED.

(Tom Sawyer, having offended his sole guardian, Aunt Polly, is by that sternly affectionate dame punished by being set to whitewash the fence in front of the garden.)

TOM appeared on the sidewalk with a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. He surveyed the fence and all gladness left him and a deep melancholy settled down upon his spirit. Thirty yards of board fence nine feet high. Life to him seemed a hollow, and existence but a burden. Sighing, he dipped his brush and passed it along the topmost plank; repeated the operation; did it again; compared the insignificant whitewash streak with the far-reaching continent of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down on a tree-box discouraged.

He began to think of the fun he had planned for this day, and his sorrows multiplied. Soon the free boys would come tripping along on all sorts of delicious expeditions, and they would make a world of fun of him for having to work—the very thought of it burnt him like fire. He got out his worldly wealth and examined it—bits of toys, marbles, and trash; enough to buy an exchange of work, maybe, but not half enough to buy so much as half an hour of pure freedom. So he returned his straitened means to his pocket, and gave up the idea of trying to buy the boys. At this dark and hopeless moment an inspiration burst upon him. Nothing less than a great, magnificent inspiration.

He took up his brush and went tranquilly to work. Ben Rogers hove in sight presently—the very boy, of all boys, whose ridicule he had been dreading. Ben's gait was the hop-skip-and-jump—proof enough that his heart was light and his anticipa-

tions high. He was eating an apple, and giving a long, melodious whoop, at intervals, followed by a deep-toned ding-dong-dong, ding-dong-dong, for he was personating a steamboat. As he drew near he slackened speed, took the middle of the street, leaned far over to starboard and rounded to ponderously and with laborious pomp and circumstances—for he was personating the "Big Missouri," and considered himself to be drawing nine feet of water. He was boat, captain, and engine-bells combined, so he had to imagine himself standing on his own hurricane deck giving the orders and executing them.

Tom went on whitewashing—paid no attention to the steamboat. Ben stared a moment and then said:

"Hi-yi! you're a stump, ain't you?"

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist; then he gave his brush another gentle sweep and surveyed the result as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom's mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said: "Hello, old chap; you got to work, hey?"

Tom wheeled suddenly and said:

"Why, it's you, Ben; I warn't noticing."

"Say, I'm going in a-swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could? But, of course, you'd ruther work, wouldn't you. Course you would!"

Tom contemplated the boy a bit and said:

"What do you call work?"

"Why, ain't that work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered carelessly:

"Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Oh, come now, you don't mean to let on that you like it?"

"Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth—stepped back to note the effect—added a touch here and there, criticised the effect again, Ben watching every move, and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said:

"Say, Tom, let me whitewash a little."

Tom considered, was about to consent, but altered his mind. "No, no, I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence; right here on the street you know; but if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind and she wouldn't. Yes, she's awful particular about this fence; it's got to be done very careful; I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it in the way it's got to be done."

"No, is that so? Oh, come now, lemme just try, only just a little. I'd let you, if it was me, Tom."

"Ben, I'd like to, honest Injin; but Aunt Polly—well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him. Sid wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let Sid. Now, don't you see how I'm fixed? If you want to tackle this fence, and anything was to happen to it—"

"Oh, shucks! I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say, I'll give you the core of my apple."

"Well, here. No, Ben, now don't; I'm afraid——"

"I'll give you all of it!"

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while Ben worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple and planned the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material; boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, they remained to whitewash. By the time Ben was fagged out Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for

a kite in good repair; and when he played out Johnny Miller bought it with a dead rat and a string to swing it with; and so on, and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor, poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had, besides the things before mentioned, twelve marbles, part of a jews-harp, a piece of blue bottle-glass to look through, a spool cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six firecrackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass door-knob, a dog collar—but no dog—the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange peel, and a dilapidated old window sash.

Tom had had a nice, good, idle time all the while; plenty of company, and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

He said to himself that it was not such a hollow world after all. He had discovered a great deal of human action without knowing it, namely, that in order to make a man or a boy covet a thing it is only necessary to make it difficult to obtain.

—*Extract from "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain.*

ON THE OTHER TRAIN.

"THERE, Simmons, you blockhead! Why didn't you put that old woman aboard her train? She'll have to wait here now until 1:05."

"You didn't tell me."

"Yes, I did tell you, too. 'Twas only your carelessness."

"She——"

"She! What else could you expect of her? Probably she hasn't any wit. Besides, she isn't bound on a very jolly journey. Got a pass up to the poorhouse. I'll tell her she'll have to wait, and don't you forget her tonight."

"You've missed your train, ma'am."

"Never mind."

"'Tis only three o'clock now; you'll have to wait until the night train."

"Very well, sir, I can wait. One place is as good as another to me."

"Well, they'll tell you when it's time."

All the afternoon she sat there, so quiet it seemed as if she must be asleep; but every little while a great tear rolled down her cheek, which she would wipe hastily away. The station was crowded, and all was bustle and hurry until the 9:50 train going East. Then every passenger left except the old lady. It is very rare indeed that anyone takes the night express, and almost always after ten o'clock the station becomes silent and empty. It was a cold night, and the wind howled dismally. The lamps became dim and flared, casting weird shadows on the wall. By and bye there was a smothered sigh from the corner. The old lady had risen from her seat, and oh, the look of agony on her poor, pinched face! "I can't believe it," she sobbed, "I can't believe it. Oh, children, children, how often have I held you in my arms and kissed you; and now, oh, God! you've turned against me. You've sent me to the poorhouse. No! No! No! I cannot go there. O God, spare me this, and take me home."

The wind rose higher, and swept through the crevices, icy cold. It moaned and shrieked and sobbed; but the crouching figure in the corner never stirred. The thin shawl had dropped from her shoulders unheeded. One by one the lamps went out,

and it grew very dark. At twelve o'clock someone entered, bearing a bright light that seemed to fill the room with its radiance. He bent tenderly above the form of the old woman, touched her lightly, and said: "It is train time, ma'am, come!"

A look of joy came over the wrinkled face, and she answered, "I'm ready."

"Then give me your pass, ma'am."

She reached him a worn old book, and he took it, and read aloud: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." The light died away and darkness fell again. She had gone out upon a train that never stops at the poorhouse.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

THE little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was, when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that is the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys.

And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
O, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue, they stand,
Each in the same old place;
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

—*Eugene Field.*

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

An Incident of the Crimean War.

GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

—*Bayard Taylor.*

IRISH COQUETRY.

SAYS Patrick to Biddy, "Good mornin', me dear!
It's a bit av a sacrit I've got for yer ear:
It's yoursel' that is lukin' so charming the day,
That the heart in me breast is fast slippin' away."
"'Tis you that kin flatther," Miss Biddy replies,
And throws him a glance from her merry blue eyes.

"Arrah, thin," cries Patrick, "'tis thinkin' av you
That's makin' me heart-sick, me darlint, that's thrue.
Shure I've waited a long while to tell ye this same,
And Biddy Lalloy will be such a fine name!"
Cries Biddy, "Have done wid yer talkin', I pray;
Shure me heart's not me own for this many a day!
I gave it away to a good-lookin' boy,
Who thinks there is no one like Biddy Malloy;
So don't bother me, Pat; jist be aisy," says she.
"Indade, if ye'll let me, I will that!" says he.
"It's a bit of a flirt that ye are, on the sly;
I'll not trouble ye more, but I'll bid ye good-bye."

"Arrah, Patrick!" cries Biddy, "an' where are ye goin'?
Shure it isn't the best of good manners ye're showin'.
To lave me so suddint!"—"Och, Biddy, says Pat,
"You have knocked the cock-feathers jist out ov me hat."
"Come back, Pat!" says she. "What fur, thin?" says he.
"Bekase I meant you all the time, sir!" says she.

BABY SLEEPS.

LET every sound be dead,
Baby sleeps;
The Emperor softly tread,
Baby sleeps.
Let Mozart's music stop,
Let Phidias' chisel drop,
Baby sleeps;
Demosthenes be dumb,
Our tyrant's hour has come,
Baby sleeps.

SPECIALLY JIM.

I WAS mighty good lookin' when I was young,
Pert and black-eyed and slim,
With fellers a-courtin' me Sunday nights,
Specially Jim.

The likeliest one of them all was he,
Chipper and handsome and trim,
But I tossed up my head and made fun of the crowd,
Specially Jim.

I said I hadn't no opinion of men,
And I wouldn't take stock in him,
But they kept on a-coming in spite of my talk,
Specially Jim.

I go so tired o' havin' them 'round,
Specially Jim;
I made up my mind I'd settle down
And took up with him.

So we was married one Sunday in church,
'Twas crowded full to the brim;
'Twas the only way to get rid of 'em all,
Specially Jim.

THE ROCK-A-BY LADY.

THE Rock-a-by Lady from Hushaby street
Comes stealing; comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet;
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum;
"Rub-a-dub!" it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar plum,
And, lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of popguns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of these wee little dreams,
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-by Lady from Hushaby street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing; comes creeping.

—*Eugene Field.*

MERCY.

THE quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.

But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer should teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

—*Shakespeare.*

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes,
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall,
By three doors left unguarded,
They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin
And moulder in dust away.

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

GRADATIM.

(For Poet's Day.)

HEAVEN is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true;
That a noble deed is a step toward God;
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are under our feet;

By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men,
We may borrow the wings to find the way;
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the heavy earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

—*J. G. Holland.*

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

SHE stood at the bar of justice,
A creature wan and wild,
In form too small for a woman,
In features too old for a child;
For a look so worn and pathetic
Was stamped on her pale young face,
It seemed long years of suffering
Must have left that silent trace.

"Your name?" said the judge, as he eyed her
With a kindly look, yet keen,
"Is Mary McGuire, if you please, sir."
"And your age?"—"I am turned fifteen."
"Well, Mary," and then from a paper
He slowly and gravely read,
"You are charged here—I'm sorry to say it—
With stealing three loaves of bread.

"You look not like an offender,
And I hope that you can show
The charge to be false. Now, tell me,
Are you guilty of this, or no?"
A passionate burst of weeping
Was at first her sole reply,
But she dried her eyes in a moment,
And looked in the judge's eye.

"I will tell you just how it was, sir;
My father and mother are dead,
And my little brother and sisters
Were hungry and asked me for bread.
At first I earned it for them
By working hard all day,
But somehow times were bad, sir,
And the work all fell away.

"I could get no more employment;
The weather was bitter cold,
The young ones cried and shivered—
(Little Johnny's but four years old);
So, what was I to do, sir?
I am guilty, but do not condemn,
I took—oh, was it stealing?—
The bread to give to them."

Every man in the courtroom—
  Gray-beard and thoughtless youth—
Knew, as he looked upon her,
  That the prisoner spoke the truth.
Out of their pockets came kerchiefs,
  Out of their eyes sprung tears,
And out of old faded wallets
  Treasures hoarded for years.

The judge's face was a study—
  The strangest you ever saw,
As he cleared his throat and murmured
  Something about the law.

For one so learned in such matters,
  So wise in dealing with men,
He seemed, on a simple question,
  Sorely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him or wondered,
  When at last these words were heard:
"The sentence of this young prisoner
  Is, for the present, deferred."
And no one blamed him or wondered
  When he went to her and smiled,
And tenderly led from the courtroom,
  Himself, the "guilty" child.

MY CREED.

I HOLD that Christian grace abounds
  Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
  Of love to men.

I hold all else, named piety,
  A selfish scheme, a vain pretense;
Where center is not, can there be
  Circumference?

This I moreover hold, and dare
  Affirm where'er my rhyme may go,
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
  Love makes them so.

Whether it be the lullabies
  That charm to rest the nursing bird,
Or that sweet confidence of sighs
  And blushes, made without a word.

Whether the dazzling and the flush
  Of softly sumptuous garden bowers,
Or by some cabin door, a bush
  Of ragged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
  Nor stubborn fasts, nor stated prayers,
That makes us saints; we judge the tree
  By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
  From works, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
  Is dry as dust.

—*Alice Cary.*

THE GRAND MARCH.

DENNIS was hearty when Dennis was young,
High was his step in the jig that he sprung,
He had the looks an' the sootherin' tongue,—
  An' he wanted a girl wid a fortune.

Nannie was grey-eyed an' Nannie was tall,
Fair was the face hid in-undher her shawl,
Troth! an' he liked her the best o' them all,—
  But she'd not a traneen to her fortune.

He be to look out for a likier match,
So he married a girl that was counted a catch,
An' as ugly as need be, the dark little patch,—
  But that was a trifle, he tould her.

She brought him her good-lookin' gould
to admire,
She brought him her good-lookin' cows to
his byre,
But far from good-lookin' she sat by his
fire,—
An' paid him that "thrifle" he tould her.

He met pretty Nan when a month had gone
by,
An' he thought like a fool to get round
her he'd try;
Wid a smile on her lip an' a spark in her
eye,—
She said, "How is the woman that owns
ye?"

Och, never be tellin' the life that he's led!
Sure, many's the night that he'll wish him-
self dead,
For the sake o' two eyes in a pretty girl's
head,—
An' the tongue o' a woman that owns
him.

—*Moira O'Neill.*

MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

THY eightieth birthday, mother dear:
Thus far thy course hath run.
So many milestones on the way
Toward the setting sun:

And as my mind goes back to trace
Events that mark thy years:
How griefs and joys do there find place,
Alternate smiles and tears.

Parents were thine who feared the Lord
And trained thee in that way.
Thy eighty years have proved 'tis best
God's precept to obey.

The home roof shelters strangers, now,
And far from thee away
In silent graves repose the friends
So dear in childhood's day.

Beneath the blue of Texan skies
Some of thy kindred rest
And one, a herald of the cross,
Lies sleeping in the West.

Ah! mother dear, one cannot go
As far as eighty years
And never know the weight of woe,
And what is meant by tears.

And though such sorrow hath been thine
As makes the eyes o'erflow,
Still joy hath found thee many a time
And gladdened thee, I know.

And still may all that's best in life
Attend thee on thy way;
Shall not the pathway of the good
Grow brighter day by day?

May charm of book still captivate,
May tender love of friends,
May hopes of heaven and memories sweet
Be thine unto the end.

Thou hast three children left thee yet
To love thee and revere,
Mayst thou be spared to counsel us
And bless us many a year.

And children's children honor thee
And hold thee welcome guest,
This promise claim, "Thy children shall
Rise up and call thee blest."

And as thou goest towards the night
That must o'ershadow all,
May love make all thy pathway light,
God's peace upon thee fall.

—*Mrs. C. G. A. Benjamin.*

THE DAWN OF PEACE.

PUT off, put off your mail, O kings,
And beat your brands to dust!
Your hands must learn a surer grasp,
Your hearts a better trust.

Oh, bend aback the lance's point,
And break the helmet bar;
A noise is in the morning wind,
But not the note of war.

Upon the grassy mountain paths
The glittering hosts increase—
They come! they come! How fair their feet!
They come who publish peace.

And victory, fair victory,
Our enemies are ours!
For all the clouds are clasped in light,
And all the earth with flowers.

Aye, still depressed and dim with dew;
But wait a little while,
And with the radiant deathless rose
The wilderness shall smile.

And every tender, living thing
Shall feed thy streams of rest;
Nor lamb shall from the flock be lost,
Nor nursling from the nest.

—*John Ruskin.*

THE PRAYER OF SELF.

ONE knelt within a world of care
And sin, and lifted up his prayer:
"I ask thee, Lord, for health and power
To meet the duties of each hour;
For peace from care, for daily food,
For life prolonged and filled with good;
I praise thee for thy gifts received,
For sins forgiven, for pains relieved,
For near and dear ones spared and blest,
For prospered toil and promised rest.
This prayer I make in His great name
Who for my soul's salvation came."

But as he prayed, lo! at his side
Stood the thorn-crowned Christ, and sighed:
"O blind disciple,—came I then
To bless the selfishness of men?
Thou asketh health, amidst the cry
Of human strain and agony;
Thou asketh peace, while all around
Trouble bows thousands to the ground;
Thou asketh life for thine and thee,
While others die; thou thankest me
For gifts, for pardon, for success
For thine own narrow happiness.

"Nay; rather bow thy head and pray
That while thy brother starves to-day
Thou mayst not eat thy bread at ease;
Pray that no health, or wealth, or peace
May lull thy soul while the world lies
Suffering, and claims thy sacrifice;
Praise not, while others weep, that thou
Hast never groaned with anguished brow;
Praise not, thy sins have pardon found,
While others sink, in darkness drowned;
Canst thou give thanks, while others nigh,
Outcast and lost, curse God and die?

"Not in My name thy prayer was made,
Not for My sake thy praises paid.
My gift is sacrifice; My blood
Was shed for human brotherhood,
And till thy brother's woe is thine
Thy heart-beat knows no throb of Mine.
Come, leave thy selfish hopes, and see

Thy birthright of humanity!
Shun sorrow not; be brave to bear
The world's dark weight of sin and care;
Spend and be spent, yearn, suffer, give,
And in thy brethren learn to live."

—*Priscilla Leonard.*

MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast,—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles, bare and brown,

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah, me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat,
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry, and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still:

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay.

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle, and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sister, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love tune.

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead,

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms;

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day
Where the barefoot maiden raked the hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow-lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with a timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

THE VAGABONDS.

WE are two travelers, Roger and I,
Roger's my dog:—come here you scamp!
Jump for the gentlemen,—mind your eye!
Over the table,—look out for the lamp!—
The rogue is growing a little old:
Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank—and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!
The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,
(This out-door business is bad for strings),
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings!

No, thank ye, sir,—I never drink;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral,—
Aren't we, Roger?—see him wink!—
Well, something hot, then,—we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty, too,—see him nod his head?
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that's said,—
And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, sir!) even of my dog.
But he sticks by, through thick and thin;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
To such a miserable, thankless master!
No, sir!—see him wag his tail and grin!
By George! It makes my old eyes water:
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter.

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, sir!)
Shall march a little.—Start, you villain!
Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!
Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle
To aid a poor old patriot soldier.

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes,
When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps,—that's five; he's mighty knowing!
The night's before us, fill the glasses!—
Quick, sir! I'm ill,—my brain is going!—
Some brandy!—thank you!—there!—it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,

And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love,—but I took to drink;—
The same old story; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features,—
You needn't laugh, sir; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures:
I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen her, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast!
If you could have heard the songs I sung
When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed
That ever I, sir, should be straying
From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog!

She's married since,—a parson's wife:
'Twas better for her that we should part,—
Better the soberest, prosiest life
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
I have seen her? Once: I was weak and spent;
On the dusty road a carriage stopped:
But little she dreamed as on she went,
Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped.

You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry,
It makes me wild to think of the change!
What do you care for a beggar's story?
Is it amusing? you find it strange?
I had a mother so proud of me!
'Twas well she died before——Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
This pain; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder has he such a lumpish, leaden,
Aching thing in place of a heart?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could
No doubt, remembering things that were,—
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming,—
You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the street.
Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink;—
The sooner the better, for Roger and me.

—*J. T. Trowbridge.*

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

HOW dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew:—
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;

The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing!
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

—*Samuel Woodworth.*

THANATOPSIS.

TO him, who, in the love of nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour, come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart;
Go forth into the open sky, and list
To nature's teaching, while from all around,
Comes a still voice:—

Yet a few days, and thee,
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet, in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,

Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to th' insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share and treads upon.

The oak
Shall send its roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.
Yet not to thy eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world, with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.

The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun: the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between:
The venerable woods: rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages.

All that tread
The globe, are but a handful, to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save its own dashings—yet—the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep: the dead reign there alone.

So shalt *thou* rest; and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living; and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone; the solemn brood of care
Plod on; and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their enjoyments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off,—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
By those, who, in their turn shall follow them.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

CRADLE SONG.

(FROM "BITTER SWEET.")

WHAT is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt;
Unwritten history!
Unfathomed mystery!
Yet he chuckles, and crows, and nods, and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks,
And curious riddles as any sphinx!
Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years;
And he'll never know
Where the summers go;
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so.
Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links,
By which the manikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Blind, and waiting, and alone
Into the light of day;
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony;
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with the barks of little souls,—
Barks that were launched on the other side,
And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide.

What does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?
What of the cradle-roof, that flies
Forward and backward through the air?
What does he think of his mother's breast,
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight,
Cup of his life, and couch of his rest?
What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell,
With a tenderness she can never tell,
Though she murmur the words
Of all the birds,—
Words she has learned to murmur well?
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
I can see the shadow creep
Over his eyes in soft eclipse,
Over his brow and over his lips,
Out to his little finger-tips!
Softly sinking, down he goes!
Down he goes! down he goes!
See! he's hushed in sweet repose.

—*J. G. Holland.*

THE LAUNCHING OF THE SHIP.

ALL is finished, and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide
With ceaseless flow
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,

With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray old sea.

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms.
And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O, bridegroom, old and gray;
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms."

How beautiful she is! how fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer,
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
Oh gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity,
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness, and love, and trust,
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Some thing immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge, and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.

Fear not each sudden sound and shock.
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale.
In spite of rock and tempest roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea.
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee.

—*Longfellow.*

GOD'S-ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts

Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they have garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow!

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

LITTLE BREECHES.

(A PIKE COUNTY VIEW OF SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.)

I DON'T go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, Sir,
On the handful of things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets,
And free-will, and that sort of thing;
But I believe in God and the angels,
Ever since one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe come along—
No four-year-old in the country
Could beat him for pretty and strong,
Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight;
And I'd larnt him to chew terbacker,
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses,
And left the team at the door.
They skeered at something and started—
I heerd one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches, and all!

Hell-to-split over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer,
But we roused up some torches,
And sarched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck hosses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upsot, dead beat—but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me,
Of my fellow critters' aid—
I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,
Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed

* * * * * *

By this the torches was played out,
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheep-fold
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
Whar they shut up the lambs at night;
We looked in, and seen them huddled thar,
So warm and sleepy and white.
And *thar* sot Little Breeches, and chirped,
As peart as ever you see,
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what's the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm,
They jest scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.

And I think that saving a little child
And bringing him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around the Throne.

—*John Hay.*

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
O spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend,
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And woodman, leave the spot.
While I've a hand to save,
The axe shall hurt it not.

—*George P. Morris.*

THE DOORSTEP.

THE conference-meeting through at last,
We boys around the vestry waited
To see the girls come tripping past
Like snow-birds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall
By level musket-flashes litten,
Than I, who stepped before them all,
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no; she blushed, and took my arm!
We let the old folks have the highway,
And started toward the Maple Farm
Along a kind of lover's by-way.

I can't remember what we said,
'T was nothing worth a song or story;
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming;
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff—
O sculptor, if you could but mould it!—
So lightly touched my jacket cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone,—
'T was love and fear and triumph blended.
At last we reached the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home;
Her dimpled hand the latches fingered,
We heard the voices nearer come,
Yet on the door-step still we lingered.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled,
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
The moon was slyly peeping through it,
Yet hid its face, as if it said,
"Come, now or never! do it! *do it!*"

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,
But somehow, full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kissed her!

Perhaps 't was boyish love, yet still,
O listless woman, weary lover!
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill
I'd give—But who can live youth over?

—*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

ROLL ON THOU DEEP AND DARK BLUE OCEAN.

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

Thou glorious mirror! where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of eternity—the throne
Of the invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

—*Lord Byron.*

O, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

O, WHY should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes like the flowers or the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen,—
We drink the same stream, and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling.
But it speeds for us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold.
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, ay! they died: and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;

And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,—
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

—*W. Knox.*

THE INQUIRY.

TELL me, ye winged winds, that round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell, some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain, the weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sigh'd for pity as it answer'd—"No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep, whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favor'd spot, some island far away,
Where weary man may find the bliss for which he sighs—
Where sorrow never lives, and friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopp'd for a while, and sigh'd to answer —"No."

And thou, serenest moon, that, with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth, asleep in night's embrace;
Tell me, in all thy round, hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet, but sad, responded—"No."

Tell me, my secret soul;—oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place from sorrow, sin, and death?—
Is there no happy spot, where mortals may be bless'd,
Where grief may find a balm, and weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whisper'd —"YES, IN HEAVEN!"

—*Charles Mackay.*

THE CREEDS OF THE BELLS.

HOW sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells!
Each one its creed in music tells,
In tones that float upon the air
As soft as song, as pure as prayer;
And I will put in simple rhyme
The language of the golden chime;
My happy heart with rapture swells
Responsive to the bells, sweet bells!

"In deeds of love excel! excel!"
Chimed out from ivied towers a bell;
"This is the church not built on sands,
Emblem of one not built with hands:

Its forms and sacred rites revere;
Come worship here! Come worship here!
In rituals and faith excel!"
Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.

"Oh, heed the ancient landmarks well!"
In solemn tones exclaimed a bell.
"No progress made by mortal man
Can change the just, eternal plan;
With God there can be nothing new;
Ignore the false, embrace the true,
While all is well! is well! is well!"
Pealed out the good old Dutch church bell.

"Ye purifying waters, swell!"
In mellow tones rang out a bell;
"Though faith alone in Christ can save,
Man must be plunged beneath the wave,
To show the world unfaltering faith
In what the Sacred Scriptures saith:
Oh, swell! ye rising waters, swell!"
Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist bell.

"Not faith alone, but works as well,
Must test the soul!" said a soft bell;
"Come here and cast aside your load,
And work your way along the road,
With faith in God, and faith in man,
And hope in Christ where hope began;
Do well! do well! do well! do well!"
Rang out the Unitarian bell.

"Farewell! farewell! base world, forever!"
In touching tones exclaimed a bell.
"Life is a boon to mortals given
To fit the soul for bliss in heaven;
Do not invoke the avenging rod,
Come here and learn the way to God!
Say to the world, Farewell! farewell!"
Pealed forth the Presbyterian bell.

"To all the truth we tell! we tell!"
Shouted in ecstasies a bell;
"Come, all ye weary wanderers, see!
Our Lord has made salvation free!
Repent, believe, have faith, and then
Be saved, and praise the Lord, Amen!
Salvation's free, we tell! we tell!"
Shouted the Methodistic bell.

"In after life there is no hell!"
In raptures rang a cheerful bell;
"Look up to heaven this holy day,
Where angels wait to lead the way;
There are no fires, no fiends to blight
The future life; be just and right.
No hell! no hell! no hell! no hell!"
Rang out the Universalist bell.

"The Pilgrim Fathers heeded well
My cheerful voice," pealed forth a bell;
"No fetters here to clog the soul;
No arbitrary creeds control
The free heart and progressive mind,
That leave the dusty path behind.
Speed well! speed well! speed well! speed
well!"
Pealed forth the Independent bell.

"No pope, no pope, to doom to hell!"
The Protestant rang out a bell;
"Great Luther left his fiery zeal
Within the hearts that truly feel
That loyalty to God will be
The fealty that makes men free.
No images where incense fell!"
Rang out old Martin Luther's bell.

"All hail, ye saints in heaven that dwell
Close by the cross!" exclaimed a bell;
"Lean o'er the battlements of bliss,
And deign to bless a world like this;
Let mortals kneel before this shrine—
Adore the water and the wine!
All hail, ye saints, the chorus swell!"
Chimed in the Roman Catholic bell.

"Ye workers who have toiled so well
To save the race!" said a sweet bell;
"With pledge, and badge, and banner,
come,
Each brave heart beating like a drum;

Be royal men of noble deeds,
For love is holier than creeds;
Drink from the well, the well, the well!"
In rapture rang the Temperance bell.

THE LAST LEAF.

I SAW him once before,
As he passed by the door;
And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets,
So forlorn;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone!"

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady! she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here.
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches,—and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

JEST 'FORE CHRISTMAS.

(RECITATION FOR A BOY FROM SEVEN TO TEN.)

FATHER calls me William, sister calls me Will,
Mother calls me Willie, but the fellers call me Bill.
Mighty glad I ain't a girl—ruther be a boy,
Without them sashes, curls an' things that's worn by Fauntleroy!
Love to chawnk green apples, an' go swimmin' in the lake—
Hate to take the castor oil they give for belly-ache!
'Most all the time, the whole year round, there ain't no flies on me,
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Got a yeller dog named Sport, sick him on the cat;

First thing she knows she doesn't know
where she is at!
Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids goes
out to slide,
'Long comes the grocery cart, an' we all
hook a ride,
But sometimes when the grocery man is
worrited an' cross,
He reaches at us with his whip, an' larrups
up his hoss,
An' then I laff an' holler: "Oh, ye never
teched me!"
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I
kin be!

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I get to
be a man,
I'll be a missionarer like her oldest brother,
Dan,
As was et up by the cannibuls that lives in
Ceylon's I'le,
Where every prospeck pleases, an' only
man is vile!
But Gran'ma she has never been to see a
Wild West show,
Nor read the Life of Daniel Boone, or else
I guess she'd know
That Buff'lo Bill an' cowboys is good
enough for me,
Excep' jest 'fore Christmas, when I'm as
good as I kin be!

IF WE KNEW.

IF we knew the woe and heartache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load;
Would we waste the day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be?
Would we wait with such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again;
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah! these little ice-cold fingers!
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How these little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
For our reaping by and by.

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air.

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams,
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day;
With the patient hand removing
All the briars from our way.

—*Anonymous.*

WE PARTED IN SILENCE.

WE parted in silence, we parted by night,
On the banks of that lonely river;
Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite
We met—and we parted forever!
The night-bird sung, and the stars above
Told many a touching story,
Of friends long passed to the kingdom of love,
Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence—our cheeks were wet
With the tears that were past controlling;
We vowed we would never, no, never forget,
And those vows at the time were consoling;
But those lips that echoed the sounds of mine,
Are as cold as that lonely river;
And that eye, that beautiful spirit's shrine,
Has shrouded its fires forever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,
And my heart grows full of weeping;
Each star is to me a sealed book,
Some tale of that loved one keeping.
We parted in silence,—we parted in tears,
On the banks of that lonely river;
But the odor and bloom of those bygone years
Shall hang o'er its waters forever.

—*Mrs. Crawford.*

THE ISLE OF LONG AGO.

OH a wonderful stream is the river Time
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the Ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers, like buds between;
And the years in the sheaf—so they come and they go
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the river of Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of that Isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow,
There are heaps of dust—but we love them so!—
There are trinkets and tresses of hair;

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved, when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,

Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh, remembered for aye be the blessed Isle,
All the day of our life till night—
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "Greenwood" of soul be in sight.

—*Benjamin F. Taylor.*

HOME, SWEET HOME.

MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain!
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly that came at my call;—
Give me them, and the peace of mind dearer than all!
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

—*John Howard Payne.*

OVER THE RIVER.

OVER the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side,
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see:
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark;
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be:
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,

They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall stand one day by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

—*Nancy Woodbury Priest.*

TWO WOMEN.

THE shadows lay along Broadway,
'T was near the twilight-tide,
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walked she; but viewlessly
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And honor charmed the air
And all astir looked kind on her,
And called her good as fair,—
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true,
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo,—
But honored well are charms to sell
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair,—
A slight girl, lily pale;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail,—
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray;
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way!
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven
By man is cursed alway!

—*Nathaniel Parker Willis.*

THE OLD BACHELOR.

HE is portly, but very erect,
And always—to somewhat digress—
Artistic, and quite circumspect
When it comes to a question of dress;
A lover of whist and of chess
And a little inclined to be gay,
Yet I pity him, nevertheless—
The old bachelor over the way.

For I know when his life I dissect,
There is lack of the wifely caress,

No children around him collect,
  His home-coming nightly to bless;
  And to scan him again I confess
He's a trifle inclined to be gay,
  In spite of his social success—
The old bachelor over the way.

And I feel my surmise is correct,
  When I look at him closely and guess
That when he takes time to reflect
  He misses the true happiness;
  For the lack of a home will depress,
And his boyhood was happy, they say;
  I fancy that dreams must oppress
The old bachelor over the way.

ENVOY.

What, married? This morning, no less,
  For who shall King Cupid gainsay?
Well, well, he is in for distress—
  The old bachelor over the way.

—*Ernest McGaffey.*

LOOK ALOFT.

The following lines were suggested by an anecdote, said to have been related by Dr. Godman, of a ship-boy, who, about to fall from the rigging, was only saved by the mate's exclamation, "Look aloft, you lubber!"

IN the tempest of life when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail—
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart—
Look aloft and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows, like clouds, are arrayed,
Look aloft to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions, which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,
Look aloft to the sun that is never to set.

Should those who are dearest, the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom, in sorrow depart,
Look aloft from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil where affection is ever in bloom.

And oh! when death comes, in terror to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, look aloft, and depart.

—*Jonathan Lawrence, Jr.*

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,
  And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix forever,
  With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
  All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle:—
  Why not I with thine?

See! the mountains kiss high heaven,
  And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven
  If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
  And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What are all these kissings worth
  If thou kiss not me?

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

A SONG OF LONG AGO.

A SONG of long ago;
  Sing it lightly—sing it low—
Sing it softly—like the lisping of the lips
  we used to know,
When our baby-laughter spilled
From the glad hearts ever filled
With music blithe as robin ever trilled!

Let the fragrant summer breeze,
And the leaves of locust-trees,
And the apple buds and blossoms, and the
  wings of honey-bees,
All palpitate with glee,
Till the happy harmony
Brings back each childish joy to you and
  me.

Let the eyes of fancy turn
Where the tumbled pippins burn
Like embers in the orchard's lap of tangled
  grass and fern—
There let the old path wind
In and out, and on behind,
The cider-press that chuckles as we grind.

Blend in the song the moan
Of the dove that grieves alone,
And the wild whir of the locust, and the
  bumble's drowsy drone;
And the low of cows that call
Through the pasture-bars when all
The landscape fades away at evenfall.

Then, far away and clear,
Through the dusky atmosphere,
Let the wailing of the killdee be the only
  sound we hear;
Oh, sad and sweet and low,
As the memory may know,
Is the glad pathetic song of Long Ago!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

THE FOREGROUND.

WE all can paint, in a sort of a way,
  With a daub of blue or a streak of
  gray,
The distant hills—like an A. R. A.—
  The miles more round;
But that which puzzles the tyro brave,
And makes him shrink like the meanest
  slave,
And bids him long for Oblivion's wave,
  Is the Foreground!

There are tricks of the trade we can work
  with ease,
On our masterly sky, or our far-off trees;
You fancy you could, in our stretching seas,
  Swing an oar round;
But our rocks, our grass, our roads, and our
  rails,
That we put in front—or our boats and their
  sails—
Why, the strongest and kindliest fancy fails
  At our foreground!

'Tis something like that in the Picture of
  Life;

We can rub in the Past with a broad palette-knife;
But the Present is bitter, with labor and strife,
As is horehound;
We sweat at it, strain at it, grunt at our toil;
The future is easy; our colors and oil
Go sweetly on that; but heavens! what moil
Is our foreground!

—*Bernard McEvoy.*

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

O YOUR hands—they are strangely fair!
Fair—for the jewels that sparkle there—
Fair—for the witchery of the spell
What ivory keys alone can tell;
But when their delicate touches rest
Here in my own do I love them best,
As I clasp with eager acquisitive spans
My glorious treasure of beautiful hands!

Marvelous—wonderful—beautiful hands!
They can coax roses to bloom in the strands
Of your brown tresses; and ribbons will twine,
Under mysterious touches of thine,
Into such knots as entangle the soul
And fetter the heart under such a control
As only the strength of my love understands—
My passionate love for your beautiful hands.

As I remember the first fair touch
Of those beautiful hands that I love so much,
I seem to thrill as I then was thrilled,
Kissing the glove that I found unfilled—
When I met your gaze, and the queenly bow,
As you said to me, laughingly, "Keep it now!"
And dazed and alone in a dream I stand,
Kissing this ghost of your beautiful hand.

When first I loved, in the long ago,
And held your hand as I told you so—
Pressed and caressed it, and gave it a kiss,
And said, "I could die for a hand like this!"
Little I dreamed love's fulness yet
Had to ripen when eyes were wet
And prayers were vain in their wild demands
For one warm touch of your beautiful hands.

Beautiful Hands! O Beautiful Hands!
Could you reach out of the alien lands
Where you are lingering, and give me, to-night,
Only a touch—were it ever so light—
My heart were soothed, and my weary brain
Would lull itself into rest again;
For there is no solace the world commands
Like the caress of your beautiful hands.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

THE SAILOR'S SWEETHEART.

MY love he is a sailor lad,
He says he loves me true
For all my wealth of golden hair—
Because my eyes are blue;
And while he is upon the sea,
Whose raging billows roar,
The village lads coming wooing me—
At least some half a score.

I list to what the laddies say;
  Of smiles they have no lack;
And though I say nor yea nor nay,
  I think I'll wait for Jack.

There's Donald and there's Robin Grey,
  Oh, you should hear them sigh!
I smile at them and only say
  I'll answer by and by.
They bring me trinkets from the fair,
  And ribbons bright, like this,
And oftentimes they humbly kneel
  And plead me for a kiss;
And then I turn and look away
  Across the billows black,
And softly to myself I say,
  "I think I'll wait for Jack."

Ye bonnie stars, shine out, shine out;
  Ye billows, cease your war;
Oh, south wind, rise and blow my love
  Within the harbor bar!
No other lad can woo as he;
  My smiles are shallow smiles,
For oh, my heart is on the sea,
  Amid the western isles;
And though I let the laddies woo,
  I give no wooing back;
I only do as lassies do,
  The while I wait for Jack.

—*Samuel Minturn Peck.*

THE MEN WHO LOSE.

HERE'S to the men who lose!
  What though their work be e'er so nobly planned
  And watched with zealous care,
No glorious halo crowns their efforts grand;
  Contempt is failure's share.

  Here's to the men who lose!
If Triumph's easy smile our struggles greet,
  Courage is easy then;
The king is he who, after fierce defeat,
  Can up and fight again.

  Here's to the men who lose!
The ready plaudits of a fawning world
  Ring sweet in victor's ears;
The vanquished's banners never are unfurled—
  For them there sound no cheers.

  Here's to the men who lose!
The touchstone of true worth is not success;
  There is a higher test—
Though fate may darkly frown, onward we press,
  And bravely do one's best.

  Here's to the men who lose!
It is the vanquished praises that I sing,
  And this the toast I choose:
"A hard-fought failure is a noble thing—
  Here's luck to those who lose!"

—*George H. Broadhurst.*

THE UNREMEMBERED HARVESTER.

AMONG earth's brown-armed reapers came
One whom those toilers held in shame.

All harvest-time, with idle hands,
He watched them reap their burdened lands.

They knew him not, though he, 'twas said,
Strange writings in the grass-blades read;
And, resting weary scythe and rake,
They one unto the other spake:

"We till the soil, and sow our wheat;
They who hunger here may eat;

"Yet this man's only harvest seems
To be, not bread, but idle dreams.

"His childish flowers he carries home,
While we, whose sweat makes rich the loam,

Earn here such gleanings as be ours;
But he—he seeks for simple flowers!

"Let them who mock God's seasons thus
Ask neither roof nor bread of us!"

So they, when all their day was done,
Turned homeward toward the setting sun;

And down the fields of sleeping grain
Sang o'er their harvest-songs again;

Retelling how God's reapers fed
The world, since man must live by bread;

While mourned, far down the murmurous bush,
One pensive-hearted hermit-thrush.

And unto him they held in shame
Their song, but not their gladness, came.

For though he flung abroad his grain,
To him it came not back again.

Though he his goodly store had sown,
'Twas not for him to reap his own;

Since he it was who would have fed
The world with song, as they with bread.

He wrought in his enchanted rhyme
The gladness of their harvest-time.

Their joy and sadness, hope and grief,
In song he garnered sheaf by sheaf.

Yet while he sang so well to rest
Their weary hearts, in his own breast
He nursed the sorrows they had known,
And wept their tears, and not his own.

And in the night he fared abroad
As their interpreter to God.

For yet at times strange smouldering fires,
When old unquenchable desires
In their distracted hearts grew strong,
'Twas he who solaced them with song.

But they saw not, and at his feet
They flung a crust—since man must eat.

And he, though they had even thrown
Him all the grain the world had grown,
He knew too well of old 'twas said
No man shall live by only bread.

For they, he knew, with all their lands,
Held, oh! so little in their hands.

So little and so much, this grain
Men gleaned and sowed and reaped again,
With still one old strange hunger they,
For all their loaves, could not allay.

But he, from God's own board had caught
Those precious crumbs men gathered not.

And he, since they had only wheat,
Laid bare his heart, and they did eat.

—*Arthur J. Stringer.*

THE CURE'S PROGRESS.

MONSIEUR the Curé down the street
Comes with his kind old face—
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,
And his green umbrella case.

You may see him pass by the little "Grande-Place,"
And the tiny, "Hotel-de-Ville";
He smiles as he goes to the fleuriste Rose,
And the pompier Theophile.

He turns, as a rule, through the "Marche" cool,
Where the noisy fishwives call;

And his compliment pays to the "Belle Therese,"
As she knits in her dusky stall.

There's a letter to drop at the blacksmith's shop,
And Toto, the locksmith's niece,
Has jubilant hopes, for the Curé gropes
In his tails for a "pain d'epice."

There's a little dispute with a merchant of fruit,
Who is said to be heterodox,
That will ended be with a "Ma foi, oui!"
And a pinch from the Curé's box.

There is also a word that no one heard
To the furrier's daughter, too;
And a pale cheek fed with a flickering red,
And a "Bon Dieu garde, M'sieu!"

But a grander way for the Sous-Prefet,
And a bow for Ma'am'selle Anne;
And a mock "off-hat" to the Notary's cat,
And a nod to the Sacristan;

Forever through life the Curé goes
With a smile on his kind old face—
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,
And his green umbrella case.

—*Austin Dobson.*

GOD'S LITTLE GIRL.

SHE left her home in the starry ways,
And reached our arms in the April days.
We thought to keep her and hold her there,
And our little girl we called the dear.

One pleasant eve when the sun had dipped
Out of our sight, and the stars had slipped
Silently back to their wonted ways,
She turned her face with a wistful gaze
Up to the blue of the arching skies;
We knew by the look in her pretty eyes
And the smile that brightened her small face so,
It was time for God's little girl to go.

A kiss we dropped on her curly head,
"Sweet little dear, good-bye," we said;
Then unafraid, tho' the way was dim,
God's little girl went back to Him.

—*Bertha Gerneaux Davis.*

FAITH.

THEY tell me that the earth is round,
And not the plain it seems to be;
The sky rests not upon the ground,
But spreads in grand immensity.
I only know yon woods and hills,
And this old orchard by our home,
The village road, the meadow rills,
And over these a vaulted dome.

They say the ocean, vast and deep,
Is surging round earth's farthest shore,
And that the rills and rivers creep
Forever on to meet its roar.
I only know the sea is His,
Who the creation's objects planned;
And there can nothing be amiss
That's held in an Almighty hand.

Enough to contemplate the worth,
The height, the depth, of that great love
That stretches ever o'er the earth,
Unto the utmost parts thereof;
Enough to know He guides yon rill
To meet, it may be, the wide sea,
Who gave the magic "Peace, be still,"
That calmed the waves of Galilee,

They tell me that the future veils
  Grave mysteries from you and me,
And that the sin of Eve entails
  God's vengeance through eternity.

I only know conflicting creeds
  Contending men have striven to prove;
God knows our nature and our needs,
  And I believe that God is love.

—*Frank Lawson.*

THE SNOWSHOER.

UNDER the moon and the stars,
  And over the round, white hill,
The snowshoer, singing, strides,
  And the heart of the world lies still.

The north-lights flash in the north
  Like Olaf's cloak, tossed red;
The drifts are moulded and white
  Like the grave-clothes of the dead.

But the trapper, Pierre Letonne,
  Sings, as he hurries along;
And a little wind in the spruces
  Mimics his lilted song.

"Wyes like the heart of the sea,
  Hands like the foam on the shore—
Oh, sweet, my queen, Vivette,
  Do you wait for me at the door?"

A cry comes out of the stillness,
  But the lover gives no heed.
"Vivette, the trail is merry,
  For I follow where kisses lead!

"The miles slip by, forgotten,
  For you, and the town are there;
The warmth of the high, red windows—
  The warmth of your golden hair."

A cry comes out of the forest.
  The snowshoer turns his head.
He sees the long white drifts
  Like the grave-clothes of the dead;

And he hears, at the edge of the wood,
  Mingled, and mad, and shrill,
The cry of the great gray wolves—
  The wolves who gather to kill.

The snowshoer bends and runs
  And his brave lips shape a prayer.
He thinks of the warm red windows,
  And the sheen of her regal hair.

He prays for her dear, white hands,
  And her eyes, like the heart of the sea.
The gray wolves leap, and leap
  And the north-lights clash in their glee!

Under the moon and the stars
  His brave song rings no more;
The lights at the windows are dead
  And a shadow comes to the door.

—*Theodore Roberts.*

THIS CANADA OF OURS.

O ye know the mountain meadow
  Where the sunshine lingers long;
Where the robin rears its nestling
  And pours forth its low love-song?
Where the grizzly roams in spring-time;
  And the bighorn sports in play;
And the brilliant purple aster
  Flings its petals to the day?

Do ye know the brown reef stretching
  Where the kelp sea-serpents twist;
And the blue-white bergs from Greenland
  Sail so ghostly through the mist?
Where the eider drake is mating;
  And the curlew calleth clear;
And the winds from dusk to dawning
  Seem a dirge sung o'er a bier?

Do ye know the flaming forest
  In the dead of winter's night;
And the shifting, sinuous signals
  Of the nimbus northern light?
When the shadows of the spruces
  Fill with formless, fearful things,
And the horned owl of the woodland
  Saileth by on whisper-wings?

Do ye know the arctic summer
  And its laughsome, lusty life;
When the shadows slant in midnight
  On the caribou at strife?
Where the tender tints of aspen,
  In a woof most deftly spun,
Shame the gaudy, tropic glory
  Of the glaring tropic sun?

Do ye know the wild wave lashing
  On the land-locked ocean shore,
When the birch-bark of the fisher
  Dares to venture forth no more?
When the trout is on the shallows;
  And the maple leaf is red;
And the paddle and the tomp-line
  Yield to snowshoe and to sled?

Do ye know the prairie panting
  In the torrid noonday heat;
When the air is full of fragrance
  From the roses at your feet?
Where the cattle in the foothills
  Wade knee-deep in grain and grass;
And the wiry wheat is nodding
  As the sighs of summer pass?

Do ye know the wondrous west-strand
  With its fiords and headlands bold;
And its wealth of mine and metal;
  And its forests dense and old?
Where the salmon in the tideway
  Swim in never-ending throng;
And the wavelet to the beaches
  Croons a sleep, slumber song?

Say ye so, your foot has trodden
  The long, weary, winding way;
In the depth of arctic winter
  Ye have watched the flashes play;
On the marge of either ocean
  Ye have heard the sea-fowl cry;
And the glamour of the forest
  Must be o'er ye till ye die!

Then stand firmly in the vanguard
  Of the hopeful, patriot band;
For your soul has learned the legend
  Of this fair Canadian land.
And the scenes your memory conjures
  Are the gifts of heavenly powers
That would have ye know the meaning
  Of "This Canada of Ours!"

—*Charles A. Bramble.*

NIAGARA FALLS.

(WRITTEN BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN.)

The following article on Niagara Falls, in Mr. Lincoln's handwriting, was found among his papers after his death:

NIAGARA FALLS! By what mysterious power is it that millions and millions are drawn from all parts of the world to gaze upon Niagara Falls? There is no mystery about the thing itself. Every effect is just as any intelligent man, knowing the causes, would anticipate without seeing it. If the water moving onward in a great river reaches a point where there is a perpendicular jog of a hundred feet in descent in the bottom of the river, it is plain the water will have a violent and continuous plunge at that point. It is also plain, the water, thus plunging, will foam and roar,

and send up a mist continuously, in which last, during sunshine, there will be perpetual rainbows. The mere physical of Niagara Falls is only this. Yet this is really a very small part of that world's wonder. Its power to excite reflection and emotion is its great charm. The geologist will demonstrate that the plunge, or fall, was once at Lake Ontario, and has worn its way back to its present position; he will ascertain how fast it is wearing now, and so get a basis for determining how long it has been wearing back from Lake Ontario, and finally demonstrate by it that this world is at least fourteen thousand years old. A philosopher of a slightly different turn will say, 'Niagara Falls is only the lip of the basin out of which pours all the surplus water which rains down on two or three hundred thousand square miles of the earth's surface.' He will estimate with approximate accuracy that five hundred thousand tons of water fall with their full weight a distance of a hundred feet each minute—thus exerting a force equal to the lifting of the same weight, through the same space, in the same time. . . .

"But still there is more. It calls up the indefinite past. When Columbus first sought this continent—when Christ suffered on the cross—when Moses led Israel through the Red Sea—nay, even when Adam first came from the hand of his Maker; then, as now, Niagara was roaring here. The eyes of that species of extinct giants whose bones fill the mounds of America have gazed on Niagara, as ours do now. Contemporary with the first race of men, and older than the first man, Niagara is strong and fresh to-day as ten thousand years ago. The Mammoth and Mastodon, so long dead that fragments of their monstrous bones alone testify that they ever lived, have gazed on Niagara—in that long, long time never still for a single moment (never dried), never froze, never slept, never rested."

WALKIN' HOME WITH MARY.

THE moon was silver-clear that night,
  The snow was pure and sparklin',
And trees and bushes 'gainst the white
  Was bots of shadder, dark'nin'.
Each fence rail had a jewelled load,
  Each twig was gemmed and glary,
And I, along the pastur' road,
  Was walkin' home with Mary.

So still, a dog, two mile away,
  Could reach us with his howlin';
The tumblin' breakers in the bay
  Was plain as thunder growlin'.
My clumsy bootheels' crunch and squeak
  Beside her step so airy,
Seemed sayin', "Now's your time to speak;
  You're walkin' home with Mary."

The fur-off breakers lent their help
  By boomin' "Now, young feller!"
And all that dog could find to yelp
  Was "Tell her! Tell her! Tell her!"
And every crackin' bit of ice
  Seemed like a kind of fairy,
A-givin' me the same advice,
  When walkin' home with Mary.

And so, I swallered down my throat—
  'Twarn't greatly to my credit,
With all the airth to take my part—
  But, anyhow, I said it.
And then that dog shet off his bark;
  There warn't a breaker, nary;
The hull wide world stood still to hark
  And hear the word from Mary.

She answered, and the breakers fell
  And roared congratulation;
That blessed dog let out a yell
  That must a-woke the nation.

* * * * * *

'Twas thirty year or more ago,
  Yet still it makes me scary
To think, what if I'd heerd a "No!"
  When walkin' home with Mary.

—*Joe Lincoln.*

THE KING'S FLAGON.

I.

THE King of Thule had a cup
  From which he never used to sup,
    A noble flagon!
In high relief on either shield
A dreadful combat was revealed
Where doughty knights their falchions wield
    Against a dragon!

And, oh, it was a fearsome beast!
Alive, it measured rods at least!
    'Twould make you gulp, sure!
Each eye was fitted with a jewel,
The thing could almost see the duel,
And, oh, its glance was deadly cruel,
    A trick of sculpture!

So fiercely showed the knotted claws,
The spiky teeth, the horrid jaws,
    The scales so sheeny;
So grandly strode each warring knight,
Each link of maillet graved aright
You would have thought the goldsmith wight
    A new Cellini.

For he had breathed the combat's rage,
And fixed upon his golden page
    Each living gesture,
And, then, to prove a milder art—
No doubt the work was from his heart—
The man had chosen to impart
    A leafy treasure!

But that is neither here nor there!
'Tis not for us to tell his care
    Who did the carving.
Perhaps it was a handsome blade,
The pet of matron and of maid;
Perhaps the wretch was never paid
    And died a-starving!

II.

That as it may! The King set store
Upon the cup for something more
    Than art or mintage:
For Love and Death did there combine
To dulcify the sharpest wine,
And make the dullest liquor shine
    A radiant vintage!

It stood to him for all the bliss
That ceremonious monarchs miss,
    Constrained by fashion;
'Twas given to him by his spouse,
And though a servile world allows
A king some scope, he kept his vows
    With loyal passion.

The minstrels sang her winsome grace,
The beauty of her form and face,
    Her hair so Titian;
Her eyes full orbed and dewy bright,
Her tiny hands and lily white,
Her twinkling footstep fairy light,
    Yet quite patrician!

All this and more was in their lays,
And Thule paid them for their praise,
    In brave largesses;

And in a world, with hatred rife,
The King of Thule loved his wife,
And loved her truly all her life
And her caresses.

And ever, at the evening hour,
The flagon plenished in her bower,
The monarch sought her;
She kissed the cup for him to quaff,
He kissed his sweetheart with a laugh,
Then drained the posset to the draff
As it were water!

III.

Such was their wont until the war
Removed him to a distant shore
And much affrayed her;
For he was brave as he was true,
And in the van his pennon flew,
So much his anxious mistress knew
Of her Crusader!

But one dark day a herald sped
To speak the news "The King is dead!
Alack to hear it!
I got it in the Cairo mart;
The bowyer said a Paythan dart
Had found the monarch's mighty heart
And loosed his spirit!"

A lily seared by winter's touch,
A cushat in the falcon's clutch,
So was her sorrow;
The stricken lady made no moan,
She bore a mortal grief alone,
And, in her bower, they found her prone
Upon the morrow!

E'en while her funeral dirges rolled
Into the courtyard caracoled
The King's Esquire!
"God save the Queen!" he louted low.
"The King of Thule bids her know
He lives and vanquished his foe
With carnage dire!"

Thus, though the bruit was proven false
The lady slept among the vaults
And mural brasses;
Her beauty, marbled on her tomb,
Shone sadly in the abbey gloom
Midst holy chants and censer's fume
And solemn masses.

And far away midst war's alarm
The tidings steeled the monarch s arm
To vengeful madness;
And pondering his Queen's demise,
Black fancies brooded in his eyes
And craved a bloody sacrifice
Unto his sadness.

But when, at length, the King returned
And sought the tomb and her inurned,
He rued his folly;
For gazing on her hallowed rest
The pain was softened in his breast
And chastened grief his heart oppressed
And melancholy.

And ever at the evening hour
He offered in her lonely bower
A Pater Noster.
The cup, her sweetest souvenir,
Oft showed the traces of a tear
And he would pray, though none might hear
He had not lost her.

And when, at last, he came to die,
He bade his courtiers lay him nigh
The cup he treasured.
"Now fill it to the brim!" he said
"I drink to her ere I be sped,
And though the years have been as lead,
'Twas God who measured!

"I drink to her in realms above!
My Queen, my wife, my only love——!"
Naught further said he.
For having drunk his loyal toast,
This faithful King gave up the ghost
And passed unto the Heavenly Host
And to his Lady.

—*Franklin Gadsby.*

MANDALAY.

BY the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin', an' I know she thinks o' me;
For the wind is in the palm trees, an' the temple bells they say:
"Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!"
Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay;
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin' fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the bay!

'Er petticut was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as Theebaw's Queen,
An' I seed her fust a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an' 'eathen idol's foot;
Bloomin' idol made o' mud—
Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd—
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed 'er where she stud!
On the road to Mandalay—

When the mist was on the rice fields an' the sun was droppin' slow,
She'd git her little banjo an' she'd sing "Kul-lalo-lo!"
With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' 'er cheek agin my cheek
We useter watch the steamers an' the hatbis pilin' teak.
'Elephints a-pilin' teak
In the sludgy, squdgy creek,
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was arf afraid to speak!
On the road to Mandalay.

But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' fur away,
An' there ain't no 'buses runnin' from the Benk to Mandalay;
An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London, what the ten-year sodger tells;
"If you's 'eard the East a-callin', why you won't 'eed nothin' else."
No! you won't 'eed nothin' else
But them spicy garlic smells
An' the sunshine and the palm trees an' the tinky temple bells!
On the road to Mandalay—

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gutty pavin' stones,
An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in my bones;
Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to the Strand,
An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they understand?
Beefy face an' grubby 'and—
Law! Wot do they understand?
I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener land!
On the road to Mandalay—

Ship we somewheres east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandants, an' a man can raise a thirst;
For the temple bells are callin', and it's there that I would be—
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea;
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay,

With our sick beneath the awnings
when we went to Mandalay!
Where the flyin' fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder
outer China 'crost the bay!

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

ST. PATRICK'S BIRTHDAY.

(A FAVORITE RECITATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S.)

THE first factional fight in old Ireland, they say,
Was all on account of St. Patrick's birthday;
It was somewhere about midnight without any doubt,
And certain it is, it made a great rout.

On the eighth day of March, as some people say,
St. Patrick at midnight he first saw the day;
While others assert 'twas the ninth he was born—
'Twas all a mistake—between midnight and morn.

Some blamed the baby, some blamed the clock;
Some blamed the doctor, some the crowing cock.
With all these close questions sure no one could know,
Whether the babe was too fast or the clock was too slow.

Some fought for the eighth, for the ninth some would die;
He who wouldn't see right would have a black eye.
At length these two factions so positive grew,
They each had a birthday, and Pat he had two.

Till Father Mulcahay who showed them their sins,
He said none could have two birthdays but as twins.
"Now, boys, don't be fighting for the eight or the nine;
Don't quarrel so always, now why not combine?"

Combine eight with nine. It is the mark;
Let that be the birthday. Amen! said the clerk.
So all got blind drunk, which completed their bliss,
And they've kept up the practice from that day to this.

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

AS slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Ne'er trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear Isle 'twas leaving.
So loath we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
To turn our hearts as on we rove,
To those we've left behind us.

When, round the bowl of vanish'd years
We talk, with joyous seeming,—
With smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While mem'ry brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us.

And when, in other climes, we meet
Some isle, or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flow'ry, wild and sweet,
And naught but love is wanting;

We think how great had been our bliss,
  If Heaven had but assigned us
To live and die in scenes like this,
  With some we've left behind us!

As trav'lers oft look back at eve,
  When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
  Still faint behind them glowing,—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
  To gloom hath near consign'd us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
  Of joy that's left behind us.

—*Thomas Moore.*

OH! BAIRNIES, CUDDLE DOON.

THE bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
  Wi' muckle faucht an' din,
"O, try an' sleep, ye waukrife rogues,
  Your faither's comin' in."
They never heed a word I speak,
  I try to gie a frown,
But aye I hap them up an' say
  "O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid,
  He aye sleeps next the wa',
Bangs up and cries "I want a piece,"
  The rascal starts them a'.
I rin and fetch them pieces, drinks,
  They stop a wee the soun'
Then draw the blankets up an' cry
  "Noo, weanies, cuddle doon."

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
  Cries out frae 'neath the claes,
"Mither, make Tam gie owre at ance,
  He's kittlin' wi' his taes."
The mischief in that Tam for tricks
  He'd both half the toon,
But aye I hap them up an' say
  "O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

At length they hear their faither's fit,
  An' as he steeks the door,
They turn their faces to the wa'
  While Tam pretends to snore.
"Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks,
  As he pits aff his shoon.
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds
  An' lang since cuddled doon."

And just before we bed oorsels
  We look at oor wee lambs,
Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
  An' Rab his airm roun' Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed
  An' as I straik each croon,
I whisper till my heart fills up,
  "O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,
  Wi' mirth that's dear to me,
But soon the big warl's cark an' care
  Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet come what may to ilka ane
  May He who rules aboon,
Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
  "O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

—*Anonymous.*

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

BOWED by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages on his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down his brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?

Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you gave to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?

How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Touch it again with immortality;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God
After the silence of the centuries?

—*Edwin Markham.*

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

(NOT BY MARKHAM.)

FOR centuries the waves of greed and fierce ambition
Have beat, and broke about him,
Engulfing countless millions of his fellow men;
Yet, steadfast and serene amid the howling storm he stands.
He stands
And leans upon his hoe.

Contentment shining in his ruddy face,
The marks of intellect upon his brow,
A living monument to truth and honesty,
At peace with God and all mankind.

And as he leans, he reads
In tender plant and ripening grain;
In mountain and in valley,
In sunshine and in shower,
The wondrous story of creation;
Within his heart, a promise, and a prayer.

"What," indeed, "to him is Plato?"
Who revels daily in the grandest work of all,—

The glorious book of nature,
Written by the hand of God.
"And what to him the reaches of the peaks of song?"

He has heard the soughing breeze
Make melody among the swaying boughs;
He has listened to the song of rippling brook,
The chorus of the forest choirs has charmed his ear.
But, sweetest, softest, tenderest of all,
Like sweep of angel fingers on the chords of love,—
A symphony of heaven,—
He has heard his baby's joyous coo.

"Slave to the wheel of labor?"
God gave him labor that he might have rest;
Hate, that he might know love;
Winter, that he might see the beauties of the spring.
God gave him life, but lest he tire, he sends him gentle death.
He lives and moves, and reigns a King,
And in yon vine-clad cottage sits enthroned
His royal consort and his queen.

This "is the thing God made, and gave
To have dominion over land and sea."
And he who breathes foul anarchy upon that brain
To wither it;
Who plants the germ of envy in that heart
To blacken it;
Who fans the flame of discontent
"Into a fierce and roaring sea of flame
Till earth is strewn with wrecks of homes
And whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world,—"
How will the future reckon with that man
After a silence of a century?

—*American Agriculturist.*

TO SLEEP.

TO sleep! To sleep! The long bright day is done.
And darkness rises from the fallen sun,
To sleep! to sleep!

Whate'er thy joys, they vanish with the day;
Whate'er the griefs, in sleep they pass away.
To sleep! to sleep!

Sleep, mournful heart, and let the past be past;
Sleep, happy soul, all life must sleep at last.
To sleep! to sleep!

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

THOSE evening bells, those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and native clime,
When I last heard their soothing chime.

Those pleasant hours have passed away,
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so it will be when I'm gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
When other bards shall walk these dells
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

—*Thomas Moore.*

THE LONG AGO.

OH, a wonderful stream is the River of Time,
As it flows through the Realm of Tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broadening sweep and a surge sublime
Ere it blends with the Ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,
And the summers like buds between!
And the years in the sheaf, how they come and they go!
On the river's breast, with its ebb and its flow,
As they glide in the shadow and sheen!

There's a magical isle up the River of Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime
And the Junes with the roses are straying.

The name of that isle is The Long Ago;
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow;
There are heaps of dust—oh, we loved them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There's a fragment of song that nobody sings,
And part of an infant's prayer.
There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments our loved used to wear.

There are hands that we waved, as the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air,
And sometimes we hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh, remembered for aye be that beautiful isle,
All the day of our life until night;
And when Evening comes, with her beautiful smile
And we're closing our eyes to slumber awhile,
May that Greenwood of Soul be in sight!

—*Benjamin Franklin Taylor.*

THE WEAVER.

BESIDE the loom of life I stand
And watch the busy shuttle go;
The threads I hold within my hand
Make up the filling; strand on strand
They slip my fingers through, and so
This web of mine fills out apace,
While I stand ever in my place.

One time the woof is smooth and fine
And colored with a sunny dye;
Again the threads so roughly twine
And weave so darkly line on line
My heart misgives me. Then would I
Fain lose this web—begin anew—
But that, alas! I cannot do.

Some day the web will all be done,
The shuttle quiet in its place,
From out my hold the threads be run;
And friends at setting of the sun
Will come to look upon my face,
And say: "Mistakes she made not few,
Yet wove perchance as best she knew."

—*Anonymous.*

JACK'S PLOUGHING.

OUT in the field in the sunshiny weather
Jack and the farm boy are ploughing together.
The dandelions in bloom by the wall
Twinkle gayly at Jack; and the robins call
From the apple-tree boughs, "Ho, Jack!
Look here!"
While the chipmunks are chattering, "Come,
Jack, my dear!"
But Jack keeps on with his ploughing.

The plough is high, and the dimpled hands
Must reach for the handles, 'twixt which he
stands.
The south wind lifts the loose brown rings
'Neath the sailor hat with its flying strings,
And kisses the lips pressed tightly together,
When out in the field in the sunshiny
weather,
Jack lends a hand with the ploughing.

Up and down the long furrows brown
He manfully trudges, a tiny frown
On the smooth, broad brow, so earnest is he.
"We has such lots of work to do, Jim, hasn't
we?
If I didn't help you, now what would you
do?"
Says Jim, "Master Jack, if it wasn't for you,
I'd never be done with the ploughing."

The sun grows hot, the lazy breeze
Scarce stirs the boughs of the apple-trees.
The soft earth clings to the moist little
hands,
When, at last, at the end of a furrow, he
stands
And looks towards home. "My mamma, I
guess,
Will be 'fraid 'thout a man in the house, unless
I did come home from ploughing."

Such a dirty boy as runs home at last!
Such a dirty boy! But mamma holds him
fast,
And kisses the dimples that come and go,
And he tells of the morning fun, till lo!
The white lids droop o'er the eyes of brown,
And in the meadows of Slumber-town
Jack still goes on with his ploughing.

—*Mabelle P. Clapp.*

INDIAN SUMMER.

THE languid valleys lie asleep,
In a silence calm and deep,
And o'er the glen and sedgy rill,
A mystic presence comes to brood,
And veils in haze the far-off wood,
And robes in purple every hill.

No butterfly is on the wing,
And all the birds have ceased to sing,
But still a charm pervades the scene;
A tender look is on the earth
As though it dreamed of death, or birth,
And waited patient and serene.

Coiled in gold the dying trees,
Recall again sweet memories
Of summer's fervent flush and glow;
And down the lane where asters nod,
The sumach and the golden rod
Are waving gently to and fro.

The rabbits scurry in the morn,
And in the wigwams of the corn
The tiny field-mice are at play;
Nature's mystery fills the air,
And high and low and everywhere
It claims the solemn night and day

—*Edward Wilbur Mason.*

WOULDN'T YOU?

IF you had a little brother
Who was just a perfect muff—
One who always took to crying
When you played the least bit rough—
Don't you think you'd often wonder
Why one son was not enough?
I do. Tell the truth, now—
Wouldn't you?

If you had a grown-up sister
Who was always in your way;
Who would box your ears and scold you
Forty-'leven times a day—
Think you'd ever try to square things
When her best beau came to stay?
I do. Tell the truth, now—
Wouldn't you?

If you started off some morning,
When 'twas boiling hot, for school,
And the trees all seemed to whisper
That their shade was nice and cool,
Do you think you'd try to linger,
Spite of teacher and the rule?
I do. Tell the truth, now—
Wouldn't you?

If you'd planned to go a-fishing
With some other boys you knew,
And your mother calmly told you
There were chores for you to do—
Think you'd be a woman-hater
When you'd grown a foot or two?
I do. Tell the truth, now—
Wouldn't you?

S'pose you had to have your hands clean,
Had to keep your shoes both bright,
Had to chew your dinner slowly,
Had to part your hair just right—
Think you'd ever be wishing
You could die that very night?
I do. Tell the truth, now—
Wouldn't you?

—*Henrietta R. Elliot.*

MOTHER LOVE.

IF I might build a palace fair,
With every joy of soul and sense,
And set my heart as sentry there
To guard your happy innocence;
If I might plant a hedge too strong
For creeping sorrows to writhe through,
And find my whole life not too long
To give, to make your hedge for you.

If I could teach the laden air
To bear no sounds that were not sweet;
Could teach the earth that only fair,
Untrodden flowers deserve your feet,
Would I not tear the secret scroll
Where all your griefs lie closely curled,
And give your little hand control
Of all the joys of all the world?

But, ah! I have no skill to raise
The palace, teach the hedge to grow;
The common airs blow through your days,
By common paths your dear feet go;
And you must twine, of common flowers,
The wreath that happy women wear,
And bear, in desolate, darkened hours,
The common griefs that all men bear.

The pinions of my love I fold,
Your little shoulders close about;
Ah! could my love keep out the cold,
Or shut the creeping shadows out!
Rough paths will tire your darling feet,
Gray skies will weep your tears above,
While round your life, in torment beat
The impotent wings of mother love!

THE EVENTIDE OF LIFE.

NOW, let me rest at eventide, upon the gray hillside,
And musing, watch the autumn sun behind yon mountain glide.

The long, long shafts of yellow light across the heavens leap,
And touch with fiery glow the brow, of yon bald summit steep.

These, the undisputable signs of calm and stormless days,
Show me that I should aim to leave like records of my ways.

So let my life in calm content fade out like this and leave
Like glowing colors after me, when sinks my sun at eve.

—*B. Kelly.*

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

THE snows return, and the great stars burn
O'er a world struck dumb with frost;
Auroral lights scale empurpled heights,
And in rosy depths are lost.

Old dreams come back their golden track,
A shining company;
But you, my Dear, through the waning year,
Return no more to me.

And musing here, I wonder, Dear,
If now in heaven you know
The perfect bliss of that first kiss,
Under the mistletoe.

—*Bradford K. Daniels.*

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

A KITTEN went a-walking,
One morning in July,
And idly fell a-talking
With a great big butterfly.

The kitten's tone was airy,
The butterfly would scoff,
When there came along a fairy,
Who whisked his wings right off.

And then—for it is written
Fairies can do such things—
Upon the startled kitten
She stuck the yellow wings.

The kitten felt a quiver,
She rose into the air,
Then flew down to the river
To view her image there.

With fear her heart was smitten,
And she began to cry:
"Am I a butter-kitten,
Or just a kitten-fly?"

—*Carolyn Wells.*

TABLEAUX AND HOME ENTERTAINMENTS.

DIALOGUES, TABLEAUX AND HOME ENTERTAINMENTS.

IT is not absolutely necessary to hold all entertainments of an amateur character in churches and halls, or other places of a public or semi-public nature; the home may be so transformed that little diversions in the shape of dialogues, tableaux, recitations and other features can be given to the satisfaction of every one.

These recreations are not only pleasurable but beneficial as well, being instructive and serving a good purpose.

A small stage, or raised platform, can be easily and inexpensively constructed, and may consist of stout boards laid upon boxes about two feet (or more) in height so that the participants in the performances may be upon a slight elevation. The front of the platform can be screened with the national colors—or anything else, for that matter. A curtain, strung on a wire, can be readily prepared, cloth of a dark color being preferable. If a "drop," instead of a "draw" curtain, be desired, a light wooden frame should be made, firm at the joints, and just as wide as the stage, to the front part of which it should be attached. This frame is merely three sides of a square, and the curtain is to be strongly nailed to the top piece. A stiff wire should be run along the lower edge of the curtain, and a number of rings attached to the back of it, in squares—say three rows, of four rings each, extending from top to bottom. Three cords, fastened to the wire, and passing through the rings, are run over three pulleys on the upper part of the frame.

A row of lamps, with tin reflectors, placed along the front of the stage is sufficient for illuminating purposes.

In securing what are known as "effects" the amateur will be surprised to learn how easily the audience can be deceived. Thunder is imitated by vigorously shaking a large piece of thin sheet iron, and the beating of a bass-drum closely resembles the mutterings of a storm. Lightning is produced by blowing a handful of powdered rosin through the flame of a lamp. The sound of rain is secured by a revolving drum filled with peas or shot. Snow is represented by small pieces of white paper dropped from above. Mist is imitated by a curtain of thin white gauze or mosquito netting in front of the performers. Colored fires are manufactured by burning a little alcohol upon thoroughly dried nitrate of strontia in an iron vessel, giving a crimson light; upon nitrate of barytes, a yellow flame; boracic acid or nitrate of copper, a green light; on muriate of copper, orange color. High lights are produced by placing a lamp in a box lined with tin at either (or both) sides of the stage or platform.

MAN'S UNCONSCIOUS SELFISHNESS.

HERE is a short but expressive dialogue, which embodies and carries with it a lesson full of meaning. It illustrates the unconscious selfishness of men who are naturally kind-hearted, loving and generous:

Scene I

(Smith and his wife.)

Mrs. S.—Albert, I wish you would give me seventy-five cents.

S.—What do you want seventy-five cents for?

Mrs. S.—I want to get some braid for my new dress.

S.—Haven't you something else that will do?

Mrs. S.—No. But, then, braid is cheap; and I can make it look quite pretty with seventy-five cents.

S.—Plague take these women's fashions. Your endless trimmings and thing-a-ma-jigs cost more than the dress is worth. It is nothing but shell out money when a woman thinks of a new dress.

Mrs. S.—I don't have many new dresses. I do certainly try to be as economical as I can.

S.—It is funny kind of economy, at all events. But if you must have it, I suppose you must.

(Takes out his purse, and counts out seventy-five cents angrily; starts to go, thinks of his umbrella, and goes back for it. Finds his wife in tears.)

S.—Good gracious! Mary, I should like to know if you are crying at what I said about the dress.

Mrs. S.—I was not crying at what you said. I was thinking of how hard I have to work. I am tied to the house. I have many little things to perplex me. Then to think—

S.—Pshaw! What do you want to be foolish for? (Exit.)

(He is met by his little girl, Susie.)

Susie—(holding both his hands.) Oh, papa, give me fifteen cents.

S.—What in the world do you want it for? Are they changing books again?

Susie—No. I want a hoop. It's splendid rolling; and all the girls have one. Please, can't I have one?

S.—Nonsense! If you want a hoop, go and get one off some old barrel. (Throws her off.)

Susie—(in a pleading tone.) Please, Papa?

S.—No, I told you!

(Susie bursts into tears, and he goes off muttering, "Cry, then, and cry it out.")

Scene II.

(Smith and wife.)

Mrs. S.—I am glad you are home thus early. How has business gone to-day?

S.—Well, I am happy to say.

Mrs. S.—Are you very tired?

S.—No; why?

Mrs. S.—I want you to go to the sewing circle to-night.

S.—I can't go; I have an engagement.

Mrs. S.—I am sorry. You never go with me now. You used to go a great deal.

(Just then Susie comes in crying, dragging an old hoop, and rubbing her eyes.)

S.—What is the matter, dear?

Susie—The girls have been laughing at me, and making fun of my hoop. They say mine is ugly and homely. Mayn't I have one now?

S.—Not now, Susie; not now. I'll think of it.

(Susie goes out crying, followed by her mother. A friend of S. enters.)

Friend—Hello, John! What's up?

S.—Nothing in particular. Take a chair.

Friend—How's business?

S.—Good.

Friend—Did you go to the club last night?

S.—Don't speak so loud!

Friend—Ha, wife don't know—does she? Where does she think you go?

S.—I don't know. She never asks me, and I am glad of it. She asked me to go with her to-night, and I told her I was engaged.

Friend—Good! I shan't ask you where, but take it for granted that it was with me. What do you say for a game of billiards?

S.—Good! I'm for that. (They rise to go.) Have a cigar, Tom?

Friend—Yes. (They go out.)

Scene III.

(Two men in conversation.)

Jones—Billiards? No, I never play billiards.

Brown—Why not?

Jones—I don't like its tendency. I cannot assert that the game is, of itself, an evil, to be sure. But, although it has the advantage of calling forth skill and judgment, yet it is evil when it stimulates beyond the bounds of healthy recreation.

Brown—That result can scarcely follow such a game.

Jones—You are wrong there. The result can follow in two ways. First, it can lead men away from their business. Secondly, it leads those to spend their money who have none to spend. Look at that young man just passing. He looks like a mechanic; and I should judge from his appearance that he has a family. I see by his face that he is kind and generous, and wants to do as near right as he can. I have watched him in the billiard saloon time after time, and only last night I saw him pay $1.40 for two hours' recreation. He did it cheerfully, too, and smiled at his loss. But how do you suppose it is at home?

Brown—Upon my word, B., you speak to the point; for I know that young man, and what you have said is true. I can furnish you with facts. We have a club for a literary paper in our village. His wife was very anxious to take it; but he said he could not afford the $1.25 for it. And his little Susie, ten years old, has coaxed her father for fifteen cents, for a hoop, in vain. My Nellie told me that.

Jones—Yes; and that two hours' recreation last night would have paid for both. It is well for the wives and children they do not know where all the money goes. They might have a different opinion of husbands and fathers.

HAVING "AN AXE TO GRIND."

IT is an old and most expressive saying that, when a man is over-anxious to please another and is profuse in praise, the flatterer "has an axe to grind." If all boys could go through the experience which opened the eyes of little Ray White it would do them a world of good. But then all boys do not have such thorough instructors as John Bright.

This tells the story:

John—Stop a moment, boy. I've a word to say.

Ray—Well, what is it? I can't stop long; I'm on my way to school; the bell is ringing.

J.—What time does school begin, my little hero?

R.—In ten minutes, and I must run half a mile to get there.

J.—So far? You are a bright little fellow; there isn't your match in all Boston. By the way, has your father such a thing as a grindstone?

R.—Oh, yes! There it stands.

J.—Upon my word, you are a remarkably fine lad. Can you read, write and cipher?

R.—That I can. I go to Mr. Brownell's school; I could read before I was four years old.

J.—What a wonderful boy! What's your name?

R.—Ray White.

J.—Well, Ray, can I grind my axe on your grindstone?

R.—Yes; father can have no objection. Now I must go or I shall be late at school.

J.—Stop! I declare you're a fine little fellow.

R.—I'm to have a new London writing-book to-morrow.

J.—Possible? I say, Ray, it's such a cold day all the water about the grindstone seems to be frozen. Couldn't you get me some hot water?

R.—Yes, I'll get some in half a minute. (Exit.)

J.—There's nothing like flattery if you want to get an axe ground. Here's this little fool tickled out of his wits by my praises. The school-bell has been clanging away, but he forgets all about it. Well, well, Alexander the Great wasn't much wiser. It takes a philosopher like me to despise fame.

R.—(entering with kettle.) Here's the hot water.

J.—Thank you, Tom.

R.—No, sir; Ray—Ray White.

J.—Well, Ray, you're the finest lad I've ever seen. Will you turn the grindstone for me a minute?

R.—Excuse me, sir, but the school-bell has—

J.—Oh, I see, you're not strong enough.

R.—Not strong enough! You shall see.

J.—What a powerful boy! Grind away, Ray.

R.—It turns rather hard. You are pressing on, sir.

J.—Yes, the axe has never been ground before. I declare! You turn it as well as a grown man could do.

R.—I'm afraid the school-bell has done ringing.

J.—Turn away, Ray. What a man you'll make if you live to grow up! What do you mean to be, Ray?

R.—A printer; my brother is a printer. I never knew this grindstone to go so hard. It tries the hands.

J.—Turn away, Ray. The axe is almost ground. I never knew such a boy—I'll say that. One more turn, Ray! There! That will do. The axe is ground.

R.—It's sharp, is it?

J.—What's that to you? You want a penny for the job, I suppose. Now, look here, you little rascal!

R.—Rascal? Is that all the thanks I get?

J.—You've been playing truant. Oh, won't you catch it from old Brownell!

R.—After blistering my hands over your old axe you call me a rascal, do you?

J.—Pick up your satchel and scud!

R.—I shall be late at school. I shall be thrashed. But I shall remember you, Mr. Axegrinder, for the rest of my life. (Runs off.)

J.—Ha, ha, ha! Poor little Ray. 'Tis rather tough on him, I confess, but it's a good lesson; it will set him to thinking—will teach him how much axe-grinding there is going on in the world. When he sees a tradesman over-polite to his customers, begging them to take a drink and throwing his goods on the counter, Ray will say to himself, "That man has an axe to grind." When he sees a fellow who in private life is a tyrant professing great love for liberty, Ray will say, "Look out, good people; that fellow would set you turning grindstones." When he sees a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without one qualification to render him either respectable or useful, Ray will say, "Deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby." And so, in the long run, Ray will not grudge the time

he has wasted turning the grindstone for John Bright. His wits will be as much sharpened as my axe has been by his labor. On the whole, I flatter myself I've done a very benevolent action. (Exit.)

THE LOVING WIFE'S MISTAKE.

Husband and wife.

Time—The present—and a little before 11 p. m.

Place—The pleasant parlor of the happy pair.

Wife—Eleven o'clock! And he isn't home yet! (Sighs again.) Eleven o'clock! (Noise of footsteps heard off.) Hark! Ah, at last!

(Takes up her work again. The door on the right opens, and the husband enters briskly and smiling, with his hands extended toward the wife. The wife does not move; she works on steadily. The husband pauses, surprised. He looks at her doubtfully. She seems calm, and if she has not looked up, it is because she has not heard him. He smiles again, and going up to her on tiptoe, bends over her chair to kiss her. The wife then draws herself up stiffly, and looks at him frigidly. The husband at first starts back in astonishment. Then he steps toward her.)

Wife—(thrusting back her chair.) Do not touch me!

(The husband is about to speak.)

Wife—(rising and recoiling.) Do not dare to touch me, sir!

(She goes toward the door on the left. The husband hesitates, in doubt, following her with his eyes.)

Wife—(with her hand on the door.) After your conduct to-night all is over between us forever!

(She opens the door and goes out. The husband darts after her, but the door slams in his face. He is astounded. What can this mean? What has happened? Is she in earnest or in jest? Perhaps it is a joke, and she may be laughing now. He listens with his ear to the keyhole. He hears nothing. Something is wrong; there is a domestic hurricane blowing up. Well, he can stand it, and it will not be the first. He will let it blow over. Rubs his hands with energy. Then takes up the evening paper, throws himself on the sofa, and begins to read.)

Wife—(coming out of her room and standing before him.) And how long do you suppose this sort of thing can go on?

(The husband is surprised.)

Wife—(explosively.) How long do you think I will lead this life?

(The husband is more surprised.)

Wife—Do you imagine that I can spend my evenings alone waiting for you?

(The husband is about to rise.)

Wife—Oh, don't move on my account, I beg. I could never forgive myself if I disturbed you! I don't doubt that you feel the need of rest after five hours passed out of the house!

(The husband is about to speak.)

Wife—(suddenly.) I'm only sorry that I had to sit up for you. If I had known that you wouldn't come home until after midnight—

(The husband looks at the clock.)

Wife—(quickly.) I beg your pardon! That clock is slow; it is at least an hour slow. It is now half-past twelve!

(The husband looks at his watch.)

Wife—But what do you care how lonely I am! I suppose I must get used to your coming home at all hours of the night. When I accepted you I thought I was going to have a man for a husband—not an owl!

(The husband is about to protest.)

Wife—But I suppose you men are all alike—birds of a feather! Oh, I know you, and I am not taken in by your affected calmness. I know you have been up to some mischief this evening. I see it in your eyes.

(The husband is about to protest again.)

Wife—Don't talk to me! I know you, I say,—and there isn't anything you are not capable of!

(The husband smiles.)

Wife—Oh, you can smile and smile! But you can't persuade me that a gentleman would make his wife cry—and then laugh at her.

(The husband protests again.)

Wife—(feverishly.) Oh, I can laugh, too.

(The husband revolts at last.)

Wife—Oh, I know what you are going to say. It was a college dinner, of course —and all the old professors were there. You would all have liked to take your wives, no doubt, but it is against the rules! That's a pity, isn't it?—for we should have found ourselves in good company at this college dinner, shouldn't we?

(The husband tries to protest.)

Wife—At least, we could have laughed with you, drank with you, sang with you: "For he's a jolly good fellow." A college dinner is always so lively.

(The husband suggests a doubt.)

Wife—It wasn't gay? So much the worse. If it had been, you would have been in your element. At times you are so funny!

(The husband modestly deprecates this compliment.)

Wife—At least, they say so—I never discovered it. I never heard you make a good joke.

(The husband is disconcerted.)

Wife—Perhaps that is because you don't put yourself out to please me. You keep your wit for others.

(The husband approaches her, smiling.)

Wife—No, sir, no! Don't touch me!

(The husband recoils indignantly.)

Wife—You spend your days and nights out of the house, and I suppose I could follow your example, but I am not one to go gadding about.

(Hitherto the wife had spoken incessantly, rattling off speech after speech without a pause, but now she stops for breath. Hitherto the husband has responded rather by his looks and by his gestures than by any actual attempt to speak, though the actor must be careful not to suggest to the audience the husband is dumb. Now, at last, as the wife pauses, the husband sees his opportunity, and prepares to seize it.)

Wife—(starting afresh.) Not another word!

(The husband has at last a chance to reply, but he feels it would be useless. He shrugs his shoulders and turns away.)

Wife—That's right! Lose your temper! That's the best thing you can do when you dare not answer me!

(The husband turns back.)

Wife—What have you to say in self-defense?

(The husband looks at her calmly.)

Wife—Nothing! You can't even make up a likely story! I have believed them before, why shouldn't I now? You might at least pay me the compliment of lying to me! But you have nothing at all to say—nothing, nothing!

(The husband approaches her.)

Wife—Well, go on! Strike me!

(The husband is staggered by this.)

Wife—Why don't you strike me?

(The husband does not know what to do.)

Wife—What are you waiting for? You are the stronger—you are the man—I am only a weak woman. Don't be frightened—I shall not try to defend myself!

(The husband has again a chance to speak, but what could he say? Obviously, the best thing he can do is to go. So he starts toward the door.)

Wife—So you don't intend to beat me? Are you afraid I shall call for help?

(The husband turns back.)

Wife—You are wrong to fear that. I am not one of the women who like to make a noise and a scandal.

(The husband is about to answer, but he checks himself.)

Wife—I hate scandal, and I love peace and quiet.

(The husband raises his eyebrows.)

Wife.—(furiously.) Don't you know that?

(The husband takes up his paper quietly, and sits down again.)

Wife—Have you nothing to say for yourself? Do you persist in behaving like a brute?

(The husband begins to read.)

Wife—(drawing near to him.) And you can read a newspaper when your poor wife is in tears? There are husbands who would at least try to explain their conduct. When a wife is miserable, when she is tormented by doubts and misgivings, when perhaps she is in the wrong, but when surely she is suffering cruelly, there are husbands who would try to soothe her by a kind word, by a gentle glance. Is it so very hard to have pity on those we love?

(The husband, touched by this, lays aside his newspaper.)

Wife—Well, well, I will allow that there was a college dinner! But you must admit that it isn't natural for a man to come home after midnight—

(The husband is about to speak.)

Wife—Well, well, call it twelve o'clock, half-past eleven, what you will. But the dinner was over by half-past nine—

(The husband is again about to speak.)

Wife—You told me so yourself.

(The husband protests.)

Wife—Is it any wonder that I am surprised? that I am worried? that I am wounded?

(The husband hesitates.)

Wife—And you refuse to answer a single question?

(She falls, sobbing, on the sofa. The husband looks at her compassionately.)

Wife—(sobbing.) Oh, mother, mother! How you would suffer if you only knew how miserable I am!

(The husband is sorrowful.)

Wife—(sitting up.) And this is nothing to what I may expect in the future. This is only the beginning!

(The husband goes towards her.)

Wife (thrusting him aside)—Let me alone! I have no need of your hypocritical consolation. You wanted to see me cry. Well, I've been crying—and I hope you are satisfied!

(The husband thinks this is a little too much. He loses patience completely, and in his anger strides to and fro.)

Wife—Oh, I know it is absurd for me to take on so. I have no business to weep. I ought to be used to neglect by this time. I suppose that we poor women can get accustomed to anything.

(The husband continues to pace to and fro.)

Wife—When we were married, only five years ago, I little thought it would come to this. Ours was a beautiful wedding, and everybody said we were going to be so happy! Everybody except old Aunt Anastasia—she was more keen-sighted than the rest.

(The husband turns at this last speech.)

Wife—Yes, sir, Aunt Anastasia was keen-sighted, for all she was eighty-seven. She said, "Virginia, my dear child, be on your guard. You are marrying a middle-aged man—"

(The husband was indignant.)

Wife—Aunt Anastasia called you a middle-aged man! And she said that you were a broker, and that you had lived in clubs, and that you went to the races, and that you probably played poker.

(The husband is impatient.)

Wife—And that it was very doubtful whether you would make a good husband.

(The husband is more and more impatient.)

Wife—And so Aunt Anastasia advised me to be on my guard, and if you ill-treated or neglected me, to get a divorce at once.

(The husband has taken up a paper-cutter from the table, and at the word "divorce" he breaks it.)

Wife—There, you see, you break everything! That's the way you answer me! Your temper is getting worse and worse every day. I shall live in fear of my life soon!

(The husband is about to let his indignation break out, but he controls himself. Going to the little table, he pours out a glass of water.)

Wife—So—you are thirsty! I don't doubt it! Your college dinner must have made you very dry.

(The husband pours out a little more water, filling the glass up.)

Wife—Cold water ought to be good for you; it ought to calm your violence.

(The husband sips his glass slowly, and in great calmness.)

Wife (furiously)—But I will beg you not to be as careless in the future as you have been in the past.

(The husband sets down the glass and wipes his lips.)

Wife (after a pause)—The night before last you spilt half a glass of ice-water on my velvet prayer-book.

(The husband listens to her coldly but politely, and then goes to the little table and sets down the glass.)

Wife (very angry)—And there never was a time when I needed my prayer-book more than now. What would become of me if I had only this world to think of?

(The husband still listens frigidly.)

Wife—Oh, I know what your views are! You always go to sleep during the sermon! But you cannot make me forget the lessons I learned at my mother's knee.

(The husband, resigned to anything, listens in silence.)

Wife—What do you say?

(The husband, by a gesture, suggests that there is no need for him to say anything.)

Wife—My mother was a noble woman!

(The husband shrugs his shoulders.)

Wife—You don't think so? I didn't believe you capable of insulting my mother!

(The husband raises his hands in a silent appeal.)

Wife (sobbing)—You insult my poor, dear mother. And what day do you choose for this outrage? A day when all my family used to try to make me happy—my birthday!

(The husband listens stolidly.)

Wife—Oh, yes, to-day is December 20th—my birthday. But you have forgotten it.

(The husband protests.)

Wife—Confess now that you didn't remember it—that you never remember it!

(The husband is about to speak.)

Wife—Oh, don't say a word! You would only tell me another story!

(The husband looks at the audience, as

though to call them to witness. Then he turns to his wife smiling.)

Wife—Well, what is it? What is the matter with you? Why don't you speak?

(The husband takes a jewel-case from his pocket, and opens it.)

Wife—What's that?

(The husband hands it to her.)

Wife—A bracelet? For me?

(The husband nods.)

Wife (reading the inscription inside the bracelet)—"Virginia—from Paul—December 20th." And this is why you were late?

(The husband nods again.)

Wife (effusively)—Oh, Paul, how good you are to me! And how I do love you! (Throwing herself into his arms.)

—*Brander Matthews.*

HOW TO ACT SHADOW PICTURES.

HOME entertainments can be given all the year round, although it is the custom to reserve them almost exclusively for the holidays, or, at least, the season when cold weather prevails. Young people are always searching for something new, but they have never discovered anything more pleasurable than the old-time shadow pantomime, which affords practical, endless amusement.

Of all the various methods which have been devised for furnishing an amusing entertainment there is probably none which so strongly recommends itself for its simplicity, its scope for originality and for genuine fun as the shadow pantomime. To the uninitiated the effects produced are startling, and to all, if properly managed, ludicrous in the extreme.

In the arrangement of tableaux the effect is mainly dependent on the judicious and artistic blending of colors, the expression of countenances and the graceful positions of the posers. In the pantomime, color is of no consequence, and facial expression is confined entirely to the profile.

The first thing requisite is a white curtain or sheet to receive the shadows. Where there is already a stage and drop curtain the white sheet is arranged as an extra drop, care being taken to have it hang so as to be as tight and as free from inequalities as possible, and the larger the better. In adapting the exhibition to a parlor entertainment the white sheet may be stretched to fit exactly between sliding or folding doors. Before stretching the sheet it should be thoroughly and uniformly wetted, and then wrung out. This insures sharpness of outline to the shadows.

At the front or on that side of the sheet appropriated to the spectators, the room must, during the performance, be entirely dark. On the stage or behind the sheet, where the performers are, should be only one bright, steady light. This must be arranged so as to be as near to the floor as possible, and exactly opposite the center of the sheet. For parlor purposes, where there is gas in the room, the best contrivance is a drop light, the burner of which (a large-sized one) is not more than two or three inches from the ground and placed so as to present the thin edge (not the flat) of the flame to the curtain. This renders the outlines all the more distinct and clearly defined.

If gas is not to be had, the next best lamp is a tin cup filled with tallow, in the center of which is a cotton wick secured by a wire coil soldered into the middle of the inside of the cup, to prevent the wick from falling down when the tallow has melted. This tin lamp should be placed in the center of a flat dish full of sand, as a precaution against accident.

If the curtain is large, the light should be placed at a distance of about five or six feet, but a small curtain requires the light to be two or three feet farther away. The distance can be best ascertained by experiment. If there should be no means of closing the sheet after or in the intervals of a performance, there should be a light placed on each side, behind the curtain, in such a position that no shadow will be thrown by it, and the center light extinguished, or effectually shaded by the placing of some solid object close in front of it.

During the performance care must be taken that those persons whose shadows are not for the moment needed, should stand behind the light, as entrance or exit is effected by jumping lightly or stepping sideways over the light. This produces an effect on the curtain just as if the shadow had dropped from or gone up into the ceiling. As profile is essential, the side and not the front or back should as far as practicable be presented to the light, and in using tables or chairs let them be placed close to, but not touching, the curtain. The nearer the curtain, the clearer the shadow.

In order to bring any object on a table clearly into shadow, it must be placed at the edge of the table nearest the light, otherwise the shadow of the top of the table will obscure the shadow of the lower part of the object. The table, therefore, for general purposes, should not be too wide, and may be just as well a strip of board from two to three feet long, and eight inches wide, nailed to four strips of wood for legs.

An amusing deception may be practiced with small objects, such as cups and saucers, by first placing them at the edge farthest from the light, where they will be out of shadow, and by fastening a string to them, which can be done with a piece of wax, and carrying the end over the edge and down the leg nearest the light, through a small eyelet at the bottom of the leg and so along the ground to the back of the light. By this means the objects can be drawn across to the edge nearest the light and will appear to rise out of the table. By reversing the arrangement they appear to sink into the table. For this purpose the table should be a little wider than that ordinarily used.

Many curious effects are possible. For instance, to make a false nose, cut a piece of pasteboard to the required shape, and split open the back edge sufficiently to allow the real nose to be inserted. It can be fixed securely either by strings attached to each side and tied behind the head, or by gumming on with mucilage. The latter plan is the better, as it admits of the nose being apparently pulled off. When this is done the performer who loses his nose should have one hand full of sawdust, and, at the moment that the false nose is removed, bring that hand up in time to prevent the shadow of his natural nose appearing on the curtain, then leaning his head forward and letting the sawdust drop gently in little gushes as it were. The blood will seem to drop and call forth manifestations of deep emotion or high delight from the sympathizing spectators. Sawdust is the best thing to represent liquid in the act of pouring, but if the orifice be small, as in the case of a coffeepot or tea kettle, it will be liable to choke up the spout, and sand, thoroughly dried, will be found preferable.

Any one with a moderate degree of ingenuity and fertility of invention, will be able to multiply the effects from the hints given, and may produce an almost endless variety of illusions. As an illustration of this, some of the most effective conjuring tricks may be produced with great success. For instance, a number of objects

may be cut out of cardboard, such as birds, animals, kettles, teapots, hats, flowers and plants in pots, at least twenty or more of which can be piled flat on the floor without coming above the level of the lower part of the shadow curtain. If these are lifted one by one just behind the profile of a stiff hat, all the amusing effects can be produced of an inexhaustible "tile." A full-sized hoop-skirt can be presented to the gaze of the astonished spectators. All of these objects can be thrown over the light, picked up by an assistant behind, and pushed, one by one, back to the hat, by means of a thin strip of wood kept flat on the floor, and reproduced as often as may be required.

It would be well to remark, incidentally, that for grown-up performers the curtain should not be less than ten feet high. When the curtain is much less, smaller performers are requisite.

Too much stress cannot be laid on thorough rehearsal. Everything should be tried over and over again, until perfectly accomplished. Care should be taken that the acts or separate pieces performed during an exhibition be as distinct in details as possible, so as not to allow the effects produced in any one of them to be repeated in any other.

Let nothing be undertaken in which there is the possibility of failure in any of the arrangements. Rather attempt little and do it well, than too much and bungle in it. Then always remember, also, that the individual in corpore is nothing, the shadow everything. Do not be too sure that this little action or that bit of by-play will be all right when the time comes; try it beforehand, and in all possibility the trial will show how imperfect the attempt would have been.

It should be remembered: That in rehearsal only can the performer be permitted to look at his own shadow; as during the performance the profile must be constantly presented to the curtain, a position which will prevent the performer from witnessing the effect of his actions. Let everything be done as close to the curtain as possible, but never so near as to touch it.

If these general directions are carefully followed the performers will not fail to elicit their meed of applause at the close of the shadow pantomime.

MOTHER GOOSE, LITTLE GEESE AND "BRER" FOX.

IN this pretty production the characters are Mother Goose, two little girls in full white muslin cloaks with hoods and wearing yellow stockings, representing the Geese, and a good-sized boy in a brown fur cloak and hood personating the Fox. The costume for Mother Goose can be designed by any mother, or, for that matter, the girl who assumes the part.

Scene I.

Mother Goose.—Come, children dear,
and listen to me,
I'm feeble and old, as you can see,
And soon away from this world of woe,
Your poor, old mother must go, go, go!
[Shakes her head.]
Now, when I am gone, you must not fret,
Nor my good advice must you e'er forget.
Young geese are silly, and the fox is sly,
[Enter Fox unseen.]
Remember that when you pass him by.
[Shakes her fingers.]
And, children dear, whatever you do,
Never listen to him when he speaks to you!
And stay you at home when the hour is
late,
Or sad, sad indeed will be your fate.
Young geese are silly, and the fox is sly,
Remember that when I die, die, die!

[Young geese kneel beside her.]
First Young Goose.—Oh, mother dear, we will e'er be true,
When the fox is near we will think of you.
Second Young Goose.—And though we may believe he is nice,
We'll be sure to remember your good advice;
And chance we to meet him, whenever the day,
We'll turn our faces the other way.
Both Young Geese [together].—And when night comes we will never roam,
But think of the sly fox, and stay at home.
[Rise hand in hand and repeat.]
Mother Goose.—Young geese are silly, and the fox is sly,
Remember that when I die, die, die!

Scene II.

First Young Goose.—Come, take a walk, come, sister dear,
See! overhead the moon shines clear;
And, if our way the fox should pass,
We'll hide us down in some thick grass;
And, when he's gone, we'll hasten home—
Don't be a coward, sister, come!
Second Young Goose.—Oh, sister dear, I should love to go;
But he, the old fox, is sly, you know.
First Young Goose.—What if he is! we are not afraid;
We'll show him that we geese are made
Of something more than feathers. Come!
We'll go not very far from home.
[They walk back and forth, hand in hand, and meet Fox face to face.]
Fox.—Good evening, oh, good evening! How d'ye do?
Two charming little maids like you
Should never walk alone.
I see, my dears, you're really quite afraid of me.
I'm not a handsome fellow, that I own,
And if you bid me, I'll go my way alone.
But come, my dears, I know you will—
Come walk with me to yonder moonlit hill;
I'll show you where the vine's rich clusters grow;
And you shall feast upon them—will you go? [Aside.]
I ask these silly geese on grapes to sup,
But when I get them safe, I'll eat them up!
[Geese walk off, hand in hand, with Fox.]

Scene III.

(A pen made with chairs. Young Geese kneeling.)

Young Geese [together].—Oh, please let us out, kind sir, please do,
And whatever you ask we will do for you.
Fox [with contempt].—What! let you out, now that I've got you in;
Why, my little dears, that would be a sin?
If you had been to your mother true,
You'd have shunned the trap I laid for you.
But now you are here, please don't blame me,
It's all your own fault, as you can see.
Young geese are silly, and the fox is sly,
Did you think of that when I passed you by?
And you listened to me when I spoke to you,
Is that what your mother advised you to do?
Oh, no! my dears, you may cackle and squeal,
But you're here to make me a luscious meal.
Good sense is but folly when it comes too late!
And a goose must expect but a goose's fate!
So, to-night you may sup on regret and tears,
To-morrow [smacks his lips]—good-night, pleasant dreams, my pretty dears! [Aside.]
I might have said more, but what's the use,

Of talking good sense to a silly young goose;
Young geese will be silly, and the fox is sly,
Remember that, kind friends, good-bye! good-bye!

—*Anna M. Ford.*

SUGGESTIONS FOR PRETTY TABLEAUX.

MANY beautiful groupings can be designed for tableaux by those of an artistic or imaginative nature, and the services of a professional can be dispensed with altogether. By placing sheets of thin paper of various colors in front of the side lights some unique and even startling effects can be produced, and thus the fancies of those having the entertainment in charge are aided and assisted in the most charming manner.

If possible, a large gilded frame—like a heavy picture frame—should enclose the tableaux where not more than two or three figures appear. The effect in this case is pleasing and happy in every conceivable way. The side lights, being placed upon the inside of the frame, are close to the figures and bring out in clearness all the details and enable those in the audience to obtain a perfect view of the characters posing.

It is not a difficult matter to select subjects and make groupings for tableaux, as those who have witnessed the representations presided over by school teachers and the managers of club and society organizations can testify.

As for pantomimes, they require action where tableaux necessitate absolute quiet, but the surroundings on the stage or platform are essentially the same.

HOW THE CENSUS IS TAKEN.

Scene and Characters.—A farm house; Mrs. Touchwood at the washtub being quizzed by the census-taker.

GOOD morning, madam. Is the head of the house at home?

Mrs. Touchwood. Yes, sir, I'm at home.

Inquisitor—Haven't you a husband?

Mrs. T.—Yes, sir, but he ain't the head of the family, I'd have you to know.

Inq.—How many persons have you in your family?

Mrs. T.—Why, bless me, sir, what's that to you? You're mighty inquisitive, I think.

Inq.—I'm the man that takes the census.

Mrs. T.—If you was a man in your senses you wouldn't ask such impertinent questions.

Inq.—Don't be offended, old lady, but answer my questions as I ask them.

Mrs. T.—"Answer a fool according to his folly!"—you know what the Scripture says. Old lady, indeed!

Inq.—Beg your pardon, madam; but I don't care about hearing Scripture just at this moment. I'm bound to go according to law and not according to gospel.

Mrs. T.—I should think you went neither according to law nor gospel. What business is it to you to inquire into folks' affairs, Mr. Thingumbob?

Inq.—The law makes it my business, good woman, and if you don't want to expose yourself to its penalties, you must answer my questions.

Mrs. T.—Oh, it's the law is it? That alters the case. But I should like to know what the law has to do with other people's household affairs?

Inq.—Why, Congress made the law, and if it don't please you, you must talk to them about it.

Mrs. T.—Talk to a fiddle-stick! Why, Congress is a fool, and you're another.

Inq.—Now, good lady, you're a fine, good-looking woman; if you'll give me a few civil answers I'll thank you. What I wish to know first is, how many are there in your family?

Mrs. T.—Let me see [counting on her fingers]; there's I and my husband is one——

Inq.—Two, you mean.

Mrs. T.—Don't put me out, now, Mr. Thinkummy. There's I and my husband is one——

Inq.—Are you always one?

Mrs. T.—What's that to you, I should like to know. But I tell you, if you don't leave off interrupting me I won't say another word.

Inq.—Well, take your own way, and be hanged to you.

Mrs. T.—I will take my own way, and no thanks to you. [Again counting her fingers.] There's I and my husband is one; there's John, he's two; Peter is three, Sue and Moll are four, and Thomas is five. And then there's Mr. Jenkins and his wife and the two children is six; and there's Jowler, he's seven.

Inq.—Jowler! Who's he?

Mrs. T.—Who's Jowler! Why, who should he be but the old house dog?

Inq.—It's the number of persons I want to know.

Mrs. T.—Very well, Mr. Flippergin, ain't Jowler a person? Come here, Jowler, and speak for yourself. I'm sure he's as personable a dog as there is in the whole State.

Inq.—He's a very clever dog, no doubt. But it's the number of human beings I want to know.

Mrs. T.—Human! There ain't a more human dog that ever breathed.

Inq.—Well, but I mean the two-legged kind of beings.

Mrs. T.—Oh, the two-legged, is it? Well, then, there's the old rooster, he's seven; the fighting-cock is eight, and the bantam is nine——

Inq.—Stop, stop, good woman, I don't want to know the number of your fowls.

Mrs. T.—I'm very sorry indeed, I can't please you, such a sweet gentleman as you are. But didn't you tell me—'twas the two-legged beings——

Inq.—True, but I didn't mean the hens.

Mrs. T.—Oh, now I understand you. The old gobbler, he's seven, the hen turkey is eight; and if you'll wait a week there'll be a parcel of young ones, for the old hen turkey is setting on a whole snarl of eggs.

Inq.—Blast your turkeys!

Mrs. T.—Oh, don't now, good Mr. Hipperstitcher, I pray you don't. They're as honest turkeys as any in the country.

Inq.—Don't vex me any more. I'm getting to be angry.

Mrs. T.—Ha! ha! ha!

Inq. [striding about the room in a rage.] —Have a care, madam, or I shall fly out of my skin.

Mrs. T.—If you do, I don't know who will fly in.

Inq.—You do all you can to anger me. It's the two-legged creatures who talk I have reference to.

Mrs. T.—Oh, now I understand you. Well, then, our Poll Parrot makes seven and the black gal eight.

Inq.—I see you will have your own way.

Mrs. T.—You have just found out, have you! You are a smart little man!

Inq.—Have you mentioned the whole of your family?

Mrs. T.—Yes, that's the whole—except the wooden-headed man in front.

Inq.—Wooden-headed?

Mrs. T.—Yes, the schoolmaster what's boarding here.

Inq.—I suppose if he has a wooden head he lives without eating, and therefore must be a profitable boarder.

Mrs. T.—Oh, no, sir, you are mistaken there. He eats like a leather judgment.

Inq.—How many servants are there in the family?

Mrs. T.—Servants! Why, there's no servants but me and my husband.

Inq.—What makes you and your husband servants?

Mrs. T.—I'm a servant to hard work, and he is a servant to rum. He does nothing all day but guzzle, guzzle, guzzle; while I'm working, and stewing, and sweating from morning till night, and from night till morning.

Inq.—How many colored persons have you?

Mrs. T.—There's nobody but Dinah, the black girl, Poll Parrot and my daughter Sue.

Is your daughter a colored girl?

Mrs. T.—I guess you'd think so if you was to see her. She's always out in the sun—and she's tanned up as black as an Indian.

Inq.—How many white males are there in your family under ten years of age?

Mrs. T.—Why, there ain't none now; my husband don't carry the mail since he's taken to drink so bad. He used to carry two, but they wasn't white.

Inq.—You mistake, good woman; I meant male folks, not leather mails.

Mrs. T.—Let me see; there's none except little Thomas,, and Mr. Jenkins' two little girls.

Inq.—Males, I said, madam, not females.

Mrs. T.—Well, if you don't like them, you may leave them off.

Inq.—How many white males are there between ten and twenty?

Mrs. T.—Why, there's nobody but John and Peter, and John ran away last week.

Inq.—How many white males are there between twenty and thirty?

Mrs. T.—Let me see—there's the wooden-headed man is one, Mr. Jenkins and his wife is two, and the black girl is three.

Inq.—No more of your nonsense, old lady; I'm heartily tired of it.

Mrs. T.—Hoity toity! Haven't I a right to talk as I please in my own house?

Inq.—You must answer the questions as I put them.

Mrs. T.—"Answer a fool according to his folly"—you're right, Mr. Hippogriff.

Inq.—How many white males are there between thirty and forty?

Mrs. T.—Why, there's nobody but I and my husband—and he was forty-one last March.

Inq.—As you count yourself among the males, I dare say you wear the breeches.

Mrs. T.—Well, what if I do, Mr. Impertinence? Is that anything to you? Mind your own business, if you please.

Inq.—Certainly—I did but speak. How many white males are there between forty and fifty?

Mrs. T.—None.

Inq.—How many between fifty and sixty?

Mrs. T.—None.

Inq.—Are there any between this and a hundred?

Mrs. T.—None except the old gentleman.

Inq.—What old gentleman? You haven't mentioned any before.

Mrs. T.—Why, gramther Grayling—I thought everybody knew gramther Grayling—he's a hundred and two years old next August, if he lives so long—and I dare say he will, for he's got the dry wilt, and they say such folks never dies.

Inq.—Now give the number of deaf and dumb persons.

Mrs. T.—Why, there is no deaf persons, excepting husband, and he ain't so deaf as he pretends to be. When anybody axes him to take a drink of rum, if it's only in a whisper, he can hear quick enough. But if I tell him to fetch an armful of wood or feed the pigs or tend the griddle, he's as deaf as a horse-block.

Inq.—How many dumb persons?

Mrs. T.—Dumb! Why, there's no dumb body in the house, except the wooden-headed man, and he never speaks unless he's spoken to. To be sure, my husband wishes I was dumb, but he can't make it out.

Inq.—Are there any manufactures carried on here?

Mrs. T.—None to speak on, except turnip-sausages and tow cloth.

Inq.—Turnip-sausages!

Mrs. T.—Yes, turnip-sausages. Is there anything so wonderful in that?

Inq.—I never heard of them before. What kind of machinery is used in making them?

Mrs. T.—Nothing but a bread-trough, a chopping-knife and a sausage filler.

Inq.—Are they made of clear turnips?

Mrs. T.—Now you're terrible inquisitive. What would you give to know?

Inq.—I'll give you the name of being the most communicative and pleasant woman I've met with for the last half-hour.

Mrs. T.—Well, now, you're a sweet gentleman, and I must gratify you. You must know we mix with the turnip a little red cloth, just enough to give them a color, so they needn't look as if they were made of clear fat meat; then we chop them up well together, put in a little sage, summer savory, and black pepper; and they make as pretty little delicate links as ever was set on a gentleman's table; they fetch the highest price in the market.

Inq.—Indeed! Have you a piano in the house?

Mrs. T.—A piany! What's that?

Inq.—A musical instrument.

Mrs. T.—Lor, no. But Sary Jane, down at the Corners, has one—you see. Sary got all highfalutin about the great Colushun down to Bosting, and down she went; an' when she came back the old man got no rest until she had one of the big square music boxes with white teeth—'spose that's what you call a piany.

Inq.—You seem to know what it is, then.

Mrs. T.—Yes, sir. Have you anything more to ax?

Inq.—Nothing more. Good morning, madam.

Mrs. T.—Stop a moment; can't you think of something else? Do now, that's a good man. Wouldn't you like to know what we're a-going to have for dinner; or how many chickens our old white hen hatched at her last brood; or how many——

Inq.—Nothing more—nothing more.

Mrs. T.—Here, just look in the cupboard, and see how many red ants there are in the sugar-bowl; I haven't time to count them myself.

Inq.—Confound your ants and all your relations.

[Exit in bad humor.]

PAT HAD A GOOD EXCUSE.

[Nora in the kitchen, peeling potatoes.]

Nora.—Och! it's deceivin' that all men are! Now I belaved Pat niver would forsake me, and here he's trated me like an ould glove, and I'll niver forgive him. How praties make your eyes water. [Wipes tears away.] Almost as bad as onions. Not that I'm cryin'; oh, no. Pat Murphy can't see

me cry. [Knock without.] There is Pat now, the rascal. I'll lock the door. [Hastens to lock door.]

Pat [without].—Arrah, Nora, and here I am.

Nora.—And there ye'll stay, ye spalpeen.

Pat [without).—Ah, come now, Nora,—ain't it opening the door you are after? Sure, I'm dyin' of cold.

Nora.—Faith, you are too hard a sinner to die aisy—so you can take your time about it.

Pat.—Open the door, cushla; the police will be takin' me up.

Nora.—He won't kape you long, alanna!

Pat.—Nora, if you let me in, I'll tell you how I came to lave you at the fair last night.

Nora [relenting].—Will you, for true?

Pat.—Indade I will.

[Nora unlocks door. Enter Pat gayly. He snatches a kiss from her.]

Nora.—Be off wid ye! Now tell me how you happened to be wid Mary O'Dwight last night?

Pat [sitting down].—Well, you see it happened this way; ye know Mike O'Dwight is her brother, and he and me is blatherin' good friends, ye know; and as we was going to Caltry the ither day, Mike says to me, says he: "Pat, what'll you take fur that dog?" and I says, says I—

Nora [who has been listening earnestly].—Bother you, Pat, but you are foolin' me again.

Pat [coaxingly takes her hand].—No—no—Nora—I'll tell ye the truth this time, sure. Well, as I was sayin', Mike and me is good friends; and Mike says, says he: "Pat, that's a good dog." "Yis," says I, "it is." And he says, says he: "Pat, it is a blatherin' good dog." "Yis," says I; and then—and then—— [Scratches his head as if to aid his imagination.]

Nora [angrily snatching away hand].—There! I'll not listen to another word!

She sings. [Tune—"Rory O'Moore."]

Oh, Patrick Murphy, be off wid you, pray,
I been watching your pranks this many a day;
You're false, and ye're fickle, as sure as I live
And your hateful desaivin' I'll niver forgive.
Ouch! do you think I was blind yester night,
When you walked so fine with Mary O'Dwight?
You kissed her, you rascal, and called her your own,
And left me to walk down the dark lane alone.

Pat [taking up song].

Oh, Nora, me darlint, be off wid your airs,
For nobody wants you, and nobody cares!
For you do want your Patrick, for don't you see,
You could not so well love any but me.
When my lips met Miss Mary's, now just look at me,
I shut my eyes tight, just this way, don't you see?
And when the kiss came, what did I do?—
I shut my eyes tight, and made believe it was you!

Nora.

Be off wid your nonsense—a word in your ear,
Listen, my Patrick, be sure that you hear;
Last night when Mike Duffy came here to woo,
We sat in the dark, and made believe it was you—
And when the kiss came, now just look at me,—
I shut my eyes tight, just this way, don't you see?
And when our lips met, what did I do,
But keep my eyes shut, and make belave it was you!

[Nora, laughing; Pat, disconcerted.]

PLAYING STORE.

CHARACTERS.

Five boys—WARREN, CHARLIE, TOM, SAM and NED. Two girls—IDA and MARY.

Warren.—

WE'RE going to play at keeping shop,
And I'm to be the clerk.
These are the goods we have to sell;
To sell them is my work.

You see I've dolls, and tops, and caps,
And marbles, cakes, and candy,
Tin cups, and knives, and oranges,
And other things so handy.

Now that I'm ready to begin,
I hope the customers will come—
The boys and girls to buy the goods
And carry them off home.

I think I see one coming now—
Yes, there is Charlie Locke.
[*Charlie enters.*]
What can I sell you, sir, to-day?
I've everything in stock.

Charlie.—
I'd like to see some marbles, please;
How many for a dime?
Warren.—
As you are my first customer,
I'll give you twelve this time.
C.—I'll take them. *W.*—Shall I wrap them up?
C.—No. *W.*—Let me put them, then,
Into your pocket. *C.*—Here's your dime.
Good-day. *W.*—Call in again.
[*Ida enters.*]

Ida.—
Please, Mr. Storekeeper, I want
An orange and a mint-stick.
I have a tea-party at home
And want the things for tea—quick!
Please charge the bill. I have no time
To pay for them to-day.
Warren.—
All right, all right; here are your goods—
To-morrow you can pay.
[*Mary enters and looks around.*]

Warren.—
What can I show you, miss, to-day?
I have some dolls quite low.
Mary.—
Well, you may show me some; perhaps
I'll buy—I do not know.
[*W. places dolls before her, and she selects one.*]

How much for this? *W.*—A dollar, ma'am.
Mary.—
I think the price too high.
I'll give you ninety-seven cents.
Take that—or I'll not buy.

Warren.—
Well, take the doll at your own price
[*wraps and hands it to her*],
Tho' it really is worth more;
For here come lots of customers—
Enough to buy the store.
[*Tom, Sam, and Ned enter.*]

Tom.—
I want a nice, new tin cup,
If you have one for sale;
For Jack took mine last Tuesday
To tie to Rover's tail.

Warren.—
Well, you can take your choice, sir;
Of cups I have no lack;
And don't you want this riding-whip
To lay on naughty Jack?

Tom.—
I want to buy a good jack-knife,
If you have one to suit—

One that will sharpen pencils
Or make a willow flute.

Warren.—
Here is the very article—
The sharpest knife in town.
Ned.—
I want a polo-cap—the kind
That's pretty much all crown.

Warren.—
In that I can just suit you, sir;
This cap I know will do;
The price, too, is extremely low.
Shall I wrap it up for you?

Tom.—
Here is the cash for my tin cup.

Sam.—
This for my knife will pay.
Ned.—
And here's the price you ask for this,
My polo-cap so gay.

Warren.—
That's quite correct! Just tarry, boys,
'Tis time to shut up shop.
Let's go and have a game of ball,
Or else of spinning top.

Tom.—
Yes, yes, come on, for after all,
Boys best like out-door plays,
So let's be off, and leave the store
For girls, or—rainy days.

BE POLITE.

WHEN you meet a lady,
Take off your hat and bow.
Perhaps you think you cannot;
If so, I'll show you how!
(*Puts on cap and takes it off, bowing.*)

If you're asked a question,
Do not hang your head,
And refuse to answer;
That is quite ill-bred.

When you meet your school friends,
Don't whoop and shout and yell;
A merry, bright "Good-morning"
Should answer just as well.

Don't think it manly to be rude,
And by rough ways annoy;
Remember that a gentleman's
A grown-up gentle boy.

THE SNOW BRIGADE.

Tune—"Yankee Doodle."

Snow-paper, commonly used for Christmas trees, may be scattered around to represent snow, and balls made of cotton be placed in it for the boys to use in the snow-balling. Also bits of the white paper may be stuck with a little mucilage on their hats to represent snow-flakes.

[Enter six or eight (or more) boys bearing shovels on their shoulders. Wooden shovels may be used, as they are lighter.]

WE are a jolly set of boys,
And we like fun and laughter;
But shoveling snow we like as well,
And that is what we're after.

Yes, we're jolly, ha, ha, ha!
No one here need doubt it;
That you may see how we do work,
At once we'll set about it.

We place our shovels in the snow,
(suiting the action to the words)
And then with rapid motion
We fling the snow this way or that,
Just as we have a notion.
(Cease the motions, and rest both hands on the shovel, holding the shovels directly in front of them.)
O, 'tis jolly, ha, ha, ha!
To see the soft snow flying—

And boys who've never shoveled snow
  Will find it worth the trying.

(Resume the motion of shoveling.)
See! The path is growing wide,
  But now our arms are aching
(lay down the shovels and cross one arm over the other, holding them thus while they sing the next two lines),
And while we rest them, where's the harm
  In boyish frolic taking?
(Stooping down as though picking up snow, making snow-balls, and throwing them.)
We throw the snow-balls, ha, ha, ha!
  Fast they fly and faster;
Look out for broken window-panes,
  Or other sad disaster.

(Resume the shoveling.)
Now to our work we turn again;
  With laugh and cheer we're greeted;
Again we lay our shovels down
  (laying them down),
  Our work is quite completed.
That is jolly, ha, ha, ha!
  And tho' our ears do tingle
(rubbing their ears, or holding their hands over them),
What care we for winter's cold,
  When work with play we mingle.
(Picking up shovels and placing them on their shoulders.)

And now before we march away,
  We ask you, friend and neighbor,
To save your shoveling for the boys
  Who're not afraid of labor.
We call ourselves the "Snow Brigade,"
  And we have room for others;
The little boys may fall in line,
  But not their great big brothers.
(March out in line.)

LOOKING AHEAD.

(For any number of boys and girls.)

Boys.—
  We now are but boys,
    Yet soon we'll be men,
  And what, do you think,
    Our work will be then?

Some shall use hammer, and plane, and saw; (1)
Others shall read weighty books of the law; (2)
Some shall be farmers, and drive the plow, (3)
Earning our bread by the sweat of our brow,
Scattering seeds and raking the hay, (4)
Busy and happy, day after day.
Some shall be doctors, and with well-balanced skill
Shall heal all your aches, and send in our bill. (5)
Some dentists shall be, and your molars pull out; (6)
And aldermen, some, capaciously stout. (7)
Some shall use awl, and waxed end, and last, (8)
Sewing your shoes so strong and so fast.
Some shall be bakers, and knead the soft dough; (9)
Others clear glass in this manner shall blow; (10)
Some with the hammer and anvil shall work, (11)
And there is not among us, one who will shirk.
For work is man's portion, and all must agree
Without it, unhappy and useless we'd be.

Girls.—
  We're growing up, too,

And as you have heard
What the boys mean to do
We'll now say our word.

Some shall be weavers, and with shuttle or spool, (12)
Weave beautiful fabrics, of silk, cotton, or wool;
Some shall use needles, and stitch with such art, (13)
That the sewing we do, will ne'er rip apart;
Some shall use yardsticks and measure off well (14)
Silks, muslins, or laces, which also will sell;
Some shall be teachers, and teach all we can (15)
To our eager young pupils—on the latest new plan;
Some shall do housework and scrub, sweep, and broil, (16)
Making home pleasant, for some son of toil.

1. The three motions of pounding, planing, and sawing in quick succession.

2. Left hand up, as if holding a book to read.

3. Both hands closed lightly, and held out in front—hands bent down.

4. Right hand makes the two motions of sewing and raking.

5. Right hand held at quite a distance above the left, as though holding a long bill.

6. Motion of extracting a tooth.

7. Hands clasped and held out in front, forming with the arms a semicircle.

8. Motion with both hands of drawing in and out the waxed end.

9. Doubled fists—kneading.

10. Motion of blowing through a tube.

11. Vigorous motion of striking the blacksmith's hammer on anvil.

12. Motion of pushing shuttle—left and right.

13. Movement of stitching with thumb and finger of right hand.

14. A measuring movement, full length of the arms.

15. Right hand half-way raised, with the forefinger out.

16. Movements of scrubbing and sweeping in quick succession.

TOM'S PRACTICAL JOKE.

Characters { Aunt Emma, Tom, Mary.

Scene—A Sitting-room.

(Aunt Emma seated with a book or sewing; Tom engaged in tying a broken whip or in some similar employment.)

AUNT EMMA.—And so your sister will be here to-day, Tom.

Tom.—Yes, ma'am, so she says in her letter to me, which I received yesterday.

Aunt E.—I will be very glad to see her—very glad, indeed. It has been ten or twelve years since I have seen the dear child. She could just lisp my name when last I saw her. I wonder if I will know her.

Tom.—Well, you know you did not recognize me, Aunt Emma, and I suppose she has changed as much.

Aunt E.—Yes, yes. But we must try to make her visit pleasant. What shall we do to amuse her. What are her tastes?

Tom.—Well, you know, on account of her unfortunate infirmity——

Aunt E.—Infirmity! What infirmity? I did not know anything was wrong with her.

Tom.—Is it possible I never told you she is deaf?

Aunt E.—Deaf! No, indeed. What a pity!

Tom.—Oh, she can hear if you talk loud enough, and after she becomes accustomed to your voice you need not speak so loud as at first.

Aunt E.—O Tom, it is such an effort for me to talk very loudly. Why don't she use an ear trumpet?

Tom.—Mercy, Aunt, she is so sensitive on the subject that she will try to appear as if she were not deaf at all.

Aunt E.—Dear! dear! how sad! Will she hear me if I speak in this tone? (Very loud.) Did you have a pleasant journey, Mary?

Tom.—A little louder than that if you can—until she gets used to your voice, you know.

Aunt E.—Well, I'll try, but it will be torture. I will go to my room to rest now. Call me if Mary should arrive.

Tom.—Yes, Auntie. (Aunt E. goes out.) So far, so good! A capital joke, I think. I've written to Mary, giving her the idea that Aunt Emma is deaf, and telling her she will have to scream to make her hear, and now I've made Aunt Emma believe that Mary is deaf, and won't I have fun listening to them yell at each other! I haven't told any actual falsehood about it, either. Just giving them wrong impressions, that's all. Hallo! There comes Mary now. (Mary enters, dressed as though just from a journey. Tom steps forward and shakes hands with her.) Glad to see you, Mary. How do you do?

Mary.—I'm well, and you, Brother Tom, how are you?

Tom.—I'm pretty well, considering the wear and tear of talking to Aunt Emma.

Mary.—O Tom, is she so very hard of hearing?

Tom.—You will have to talk very loud indeed, to her. But I'll call her. (Goes to one side, and calls in a loud voice.) Aunt Emma, Aunt Emma, Mary has arrived. (To Mary.) Now, Mary, get your voice in order.

Aunt Emma (outside.)—I'm coming, I'm coming to welcome my dear niece. (She enters, and approaches Mary and kisses her, while Tom backs off and hides behind some piece of furniture.)

Aunt E. (very loud).—My dear child, I'm glad to see you. Had you a pleasant journey (still louder) a pleasant journey?

Mary (aside).—What a loud voice Aunt has. (Very loud.) Yes, I enjoyed it very much (still louder), very much indeed.

Aunt E.—Let me take your hat and coat. Are you tired, my dear? (Louder.) I said do you feel tired? (Takes Mary's hat and coat.)

Mary.—No, not at all. (Louder.) Not at all.

Aunt E.—And you had no difficulty in finding your way here alone?

Mary.—Oh, no, why should I? (Louder.) No, of course not.

Auntie.—I thought you might not be able to hear the train-men call the station, you know.

Mary (aside).—Does she think every one else is deaf because she is? (Very loud.) Why, I could hear them perfectly well.

Aunt E.—And do I speak loud enough for you? (Louder.) Can you hear me quite well?

Mary.—Of course I can. And is my tone loud enough for you to hear?

Aunt E.—Certainly. There is no trouble with my hearing.

Mary (in her natural tone).—There isn't? Neither is there with mine.

Aunt E.—Tom told me you were deaf.

Mary.—And Tom wrote me you were deaf. It all reminds me of the old dialogue we used to read at school, called "Court-

ship Under Difficulties." We have been re-enacting that with variations, I think.

Aunt E.—Well, well; I am glad that neither of us is deaf. But where is that mischievous boy?

Mary.—He has taken himself off in good time to avoid our reproaches.

Tom (Coming forward and stepping between them).—Here I am! Now scold away, both of you. (Then speaking very loudly, first in Aunt Emma's ear, then in Mary's.) Can you hear me? Can you hear me?

[Exit all.]

THE RAINY DAY.

Tune—"I Want to be an Angel."

To be sung by three or four little girls, carrying raised umbrellas, and wearing gossamers and rubbers. If preferred, this may be given as a recitation by changing the word "sing" in the first line to "speak."

WE want to sing a little
About a rainy day;
You know when rain is pouring
We can't go out to play.
But we can go to school, of course,
Dressed in this wet-day rig—
Gum gossamers, thick rubbers,
And these umbrellas big.

We dare to laugh at people
Who seem afraid of rain;
Who, if out doors they venture
Are sure to have a pain.
(Placing left hands on chests, and wearing a distressed expression of countenance.)
We've watched these silly people,
And what we say is fact,
And now we're going to tell you
How we have seen them act.
I s'pose they'd frown upon us,
And shake their heads, this way,
(giving a couple of decided negative shakes of the head),
If they had any idea
Of what we're going to say.

They mince along so slowly,
With skirts uplifted, so
(lifting the gossamer slightly, in front or at side),
And having on no rubbers,
Walk this way, on tiptoe.
(Taking a few steps very carefully on tiptoe.)

Of dogs they have such terror
That if one comes in view
They shake their big umbrella
(making a quick, forward motion with the umbrella.)
And scream out — "Shoo — sho-o-o — shoo-o."
(Prolonging the last two words, and giving them in the ordinary tone, rather than in singing.)
Now, don't you think it's silly
For big folks to act so?
I wonder why they do it!
We wouldn't (indicating themselves with their fingers); Oh, no! no! (ordinary tone and shaking the head slowly and decidedly.)

Umbrellas now we'll lower
(lowering them)
For see the sun is out
(pointing toward the sun);
So we will throw our kisses
(kissing the tips of their fingers)
And turn us round about.
(Turning and forming a line for marching out, singing as they go.)
We will not cease our singing
Until we've passed from sight,
For singing, to us children,
Is ever a delight.

"NOBODY'S CHILD."

Poem by Miss Phila H. Case.

SELECTIONS FOR THE CHILDREN.

Rhyme and Prose the Little Ones Will Enjoy—Sense and Nonsense of All Sorts.

THE children should have all the room they want in this world, for they are entitled to it. They are the ones who are to constitute the next generation, and if we make their lives as happy as possible they will see to it that their children are made even happier, for kindness is progressive and is constantly increasing its circle of influence as time goes on.

A child without a home is a tiny straw upon the great ocean of life, destined sooner or later to be submerged by the mighty waves. A most thrilling description of the miseries and sufferings of the homeless ones is given in Miss Phila H. Case's touching poem, "Nobody's Child," a beautifully artistic illustration of which appears on another page. Miss Case wrote these verses in 1867, her sympathies having been appealed to by a wee girl she met on the street:

Alone in the dreary, pitiless street,
With my torn old dress, and bare, cold feet,
All day I have wandered to and fro,
Hungry and shivering, and no where to go;
The night's coming on in darkness and dread,
And the chill sleet beating upon my bare head.
Oh! why does the wind blow upon me so wild?
Is it because I am nobody's child?

Just over the way there's a flood of light,
And warmth and beauty, and all things bright;
Beautiful children, in robes so fair,
Are caroling songs in their rapture there.
I wonder if they, in their blissful glee,
Would pity a poor little beggar like me,
Wandering alone in the merciless street,
Naked and shivering, and nothing to eat?

Oh! what shall I do when the night comes down,
In its terrible blackness all over the town?
Shall I lay me down 'neath the angry sky,
On the cold, hard pavement, alone to die,
When the beautiful children their prayers have said,
And their mammas have tucked them up snugly in bed!
For no dear mother on *me* ever smiled—
Why is it, I wonder, I'm nobody's child?

No father, no mother, no sister, not one
In all the world loves me, e'en the little dogs run
When I wander too near them; 'tis wondrous to see,
How everything shrinks from a beggar like me!
Perhaps 'tis a dream; but sometimes, when I lie

Gazing far up in the dark blue sky,
Watching for hours some large, bright star,
I fancy the beautiful gates are ajar.

And a host of white-robed, nameless things,
Come fluttering o'er me on gilded wings;
A hand that is strangely soft and fair
Caresses gently my tangled hair,
And a voice like the carol of some wild bird—
The sweetest voice that was ever heard—
Calls me many a dear, pet name,
Till my heart and spirit are all aflame.

They tell me of such unbounded love,
And bid me come up to their home above;
And then with such pitiful, sad surprise,
They look at me with their sweet, tender eyes,
And it seems to me, out of the dreary night,
I am going up to that world of light;
And away from the hunger and storm so wild.
I am sure I shall then be somebody's child.

THE SNOW IS FALLING.

OH, see! the snow
Is falling now—
It powders all the trees;
Its flakes abound,
And all around,
They float upon the breeze.

'Tis snowing fast,
And cold the blast;
But yet I hope 'twill stay;—
Oh, see it blow,
The falling snow,
In shadows far away!

Jack Frost is near—
We feel him here—
He's on his icy sled;
And covered deep,
The flowers sleep
Beneath their snowy bed.

Come out and play,
This winter day,
Amid the falling snow;
Come, young and old,
Nor fear the cold,
Nor howling winds that blow.

SOMETHING ABOUT FEBRUARY.

MONTH of spatters, splash and thaw,
Dreariest month I ever saw—
Dirty, wet and tiresome, very—
February!

Another poet is more kind:

Here comes jolly February,
Month of storms and month of thaws;
Month when winter slips her fetters,
Spite of Ice-King's sternest laws;
Month when happy birds are mated,
Month of good St. Valentine.

Shortest month of all, we greet thee!
Bring us clouds or bring us sun,
Surely we all bid thee welcome,
Month that gave us Washington!

JUNE, FINEST OF MONTHS.

J-U-N-E—that's June, you know;
The fairest of months to come and go.
There are so many things to remember it by;
The currants that shine by the garden walk;
The dear little birds that almost talk.
The blithe little bees that rock as they please
In the roses nodding on every stalk;
The breezes frolicking high and low;
And the meadows wide where the strawberries hide
On every side—that's June, you know.

THE MONTHS OF THE YEAR.

CHILDREN like to begin at the beginning—except at the table, when they prefer the ice cream first—and therefore we think it better to start in with the first day of the New Year.

The New Year comes in with shout and laughter,
And see, twelve months are following after!

First, January, all in white,
And February short and bright;

See breezy March go tearing 'round;
But tearful April makes no sound.

May brings a pole with flowers crowned,
And June strews roses on the ground.

A pop! a bang! July comes in;
Says August, "What a dreadful din!"

September brings her golden sheaves;
October waves her pretty leaves.

While pale November waits to see
December bring the Christmas tree.

Sara Coleridge tells all about the months in this way:

January brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes sharp and chill,
Shakes the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Sporting round their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings thunder showers,
Apricots and gillyflowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the harvest home is borne.

Warm September brings the fruit,
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Brown October brings the pheasant,
Then, to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast—
Hark! the leaves are whirling fast.

Cold December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire, and Christmas treat.

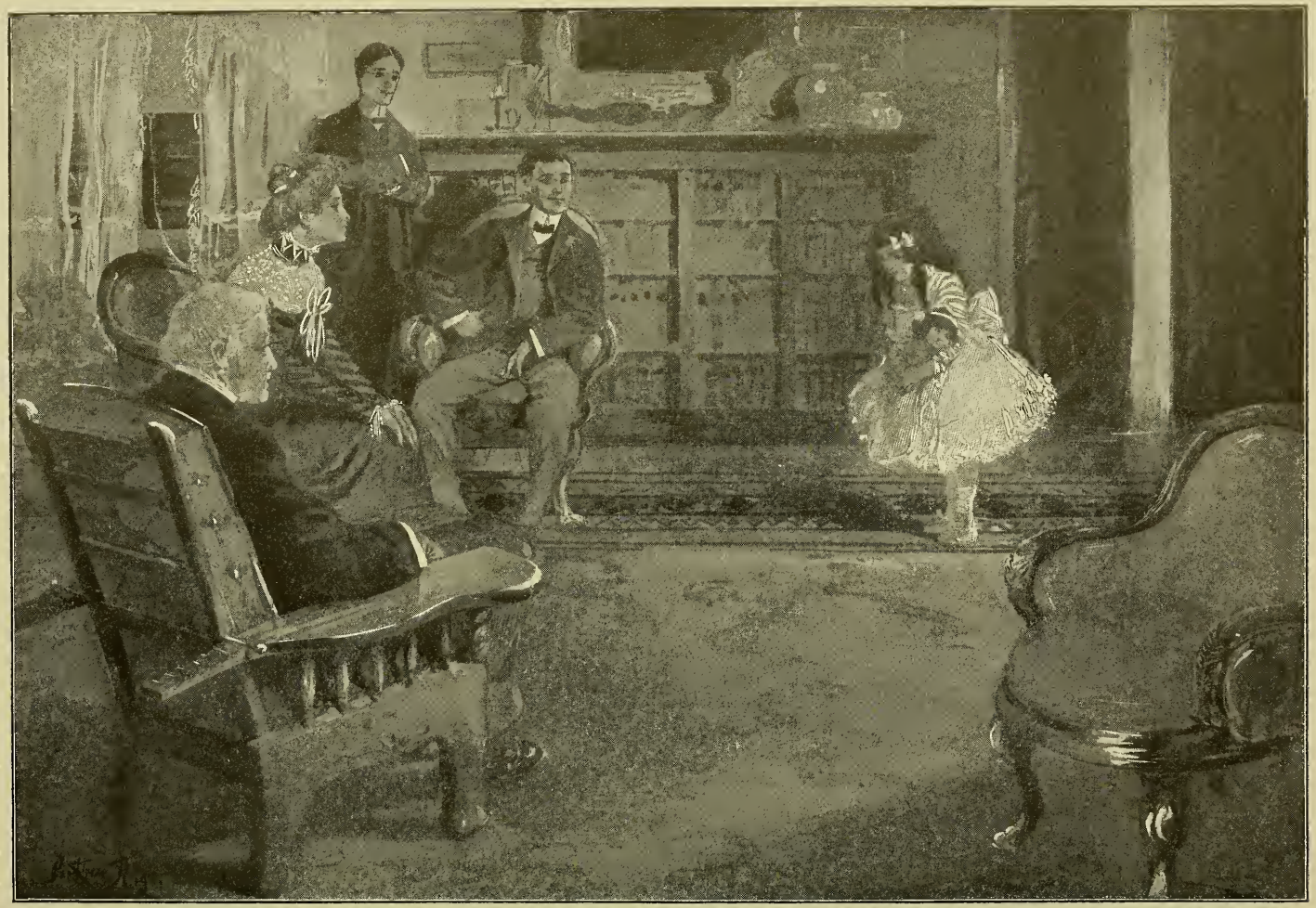
HOW TO REMEMBER THE CALENDAR.

SIXTY seconds make a minute,
Something sure you can learn in it;
Sixty minutes make an hour,
Work with all your might and power.

Twenty-four hours make a day,
Time enough for work and play;
Seven days a week will make;
You will learn if pains you take.

Fifty-two weeks make a year,
Soon a new one will be here;
Twelve long months a year will make,
Say them now without mistake.

Thirty days hath gay September,
April, June and cold November;
All the rest have thirty-one;
February stands alone.



A LITERARY ENTERTAINMENT AT HOME.

Twenty-eight is all his share,
With twenty-nine in each Leap-Year,
That you may the Leap-Year know,
Divide by four and that will show.

In each year are seasons four,
You will learn them I am sure;
Spring and Summer, then the Fall;
Winter last but best of all.

LILY'S MAY-DAY BALL.

LILY gave a party,
And her little playmates all,
Gayly dressed, came in their best,
To dance at Lily's ball.

Little Quaker Primrose
Sat and never stirred,
And, except in whispers,
Never spoke a word.

Snowdrop nearly fainted
Because the room was hot,
And went away before the rest
With sweet Forget-me-not.

Pansy danced with Daffodil,
Rose with Violet;
Silly Daisy fell in love
With pretty Mignonette.

But when they danced the country-dance,
One could scarcely tell
Which of these danced the best—
Cowslip or Heather-bell.

Between the dances, when they all
Were seated in their places,
I thought I'd never seen before
So many pretty faces.

But of all the pretty maidens
I saw at Lily's ball,
Darling Lily was to me
The sweetest of them all.

And when the dance was over,
They went downstairs to sup;
And each had a taste of honey cake,
With dew in a buttercup.

And all were dressed to go away,
Before the set of sun;
And Lily said "good-by" and gave
A kiss to every one.

And before the moon or a single star
Was shining overhead,
Lily and all her little friends
Were fast asleep in bed.

MARCH IS CALLING TO YOU.

MARCH! march! march! They are coming
In troops to the tune of the wind—
Red-headed wood-peckers drumming;
Gold-crested thrushes behind:

Sparrows in brown jackets, hopping
Past every gateway and door;
Finches with crimson caps stopping
Just where they stopped years before.

March! march! march! They will hurry
Forth at the wild bugle-sound—
Blossoms and birds in a flurry,
Fluttering all over the ground.

Hang out your flogs, birch and willow!
Shake out your red tassels, larch!
Up, blades of grass, from your pillow!
Hear who is calling you—March!

THE FIRST DAY OF SPRING.

WINTER, adieu, your time is through;
Partings, they say, are often sad;
Parting with you but makes me glad;
Winter, adieu, adieu, adieu—
No time for you.

Winter, adieu, your time is through;
Quickly away, I bid you go,
Taking with you your ice and snow;
Winter, adieu, adieu, adieu—
No time for you.

Winter, adieu, your time is through;
Hie you away, and quickly, too,
Spring birds will come and laugh at you;
Winter, adieu, adieu, adieu—
No time for you.

SONG OF THE APRIL SHOWER.

PATTER, patter, let it pour,
Patter, patter, let it roar;
Down the steep roof let it rush,
Down the hillside let it gush;
'Tis the pleasant April shower
Which will wake the sweet May flower.

Patter, patter, let it pour,
Patter, patter, let it roar;
Let the vivid lightning flash,
Let the heavy thunder crash,
'Tis the welcome April shower
Which will wake the swet May flower

Patter, patter, let it pour,
Patter, patter, let it roar;
Soon the clouds will burst away,
Soon will shine the bright spring day,
Soon the welcome April shower
Will awake the sweet May flower.

YOU SHOULD PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

VOYAGER upon life's sea,
To yourself be true;
And where'er your lot may be,
Paddle your own canoe.
Never, though the winds may rave,
Falter nor look back,
But upon the darkest wave
Leave a shining track.

Nobly dare the wildest storm,
Stem the harest gale;
Brave of heart and strong of arm,
You will never fail.
When the world is cold and dark
Keep an end in view,
And toward the beacon mark
Paddle your own canoe.

Every wave that bears you on
To the silent shore,
From its sunny source has gone
To return no more;

Then let not an hour's delay
  Cheat you of your due;
But while it is called to-day
  Paddle your own canoe.

If your birth denied you wealth,
  Lofty state, and power,
Honest fame and hardy health
  Are a better dower;
But if these will not suffice,
  Golden gain pursue,
And to win the glittering prize
  Paddle your own canoe.

Would you wrest the wealth of fame
  From the hand of fate;
Would you write a deathless name
  With the good and great;
Would you bless your fellow-men?
  Heart and soul imbue
With the holy task, and then
  Paddle your own canoe.

Would you crush the tyrant wrong
  In the world's fierce fight?
With a spirit brave and strong
  Battle for the right;
And to break the chains that bind
  The many to the few—
To enfranchise slavish mind,
  Paddle your own canoe.

Nothing great is lightly won,
  Nothing won is lost;
Every good deed nobly done
  Will repay the cost.
Leave to heaven, in humble trust,
  All you will to do;
But if you succeed you must
  Paddle your own canoe.

—*Mrs. Sarah Bolton.*

WHY CAN'T GIRLS WHISTLE?

GRANDMA GRUFF said a curious thing:
"Boys may whistle, but girls must sing.
That's the very thing I heard her say
To Kate, no longer than yesterday.

"Boys may whistle." Of course they may,
If they pucker their lips the proper way;
But for the life of me I can't see
Why Kate can't whistle as well as me.

"Boys may whistle, but girls must sing;"
Now I call that a curious thing.
If boys can whistle, why can't girls, too?
It's the easiest thing in the world to do.

So if boys can whistle and do it well,
Why cannot girls—will somebody tell?
Why can't they do what a boy can do?
That is the thing I should like to know.

I went to father and asked him why
Girls couldn't whistle as well as I,
And he said, "The reason that girls must sing
Is because a girl's a sing-ular thing."

And grandma laughed till I knew she'd ache
When I said I thought it all a mistake.
"Never mind, little man," I heard her say,
"They will make you whistle enough some day."

THE BRAVEST BATTLE EVER FOUGHT.

THE bravest battle that ever was fought,
  Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you'll find it not;
  'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
  With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought
  From mouth of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo! there is the battle-field.

No marshalling troop, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave!
But oh, these battles, they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.

—*Joaquin Miller.*

NO PLACE FOR A BOY TO GO.

GRANDPA says don't play in the house;
He cannot bear the noise.
Mamma says don't go out-of-doors;
It's damp for little boys.

With two big don'ts, what shall I do?
I wish I had a world brand-new,
Where not a single don't, all day,
Could stop my fun or spoil my play!

GOD WANTS THE GIRLS.

GOD wants the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best of girls,
The worst of girls—
God wants to make the girls His pearls,
And so reflect His holy face,

And call to mind His wondrous grace,
That beautiful the world may be,
And filled with truth and purity—
God wants the girls.

WHAT THE GOLDEN-ROD SAID.

"HOW in the world did I happen to bloom
All by myself alone
By the side of a dusty country road
With only a rough old stone?"

But all of a sudden the plant stopped short,
For a child's voice cried in glee:
"Here's a dear little lovely golden-rod.
Did you bloom on purpose for me?

"Down by the brook the tall spirea
And the purple asters nod,
And beckon to me, but more than all
Do I love you, golden-rod."

She raised the flower to her rosy lips
And merrily kissed its face.
"Ah! now I see," said the golden-rod,
How this is the very place

"That was meant for me; and I'm glad I bloomed
Just here by the road alone,
With nobody near for company
But a dear old mossy stone."

IF I WERE A ROSE.

IF I were a rose
On the garden wall,
I'd look so fair,
And grow so tall;
I'd scatter perfume far and wide,
Of all the flowers I'd be the pride.
That's what I'd do
If I were you,
O little rose!

Fair little maid,
If I were you,
I should always try
To be good and true.
I'd be the merriest, sweetest child,
On whom the sunshine ever smiled.
That's what I'd do
If I were you,
Dear little maid!

HOW THE CHILDREN ARE TAUGHT.

RAM it in, cram it in;
Children's heads are hollow,
Slam it in, jam it in;
Still there's more to follow—
Hygiene and history,
Astronomic mystery,
Algebra, histology,
Latin, etymology,
Botany, geometry,
Greek and trigonometry.
Ram it in, cram it in;
Children's heads are hollow.

Rap it in, tap it in;
What are teachers paid for?
Bang it in, slam it in;
What are children made for;
Ancient archæology,
Aryan philology,
Prosody, zoology,
Physics, clinictology,
Calculus and mathematics,
Rhetoric and hydrostatics.
Hoax it in, coax it in;
Children's heads are hollow.

Scold it in, mould it in;
All that they can swallow.
Fold it in, mould it in;
Still there's more to follow.
Faces pinched, and sad, and pale,
Tell the same undying tale—
Tell of moments robbed from sleep,
Meals untasted, studies deep.
Those who've passed the furnace through,
With aching brow, will tell to you
How the teacher crammed it in,
Rammed it in, jammed it in,
Crunched it in, punched it in,
Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,
Pressed it in, caressed it in,
Rapped it in and slapped it in—
When their heads were hollow.

JUST A GLANCE AT THE BABY.

ONE little row of ten little toes,
To go along with a brand-new nose,
Eight new fingers and two new thumbs,
That are just as good as sugar-plums—
That's baby.

One little pair of round new eyes,
Like a little owl's, so old and wise,
One little place they call a mouth,
Without one tooth from north to south—
That's baby.

Two little cheeks to kiss all day,
Two little hands, so in his way,
A brand-new head, not very big,
That seems to need a brand-new wig—
That's baby.

Dear little row of ten little toes,
How much we love them nobody knows;
Ten little kisses on mouth and chin,
What a shame he wasn't a twin!—
That's baby.

PATIENCE WILL WORK WONDERS.

IF a string is in a knot,
Patience will untie it.
Patience can do many things;
Did you ever try it?

If 'twas sold at any shop
I should like to buy it;
But you and I must find our own;
No other can supply it.

WHAT LITTLE THINGS CAN DO.

A TINY drop of water,
Within the ocean lay,
A coaxing sunbeam caught her,
And bore her far away;
Up, up—and higher still—they go,
With gentle motion, soft and slow.

A little cloud lay sleeping,
Across the azure sky,
But soon it fell a-weeping,
As cold the wind rushed by,
And cried and cried herself away;
It was a very rainy day.

The little raindrops sinking,
Ran trickling through the ground,
And set the rootlets drinking,
In all the country round,
But some with laughing murmur, said,
"We'll farther go," and on they sped.

A little spring came dripping
The moss and ferns among,
A silver rill went tripping,
And singing sweet along,
And calling others to its side,
Until it rolled—a river wide.

And with the ocean blending,
At last its waters run,
Then is the story ending?
Why, no! 'tis just begun,
For in the ocean as before,
The drop of water lay once more.

A SONG FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY.

UPON the day each child is born,
Each year, so runs the tale,
An angel in the early morn
Its birthday comes to hail.
And for each deed of holy love
That last year thou hast done,
He brings a kiss from heaven above
And seals thee for his own.

HAVE ONLY GOOD WORDS FOR ALL.

IF anything unkind you hear
About someone you know, my dear,
Do not, I pray you, it repeat,
When you that someone chance to meet;
For such news has a leaden way
Of clouding o'er a sunny day.

But if you something pleasant hear
About someone you know, my dear,
Make haste—to make great haste 'twere well—
To her or him the same to tell;
For such news has a golden way
Of lighting up a cloudy day.

WATCHING BABY AS IT SLEEPS.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father watches his sheep;
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down comes a little dream on thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep;
The little stars are the lambs, I guess;
And the gentle moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Our Savior loves His sheep;
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sakes came down to die.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

WHEN THE CHILDREN WOULD CRY.

IF blue-birds bloomed like flowers in a row,
And never could make a sound,
How would the daisies and violets know
When to come out of the ground?
They would wait, and wait, the season through,
Never a flower on earth could be found.

And what would birds and butterflies do,
If the flowers had wings to fly?
Why, birds and blossoms, and butterflies, too,
Would stay far up in the sky.
And then the people would droop and sigh,
And all the children on earth would cry.

TWO KINDS OF POLLIWOGS.

WIGGLE, waggle, how they go,
Through the sunny waters,
Swimming high and swimming low,
Froggie's sons and daughters.

What a wondrous little tail
Each black polly carries,
Helm and oar at once, and sail,
That for wind ne'er tarries.

Lazy little elves! at morn
Never in a hurry,
In the brook where they were born
Business did not worry.

When the sun goes in they sink
To their muddy pillow.
There they lie and eat and drink
Of soft mud their fill, oh.

When has passed the gloomy cloud,
And the storm is over,
Up they come, a jolly crowd,
From their oozy cover.

Wiggle, waggle, how they go!
Knowing nothing better,
Yet they are destined to outgrow
Each his dusky fetter.

Watch! they now are changing fast,
Some unduly cherish
The dark skin whose use is past,
So they sink and perish.

Others, of their new-birth pain
Bitterly complaining,
Would forego their unknown gain,
Polliwogs remaining.

There are other folk, to-day,
Who, with slight endeavor,
"Give it up," and so they stay
Polliwogs forever.

—*Augusta Moore.*

WHAT THE BIG SUN SEES.

THE sun is not a-bed when I
At night upon my pillow lie;
Still round the earth his way he takes,
And morning after morning makes.

While here at home, in shining day,
We round the sunny garden play,
Each little Indian sleepy-head
Is being kissed and put to bed.

And when at eve I rise from tea,
Day dawns beyond the Atlantic sea;
And all the children in the West
Are getting up and being dressed.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

THE MOON MAN'S MISTAKE.

THE man in the moon
Who sails through the sky
Is a most courageous skipper;
Yet he made a mistake
When he tried to take
A drink of milk from the dipper.

He dipped it into the "milky way,"
And slowly, cautiously filled it;
But the Great Bear growled,
And the Little Bear howled
And scared him so that he spilled it.

NEVER THERE WHEN WANTED.

SOMETIMES mamma calls me "General."
I wish I knew which one.
But I always try to tell the truth,
So I hope it's Washington.

But when I tell my papa that,
He laughs loud as he can
And says if she calls me general
She must mean Sheridan.

Because whenever she wants me,
And I am out at play,
I nearly always seem to be
'Bout "twenty miles away."

A GENTLEMAN.

I KNEW him for a gentleman
By signs that never fail;
His coat was rough and rather worn,
His cheeks were thin and pale—
A lad who had his way to make,
With little time for play;
I knew him for a gentleman
By certain signs to-day.

He met his mother on the street;
Off came his little cap.
My door was shut; he waited there
Until I heard his rap.
He took the bundle from my hand,
And when I dropped my pen,
He sprang to pick it up for me—
This gentleman of ten.

He does not push and crowd along;
His voice is gently pitched;
He does not fling his books about
As if he were bewitched,
He stands aside to let you pass;
He always shuts the door;
He runs on errands willingly
To forge and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself
He serves you if he can;
For, in whatever company,
The manners make the man.
At ten or forty, 'tis the same;
The manner tells the tale,
And I discern the gentleman
By signs that never fail.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

WHAT A LOT OF PRESENTS!

THREE hundred and sixty-five spick-span new,
Beautiful presents for me and for you!

Fill them with kindness and sunshine, my honey,
And you'll find these gifts better than play-things or money.

JUST ONE OF THE BOYS.

ONLY a boy with his noise and fun,
The veriest mystery under the sun;
As brimful of mischief and wit and glee,
As ever a human frame can be,
And as hard to manage— what! ah me!
'Tis hard to tell,
Yet we love him well.

Only a boy with his fearful tread,
Who cannot be driven, must be led!
Who troubles the neighbors' dogs and cats,
And tears more clothes and spoils more hats,
Loses more kites and tops and bats
Than would stock a store
For a week or more.

Only a boy with his wild, strange ways,
With his idle hours or his busy days,
With his queer remarks and his odd replies,
Sometimes foolish and sometimes wise,
Often brilliant for one of his size,
As a meteor hurled
From the planet world.

Only a boy who may be a man
If nature goes on with her first great plan—
If intemperance or some fatal snare
Conspires not to rob us of this our heir,
Our blessing, our trouble, our rest, our care,
Our torment, our joy!
"Only a boy!"

HOURS HAVE TOO FEW MINUTES.

SIXTY questions make an hour,
One for every minute;
And Neddy tries, with all his might,
To get more questions in it.

Sixty questions make an hour,
And as for a reply;
The wisest sage would stand aghast
At Neddy's searching "Why?"

Sixty questions make an hour,
And childhood's hours are brief;
So Neddy has no time to waste,
No pauses for relief

Sixty questions make an hour,
Presto! Why, where is Ned?
Alas, he's gone, and in his place
A Question Point instead!

—*Priscilla Leonard.*

"JUST COME HERE AND SCRATCH."

SAID the first little chicken,
With a queer little squirm,
"I wish I could find
A fat little worn."

Said the next little chicken,
With an odd little shrug,
"I wish I could find
A fat little bug."

Said the third little chicken,
With a sharp little squeal,
"I wish I could find
Some nice yellow meal."

Said the fourth little chicken,
With a small sigh of grief,
"I wish I could find
A green little leaf."

Said the fifth little chicken,
With a faint little moan,
"I wish I could find
A wee gravel stone."

"Now, see here," said the mother,
From the green garden patch,
"If you want any breakfast,
Just come here and scratch."

KEEPING SCHOOL IN PLAY.

COME, Kitty dear, I'll tell you what
We'll do this rainy day;
Just you and I, all by ourselves,
At keeping *school,* will play.

The teacher, Kitty, I will be;
And *you* shall be the class;
And you must close attention give,
If you expect to pass.

No, Kitty, "C-A-T" spells *cat.*
Stop playing with your tail!
You are so heedless, I am sure.
In spelling you will fail.

"C-A" oh, Kitty! *do* sit still!
You must not chase that fly!
You'll never learn a single word,
You do not even try.

I'll tell you what my teacher says
To me most ev'ry day—
She says that girls can never learn
While they are full of play.

So try again—another word;
"L-A-C-E" spells "*lace.*"
Why, Kitty, it is not polite
In school to wash your face!

You are a naughty, naughty puss,
And keep you in I should;
But then, I love you, dear, so much
I don't see how I could!

Oh, see! the sun shines bright again!
We'll run out doors and play;
We'll leave our school and lessons for
Another rainy day.

—*Kate Ulmer.*

"THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS."

"I DO not like that preacher man,"
She said, in tearful pause;
"In church to-day he really vowed
'There is no Santa Claus!'

"He shook his head mos' dreffu1 like,
Looked angry with his eyes,
And said: ' 'Twas very wrong, indeed,
To teach a child such lies.' "

I soothed my little maiden s grief,
And kissed away the tear;
And told again that sweet old tale
The angels smile to hear.

"There is a Santa Claus," I said,
"Who comes in love's quaint guise;
And gifts for every little child
His wond'rous pack supplies."

Oh, sanctimonious "preacher man,"
With visage melancholy,
Be thine the sterner task to chide
The world's sinful folly.

But leave untouched the sunny realm
Of childhood's guileless fancy;
Time's gentler hand shall break the charm
Of youth's sweet necromancy.

Too soon the infant feet shall tread
The rugged paths of life;
Too soon the aching heart shall know
The burden of the strife.

In His dear name, who didst of old
Espouse the children's cause,
May love be found in every heart,
A real Santa Claus.

—*W. B. Reid.*

SHE DIDN'T WANT MUCH.

I WANTS a piece of cal'co
  To make my doll a dess;
I doesn't want a big piece;
  A yard'll do, I guess.
I wish you'd fred my needle,
  And find my fimble, too—
I has such heaps o' sewin'
  I don't know what to do.

I wants my Maud a bonnet
  She hasn't none at all;
And Fred must have a jacket;
  His ozzer one's too small.
I wants to go to grandma's;
  You promised me I might.
I know she'd like to see me;
  I wants to go to-night.

She lets me wipe the dishes,
  And see in grandpa's watch—
I wish I'd free, four pennies
  To buy some butter-scotch.

My Hepsy tored her apron
  A tum'lin down the stair,
And Cæsar's lost his pantloons.
  And needs anozzer pair.

I wants some newer mittens—
  I wish you'd knit me some,
'Cause most my fingers freezes,
  They leaks so in the fum.
I wored 'em out last summer,
  A pullin' George's sled;
I wish you wouldn't laugh so—
  It hurts me in my head.

I wish I had a cookie;
  I'm hungry's I can be.
If you hasn't pretty large ones,
  You'd better bring me free.
I wish I had a p'ano—
  Won't you buy me one to keep?
O, dear! I feels so tired,
  I wants to go to sleep.

—*Grace Gordon.*

ALWAYS TROUBLE SUNDAY MORNIN'.

WHEN Sunday mornin' comes around
  My pa hangs up his strop,
An' takes his razor out an' makes
  It go c'flop! c'flop!
An' then he gits his mug an' brush
  An' yells t' me, "Behave!"
I tell y'u, things is mighty still—
  When pa begins t' shave.

Then pa he stirs his brush around
  An' makes th' soapsuds fly;
An' sometimes, when he stirs too hard,
  He gits some in his eye.
I tell y'u, but it's funny then
  To see pa stamp and rave;
But y'u mustn't git ketched laffin'—
  When pa begins t' shave.

Th' hired hand he dassent talk,
  An' even ma's afeared,
An' y'u can hear th' razor click
  A-cuttin' through pa's beard!
An' then my Uncle Bill he laffs
  An' says: "Gosh! John, you're brave,"
An' pa he swears, an' ma jest smiles—
  When pa begins t' shave.

When pa gits done a-shavin' of
  His face, he turns around,
And Uncle Bill says: "Why, John,
  Yu'r chin looks like plowed ground!"
An' then he laffs—jest laffs an' laffs,
  But I got t' behave,
Cos things's apt to happen quick—
  When pa begins t' shave.

—*Harry Douglass Robbins.*

JACK, THE LITTLE TORMENT.

MY name's Jack. I'm eight years old. I've a sister Arathusa, and she calls me a little torment. I'll tell you why: You know Arathusa has got a beau, and he comes to see her every night, and they turn the gas 'way, 'way down 'till you can't hardly see. I like to stay in the room with the gas on full blaze, but Arathusa skites me out of the room every night.

I checked her once, you better believe. You know she went to the door to let Alphonso in, and I crawled under the sofa. Then they came in, and it got awful dark, and they sat down on the sofa, and I couldn't hear nothing but smack! smack! smack! Then I reached out and jerked Arathusa's foot. Then she jumped and said, "Oh, mercy, what's that?" and Alphonso said she was a "timid little creature." "Oh, Alphonso, I'm happy by your side, but when I think of your going away it almost breaks my heart."

Then I snickered right out, I couldn't help it, and Arathusa got up, went and peeked through the keyhole and said, "I do believe that's Jack, nasty little torment, he's always where he isn't wanted." Do you know this made me mad, and I crawled out from under the sofa and stood up before her and said, "You think you are smart because you have got a beau. I guess I know what you've been doing; you've been sitting on Alphonso's lap, and letting him kiss you like you let Bill Jones kiss you. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. If it hadn't been for that old false front of yours, Pa would have let me have a bicycle like Tom Clifford's. You needn't be grinding them false teeth of yours at me, I ain't a-going out of here. I ain't so green as I look. I guess I know a thing or two. I don't care if you are twenty-eight years old, you ain't no boss of me!"

FATE OF THE DISCONTENTED CHICKEN.

THERE was a little chicken that was shut up in a shell,
He thought to himself, "I'm sure I cannot tell
What I am walled in here for—a shocking coop I find,
Unfitted for a chicken with an enterprising mind."

He went out in the barnyard one lovely morn in May,
Each hen he found spring-cleaning in the only proper way;
"This yard is much too narrow—a shocking coop I find,
Unfitted for a chicken with an enterprising mind."
He crept up to the gateway and slipped betwixt a crack,
The world stretched wide before him, and just as widely back;
"This world is much too narrow—a shocking coop I find,
Unfitted for a chicken with an enterprising mind.

"I should like to have ideals, I should like to tread the stars,
To get the unattainable, and free my soul from bars;
I should like to leave this dark earth, and some other dwelling find
More fitted for a chicken with an enterprising mind.

"There's a place where ducks and pleasure boats go sailing to and fro,

There's one world on the surface and another world below."
The little waves crept nearer and, on the brink inclined,
They swallowed up the chicken with an enterprising mind.

—*A. G. Waters.*

TAKE WARNING BY IDLE BEN.

IDLE Ben was a naughty boy;
(If you please, this story's true;)
He caused his teachers great annoy,
And his worthy parents, too.

Idle Ben, in a boastful way,
To his anxious parents told,
That, while he was young, he thought he'd play,
And he'd learn when he grew old.

"Ah, Ben!" said his mother, and dropped a tear,
"You'll be sorry for this by-and-by."
Says Ben, "To me, that's not very clear,
But at any rate I'll try."

So Idle Ben, he refused to learn,
Thinking that he could wait;
But, when he had his living to earn,
He found it was just too late.

Little girls, little boys, don't delay your work;
Some day you'll be women and men:
Whenever your task you're inclined to shirk,
Take warning by Idle Ben.

THE HOLE HE HAD IN HIS POCKET.

GUESS what he had in his pocket.
Marbles and tops and sundry toys
Such as always belong to boys,
A bitter apple, a leathern ball?—
Not at all.

What did he have in his pocket?
A bubble-pipe, and a rusty screw,
A brass watch-key, broken in two,
A fish-hook in a tangle of string?—
No such thing.

What did he have in his pocket?
Ginger-bread crumbs, a whistle he made,
Buttons, a knife with a broken blade,
A nail or two and a rubber gun?—
Neither one.

What *did* he have in his pocket?
Before he knew it slyly crept
Under the treasures carefully kept,
And away they all of them quickly stole—
'Twas a hole!

—*Sidney Dayre.*

STORY OF THE MONEY-MAKING COBBLER.

A WAGGISH cobbler once in Rome,
Put forth this proclamation,
That he was willing to disclose
For due consideration,
A secret which the cobbling world
Could ill afford to lose;
The way to make in one short day
A hundred pairs of shoes.

From every quarter soon there came
A crowd of eager fellows;
Tanners, cobblers, bootmen, shoemen,
Jolly leather sellers,
All redolent of beef and smoke,
And cobbler's wax and hides;
Each fellow paid his thirty pence
And called it cheap besides.

Silence! The cobbler enters
And casts around his eyes,
Then curls his lips—the rogue!—then frowns,
And looks most wondrous wise;
"My friends," he says, "'tis simple quite,
The plan that I propose;
And every man of you, I think,
Might learn it if he chose.

A good sharp knife is all you need
In carrying out my plan;
So easy is it none can fail
Let him be child or man.
To make a hundred pairs of shoes,
Just go back to your shops,
And take a hundred pairs of boots
And cut off all their tops!"

COULDN'T DO WITHOUT BESSIE.

"YES, Bridget has gone to the city,
And papa is sick, as you see,
And mamma has no one to help her
But two-year old Lawrence and me.

"You'd like to know what I am good for,
'Cept to make work and tumble things down;
I guess there aren't no little girlies
At your house at home, Dr. Brown.

"I've brushed all the crumbs from the table,
And dusted the sofa and chairs,
I've polished the hearthstone and fender,
And swept off the area stairs.

"I've wiped all the silver and china,
And just dropped one piece on the floor;
Yes, Doctor, it broke in the middle,
But I 'spect it was cracked before.

"And the steps that I saved precious mamma!
You'd be s'prised, Doctor Brown, if you knew.
She says if it wasn't for Bessie
She couldn't exist the day through!

"It's 'Bessie, bring papa some water!'
And 'Bessie dear, run to the door!'
And 'Bessie love, pick up the playthings
The baby has dropped on the floor!'

"Yes, Doctor, I'm 'siderably tired,
I've been on my feet all the day;
Good-bye! well, perhaps I will help you
When your old Bridget 'goes off to stay!'"

SHE GOT TIRED OF POPPING CORN.

AND there they sat, a popping corn,
John Styles and Susan Cutter—
John Styles as fat as any ox
And Susan fat as butter.

And there they sat and shelled the corn,
And raked and stirred the fire,
And talked of different kinds of care,
And hitched their chairs up nigher.

Then Susan she the popper shook,
Then John he shook the popper,
Till both their faces grew as red
As saucepans made of copper.

And then they shelled, and popped and ate,
All kinds of fun a-poking,
While he haw-hawed at her remarks,
And she laughed at his joking.

And still they popped, and still they ate—
John's mouth was like a hopper—
And stirred the fire and sprinkled salt,
And shook and shook the popper.

The clock struck nine—the clock struck ten,
And still the corn kept popping;
It struck eleven, and then struck twelve,
And still no signs of stopping.

And John he ate, and Sue she thought—
The corn did pop and patter—
Till John cried out, "The corn's afire!
Why, Susan, what's the matter?"

Said she, "John Styles, it's one o'clock;
You'll die of indigestion;
I'm sick of all this popping corn—
Why don't you pop the question?"

WAITING AT THE LADDER'S FOOT.

I HAVE seen the first robin of Spring, mother dear,
And have heard the brown darling sing;
You said, "Hear it and wish, and 'twill surely come true,"
So I've wished such a beautiful thing.

I thought I would like to ask something for you,
But couldn't think what there could be
That you'd want, while you had all these beautiful things;
Besides you have papa and me.

So I wished for a ladder, so long that 'twould stand
One end by our own cottage door,
And the other go up past the moon and the stars,
And lean against heaven's white floor.

Then I'd get you to put on my pretty white dress,
With my sash and my darling new shoes;
And I'd find some white roses to take up to God,
The most beautiful ones I could choose.

And you, dear papa, would sit on the ground,
And kiss me, and tell me "good-bye;"
Then I'd go up the ladder, far out of your sight,
Till I came to the door in the sky.

I wonder if God keeps the door fastened tight?
If but one little crack I could see,
I would whisper, "Please, God, let this little girl in,
She's as weary and tired as can be.

"She came all alone from the earth to the sky,
For she's always been wanting to see
The gardens of heaven, with their robins and flowers;
Please, God, is there room there for me?"

And then when the angels had opened the door,
God would say, "Bring the little child here."
But He'd speak it so softly, I'd not be afraid,
And He'd smile just like you, mother dear.

He would put His kind arms round your dear little girl,
And I'd ask Him to send down for you,
And papa, and cousin, and all that I love—
Oh, dear, don't you wish 'twould come true?

The next Spring time, when the robins came home,
They sang over grasses and flowers,
That grew where the foot of the long ladder stood,
Whose top reached the heavenly bowers.

And the parents had dressed the pale, still child
For her flight to the Summer land,
In a fair white robe, with one snow-white rose
Folded tight in her pulseless hand.

And now at the foot of the ladder they sit,
Looking upward with quiet tears,
Till the beckoning hand and the fluttering robe
Of the child at the top re-appears.

SHE SANG TO HIM OF HEAVEN.

IN a dark and dismal alley where the sunshine never came,
Dwelt a little lad named Tommy, sickly, delicate and lame;
He had never yet been healthy, but had lain since he was born,
Dragging out his weak existence well nigh hopeless and forlorn.

He was six, was little Tommy, 'twas just five years ago
Since his drunken mother dropped him, and the babe was crippled so.
He had never known the comfort of a mother's tender care,
But her cruel blows and curses made his pain still worse to bear.

There he lay within the cellar from the morning till the night,
Starved, neglected, cursed, ill-treated, naught to make his dull life bright;
Not a single friend to love him, not a living thing to love—
For he knew not of a Saviour, or a heaven up above.

'Twas a quiet summer evening; and the alley, too, was still;
Tommy's little heart was sinking, and he felt so lonely, till,
Floating up the quiet alley, wafted inwards from the street,
Came the sound of some one singing, sounding, oh! so clear and sweet.

Eagerly did Tommy listen as the singing nearer came—
Oh! that he could see the singer! How he wished he wasn't lame.
Then he called and shouted loudly, till the singer heard the sound,
And, on noting whence it issued, soon the little cripple found.

'Twas a maiden, rough and rugged, hair unkempt and naked feet,
All her garments torn and ragged, her appearance far from neat;
"So yer called me," said the maiden, "wonder wot yer wants o' me;
Most folks call me Singing Jessie; wot may your name chance to be?"

"My name's Tommy; I'm a cripple, and I want to hear you sing,
For it makes me feel so happy—sing me something, anything."
Jessie laughed, and answered, smiling, "I can't stay here very long,
But I'll sing a hymn to please you, wot I calls the 'Glory song.'"

Then she sang to him of Heaven, pearly gates and streets of gold,
Where the happy angel children are not starved or nipped with cold;
But where happiness and gladness never can decrease or end,
And where kind and loving Jesus is their Sovereign and their Friend.

Oh! how Tommy's eyes did glisten as he drank in every word
As it fell from "Singing Jessie"—was it true, what he had heard?
And so anxiously he asked her: "Is there really such a place?"
And a tear began to trickle down his pallid little face.

"Tommy, you're a little heathen; why, it's up beyond the sky,
And if yer will love the Saviour, yer shall go there when yer die."
"Then," said Tommy; "tell me, Jessie, how can I the Saviour love,
When I'm down in this 'ere cellar, and he's up in Heaven above?"

So the little ragged maiden who had heard at Sunday-school
All about the way to Heaven, and the Christian's golden rule,
Taught the little cripple Tommy how to love and how to pray,
Then she sang a "Song of Jesus," kissed his cheek and went away.

Tommy lay within the cellar which had grown so dark and cold,
Thinking all about the children in the streets of shining gold;
And he heeded not the darkness of that damp and chilly room,
For the joy in Tommy's bosom could disperse the deepest gloom.

"Oh! if I could only see it," thought the cripple, as he lay.
"Jessie said that Jesus listens and I think I'll try and pray;"
So he put his hands together, and he closed his little eyes,
And in accents weak, yet earnest, sent this message to the skies:

"Gentle Jesus, please forgive me, as I didn't know afore,
That yer cared for little cripples who is weak and very poor,
And I never heard of Heaven till that Jessie came to-day
And told me all about it, so I wants to try and pray.

"You can see me, can't yer, Jesus? Jessie told me that yer could,
And I somehow must believe it, for it seems so prime and good;
And she told me if I loved you, I should see yer when I die,
In the bright and happy heaven that is up beyond the sky.

"Lord, I'm only just a cripple, and I'm no use here below,
For I heard my mother whisper she'd be glad if I could go;
And I'm cold and hungry sometimes; and I feel so lonely, too,
Can't yer take me, gentle Jesus, up to Heaven along o' you?

"Oh, I'd be so good and patient, and I'd never cry or fret;
And yer kindness to me, Jesus, I would surely not forget;
I would love you all I know of, and would never make a noise—
Can't you find me just a corner, where I'll watch the other boys?

"Oh! I think yer'll do it, Jesus, something seems to tell me so,
For I feel so glad and happy, and I do so want to go;
How I long to see yer, Jesus, and the children all so bright!
Come and fetch me, won't yer, Jesus? Come and fetch me home to-night!"

Tommy ceased his supplication, he had
told his soul's desire,
And he waited for the answer till his head
began to tire;
Then he turned towards his corner, and lay
huddled in a heap,
Closed his little eyes so gently, and was
quickly fast asleep.

Oh, I wish that every scoffer could have
seen his little face
As he lay there in the corner, in that damp
and noisome place;
For his countenance was shining like an
angel's, fair and bright,
And it seemed to fill the cellar with a holy,
heavenly light.

He had only heard of Jesus from a ragged
singing girl,
He might well have wondered, pondered,
till his brain began to whirl;
But he took it as she told it, and believed
it then and there,
Simply trusting in the Saviour, and His
kind and tender care.

In the morning, when the mother came to
wake her cripple boy,
She discovered that his features wore a
look of sweetest joy,
And she shook him somewhat roughly, but
the cripple's face was cold—
He had gone to join the children in the
streets of shining gold.

Tommy's prayer had soon been answered,
and the Angel Death had come
To remove him from his cellar, to his
bright and heavenly home
Where sweet comfort, joy and gladness
never can decrease or end,
And where Jesus reigns eternally, his Sovereign and his Friend.

—*I. F. Nichols.*

ABOUT READY TO SHOW OFF.

KIND friends and dear parents, we
welcome you here
To our nice pleasant school-room, and
teacher so dear;
We wish but to show how much we have
learned,
And how to our lessons our hearts have
been turned.

But hope you'll remember we all are quite
young,
And when we have spoken, recited, and
sung,
You will pardon our blunders, which, as all
are aware,
May even extend to the president's chair.

Our life is a school-time, and till that shall
end,
With our Father in heaven for teacher and
friend,
Oh, let us perform well each task that is
given,
Till our time of probation is ended in
heaven.

THE GEOGRAPHY DEMON.

I HATE my geography lesson!
It's nothing but nonsense and names
To torture me so every morning,
I think it's the greatest of shames.

The brooks they flow into the rivers,
And the rivers flow into the sea;
For my part I hope they enjoy it,
But what does it matter to me?

Of late, even more I've disliked it,
And more disagreeable it seems,
Ever since that sad evening last winter,
When I had the most frightful of dreams.

I thought that a great horrid monster
Stood suddenly there in my room—
A frightful Geography Demon,
Enveloped in darkness and gloom;

His body and head like a mountain,
A volcano on top for a hat;
His arms and his legs were like rivers,
With a brook round his neck for cravat.

He laid on my poor trembling shoulder
His fingers, cold, clammy and long;
And fixing his red eyes upon me,
He roared forth this horrible song:

"Come! come! rise and come
Away to the banks of the Muskingum!
It flows o'er the plains of Timbuctoo,
With the peak of Teneriffe just in view,
And the cataracts leap in the pale moonshine,
As they dance o'er the cliffs of the Brandywine.

"Flee! flee! rise and flee
Away to the banks of the Tombigbee!
We'll pass by Alaska's flowery strand,
Where the emerald towers of Pekin stand;
We'll pass them by and will rest awhile
On Michillimackinac's tropic isle;
While the apes of Barbary frisk around,
And the parrots crow with a lovely sound.

"Hie! hie! rise and hie
Away to the banks of Yangtzeki!
Where the giant mountains of Oshkosh stand,
And the icebergs gleam through the falling sand;
While the elephant sits on the palm tree high
And the cannibals feast on bad boy pie.

"Go! go! rise and go
Away to the banks of the Hoangho;
There the Chickasaw sachem makes his tea,
And the kettle boils and waits for thee.
We'll smite thee ho! and we'll lay thee low,
On the beautiful banks of the Hoangho!"

These horrible words were still sounding
Like trumpets and drums through my head,
When the monster clutched tighter my shoulder,
And dragged me half out of the bed.

In terror I clung to the bedpost; but the
Faithless bedpost it broke;
I screamed out aloud in my anguish,
And suddenly,—well, I awoke!

He was gone, but I cannot forget him,
That fearful geography sprite,
He has my first thought in the morning,
He has my last shudder at night.

Do you blame me for hating my lesson?
Is it strange that it frightful should seem?
Or that I more and more should abhor it
Since I had that most horrible dream?

—*Anonymous.*

GOLDEN HAIR.

GOLDEN HAIR sat on her grandfather's knee;
Dear little Golden Hair, tired was she,
All the day busy as busy could be.
Up in the morning as soon as 'twas light,
Out with the birds and the butterflies bright,
Flitting about till the coming of night.

Grandfather toyed with the curls on her head;
"What has my baby been doing," he said,
"Since she arose with the sun from her bed?"

"Pitty much," answered the sweet little one;
"I cannot tell so much things have I done;
Played with my dolly, and feeded my 'bun.'

"And then I jumped with my little jump-rope,
And I made out of some water and soap
Bootiful worlds, mamma's castles of hope.

"Then I have readed in my picture-book,
And Bella and I, we went to look
For the smooth little stones by the side of the brook.

"And then I comed home and eated my tea,
And I climbed up on grandpapa's knee,
And I jes as tired as tired can be."

Lower and lower the little head pressed,
Until it had dropped upon grandpapa's breast;
Dear little Golden Hair, sweet be thy rest!

We are but children; things that we do
Are as sports of a babe to the Infinite view,
That marks all our weakness, and pities it, too.

God grant that when night overshadows our way,
And we shall be called to account for our day,
He shall find us as guileless as Golden Hair's lay.

And O, when aweary, may we be so blest,
And feel ourselves clasped to the Infinite breast!

—*Anonymous.*

"THE MOON-MAN."

THE Moon-man keeps a great big book,
Where it says what the children do,
If you're very good, he'll give you a peep,
But he lets me look right through.

The moon is the house where the Moon-man lives,
And he sits and writes all day;
When he wants to visit another land,
He just lets the moon sail away.

He sits at his window all day long,
And hears what the children say;
He sees them eat, he sees them sleep,
And he watches them at his play.

If the babies cry and the children quarrel,
And the boys and girls are bad,
He hides his face in a big black cloud,
And he cries 'cause he feels so bad.

But when the children are very good,
And never begin to cry,
He feels so glad that he takes a ride,
Right over the bright blue sky.

Then, when the children are all asleep,
And he doesn't know what to do,
He lays his head on a soft, white cloud,
For he gets sleepy, too.

But once—when a dear little baby died—
And went where the angels sing,
The Moon-man saw when it flew to heaven,
And he put on a golden ring.

The ring round the moon is the Moon-man's crown,
And when there are stars in the crown,
It shows when the dear little baby went up,
One of God's angel babies came down.

—*Elma Bingeman.*

A CHILD'S PLEA.

I THINK the world is really sad,
I can do nothing but annoy;
For little boys are all born bad,
And I am born a little boy.

It doesn't matter what's the game,
Whether it's Indians, trains or ball;
I always know I am to blame,
If I amuse myself at all.

I said one day on mother's knee,
"If you would send us right away
To foreign lands across the sea,
You wouldn't see us every day.

"We shouldn't worry any more,
In those strange lands with queer new toys;
But here we stamp, and play, and roar,
And wear your life out with our noise.

"The savages would never mind,
And you'd be glad to have us go
There, nobody would be unkind,
For you dislike your children so."

Then mother turned, and looked like red,
I do not think she could have heard;
She put me off her knee instead
Of answering me a single word.

She went, and did not even nod,
What had I said that could annoy?
Mothers are really very odd
If you are born a little boy.

—*Anonymous.*

MY LITTLE BOY.

O LITTLE boy, my little boy,
Why do you stay so long?
The night is here, with shadows drear,
'Tis time for mother's song.
The cheering crowds have gone away,
The streets are still and dead,
Why do you stay so long at play,
'Tis more than time for bed?

A great, great day this day has been,
'Tis writ in blood and flame,
And in the papers that they brought
I read your precious name,
Your name, my boy—O little boy—
What do you know of war?
Could God have meant the brow I've kissed
Should wear a battle scar?

O little boy—my little boy,
They tell me you have grown;
But, dear, 'twas only yesterday
You could not stand alone.
How could those tender, clinging hands
A heavy rifle bear?
You were too tired to march, I know,
And so they left you there.

O little boy—my little boy,
  You've rested all the day,
Wake up—the game is played and won,
  'Tis time you came away.
The country has a million arms
  To claim the nation's due,
A million hearts to bleed and break,
  But I have only you.

Wake up—wake up!—the hour is late,
  You should not tarry there;
The night is dark on San Juan hill,
  Too dark for hope or prayer.
Wake up—my arms are opened wide
  To welcome you with joy,
And still you sleep—and sleep—and sleep,
  O little, little boy!

—*Cecil Joyce.*

"ONE, TWO, THREE."

IT was an old, old, old, old lady,
  And a boy who was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
  Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
  And the boy no more could he,
For he was a thin little fellow,
  With a thin, little, twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
  Out under the maple tree;
And the game they played, I'll tell you,
  Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were playing,
  Though you'd never known it to be,
With an old, old, old, old lady,
  And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down,
  On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
  In guesses One, Two, Three!

"You are in the china-closet!"
  He would cry, and laugh with glee,
It wasn't the china-closet,
  But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
  In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are warm and warmer;
  But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard,
  Where Mamma's things used to be—
So it must be the clothes-press, Grandma!"
  And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
  That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
  With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
  Right under the maple-tree—
This old, old, old, old lady,
  And the boy with the lame little knee—
This dear, dear, dear, old lady,
  And the boy who was half-past three.

—*H. C. Bunner.*

THE ROCK-A-BYE BOAT.

THERE'S a boat that leaves at half-past six
From the busy port of Play,
And it reaches the haven of Slumberland
Before the close of day.

It carries the tiniest passengers,
And it rocks so gently, oh!
When the wee ones nestle in their berths,
And the boatman begins to row!

The whistle sounds so low and sweet
(Like a mother's lullaby),
That the travelers smile and close their eyes,
To dream of angels nigh.

Sometimes the travelers tarry too long,
In the busy port of Play,
And the anxious boatman coaxes and calls,
And grieves at their delay.

But they come at last to the rocking-boat,
Which bears them down the stream,
And drifts them to the Slumberland,
To rest, and sleep, and dream.

The name of the boat is Rock-a-bye,
And it's guided by mother's hand,
For she is the patient boatman, dear,
Who takes you to Slumberland.

Now what is the fare a traveler pays,
On a Rock-a-bye boat like this?
Why, the poorest child can afford the price,
For it's only a good-night kiss.

—*Emeline Goodrow.*

MOONRISE.

ALL unawares the early stars turn pale;
Across their faces, like a gauze veil,
A fleecy luster hangs—a hint of light,
Disclosing slowly on the rim of night.
A single cloud, a wanderer in the sky,
Strayed from some tempest squadron wheeling by,
Sleeps in the lucent arc with snowy crest,
And chasms of amber flame within its breast.
Hark! the awaking star! the light winds pass
In bended lanes across the ripened grass;
The bats, like blots of dusker shadow, fly,
With sudden wheel and feeble, snappish cry.
Night beetles labor by on crackling wing;
The unctuous toad leaps up with velvet spring;
The owl's half-human cry sounds far away,
And near, the restless farm-dog's pompous bay.
Now on each tallest tree and bare hill's brow
There clings, and downward creeps, an ashen glow—
Then, like a sudden burst of melody,
Preluding some majestic symphony,
The full-sphered moon arises, red and large,
Through mists that curtain the horizon's marge.
Forever mirroring unclouded skies;
Of fragrant plains, where summer never dies;
Rock grottoes, roofed with pearl and emerald;
Cool, winding ways, moss-carpeted, green walled,
With interwoven shrubs and clustered flowers—
Fresh, amaranthine, fairer hued than hours;
Faint crooning groves that breathe a spicy balm,

And slumbrous vales, the haunts of tranced calm.
Alas! 'twas but the vision of a seer,
Who drew from shapes upon cloudy sphere
The parable of longing and unrest
Of every time and every human breast;
And though the lovely myth has winged afar
To sightless realms beyond the palest star,
The old faith lives, that somewhere there must be
Ideal beauty and serenity.

DOLLY IN SICKNESS.

OUT of the window, as I lie,
Through the half-open blind,
I see the flock of clouds go by;
Their shepherds is the wind;
He calls and calls them all night through
To go the way he wants them to.

I hear the nightingales that call
When nurse is fast asleep,
And then along the nursery wall
The shadow-people creep.
They come out of the night-light's shade;
I wish there were no night-light's made.

I see the squares of sunshine lie
Upon the papered wall;
I wish those papery flowers would die,
And let their petals fall;
I am so tired of counting up
Each leaf and stem and bell and cup.

I am so tired of everything!
The pillow and the sheet,
The nasty milky things they bring
And tell me I must eat;
And all the others romp and play,
And have jam pudding every day!

Oh, when I'm well I will be good;
I'll learn the things I hate;
I'll never grumble at my food,
Or ask to sit up late.
Oh, if you're only well and out,
You've nothing to complain about!

A LAUGH IN CHURCH.

SHE sat on the sliding cushion,
The dear wee woman of four;
Her feet, in their shiny slippers,
Hung dangling over the floor.
She meant to be good; she had promised;
And so, with her big brown eyes,
She stared at the meeting-house windows
And counted the crawling flies.

She looked far up at the preacher;
But she thought of the honey-bees
Droning away in the blossoms
That whitened the cherry trees.
She thought of the broken basket,
Where, curled in a dusty heap,
Three sleek, round puppies, with fringy ears,
Lay snuggled and fast asleep.
Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle,
Such queer little hearts to beat,
Such swift round tongues to kiss you,
Such sprawling, cushiony feet!
She could feel in her clasping fingers
The touch of the satiny skin,
And a cold, wet nose exploring
The dimples under her chin.

Then a sudden ripple of laughter
Ran over the parted lips,
So quick that she could not catch it
With her rosy finger tips.
The people whispered: "Bless the child!"
As each one waked from a nap;
But the dear wee woman hid her face
For shame in her mother's lap.

IN THE FIRELIGHT.

THE fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere,
And, like winged spirits, here and there
The firelight shadows fluttering go;
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from a further room
Comes, "Now I lay me down to sleep.'

And, somehow, with that little prayer,
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thoughts go back to distant years,
And linger with a dear one there;
And as I hear my child's Amen,
My mother's faith comes back to me—
Crouched at her I side I seem to be,
And mother holds my hands again.

Oh, for an hour in that dear place!
Oh, for the peace of that dear time!
Oh, for that childish trust sublime!
Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone—
Sweet magic of that treble tone,
And, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

—*Eugene Field.*

THE DOLL'S WEDDING.

I'M 'vited to the wedding,
And have to make a dress;
I want a lot of 'lusion,
A hundred yards, I guess—
I think I'll make it "princess,"
I couldn't wear it plain;
It's very fashionable
To have a plaited train.

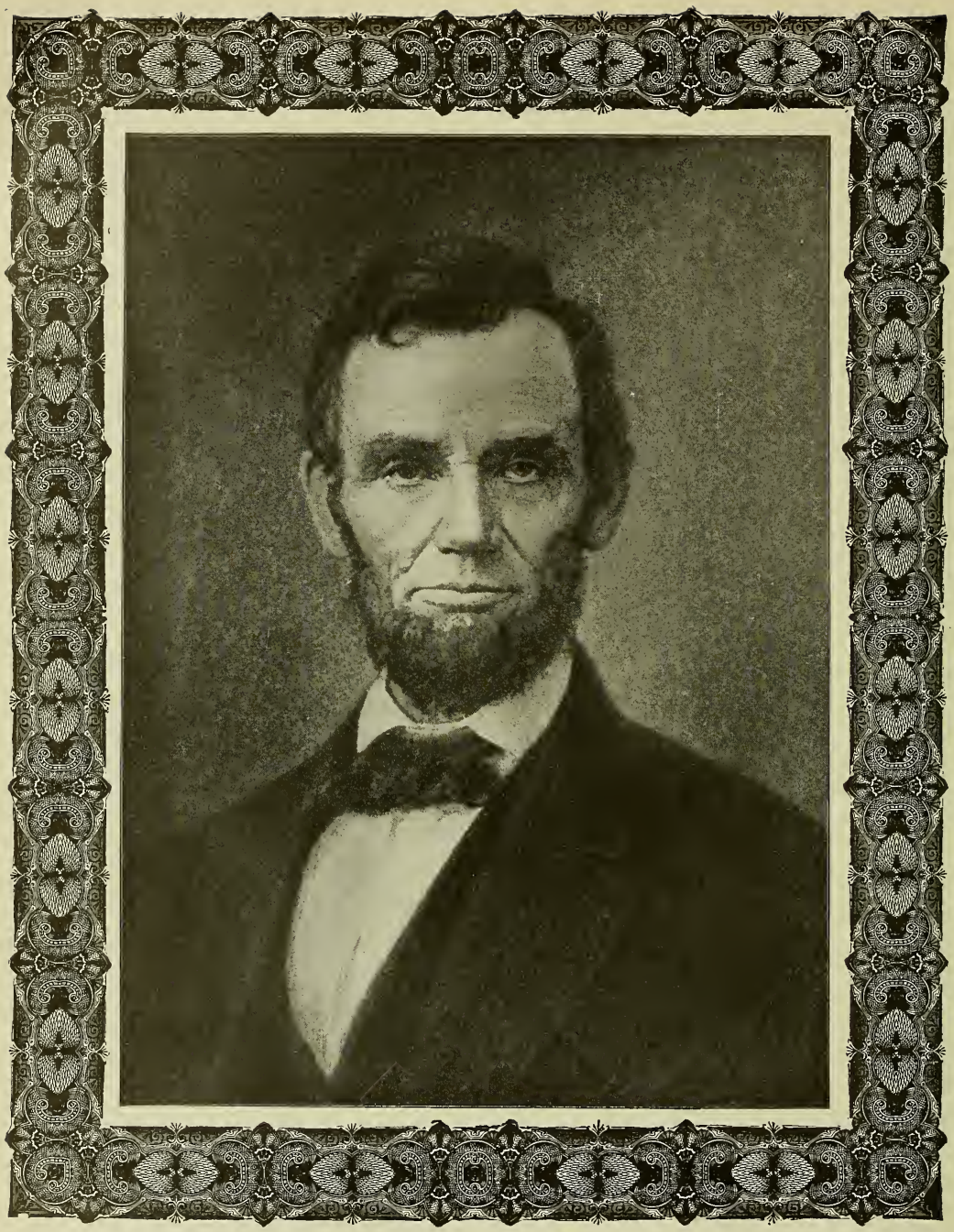
It's Rosa Burdock's wedding,
To-morrow, just at three,
In Mamie Turnbull's garden
Under the apple-tree;
The bridegroom's Colonel Bracebridge,
He wears a sword and plume,
To show that he's a soldier—
It's stylish, I presume.

We made some sugar-water,
And Mamie's got a cake·
I never saw such good ones
As her mamma can make.
She puts on plenty froisting
And lots of sugar plums—
I guess we'll have the 'freshments
Before the min'ster comes.

We've got to pick some dandelines
To make a chain and ring—
Louise will play the jew's-harp,
And Mamie and I will sing;
We'll have to say the 'sponses,
They couldn't if they tried—
But Rosa is so el'gent
She'll make a lovely bride.

We'll have to stand the Colonel
Against a piece of board,
Or maybe he can stand up
By leaning on his sword.
Come now, this is to-morrow—
Let's get our hats and shawls,
Bring June and Zephyrine,
And all the other dolls.

—*Kate Allyn.*



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—Wonderful, indeed, was the career of Abraham Lincoln, eighteenth President of the United States. His parents were very poor and he was born in a Kentucky log cabin. In 1818, when nine years old, his father and mother moved to Southern Indiana, and in 1830 emigrated to Illinois. Lincoln had no advantages, his whole life being a hard and toilsome struggle against adversity, and he fell at the hands of an assassin, but not until he had seen the result of his labors in behalf of his country. His oratory was simplicity itself, but grand and imposing.

AMERICAN ORATIONS.

Utterances of the Most Eloquent Orators of the United States and the Occasions Which Called Them Forth.

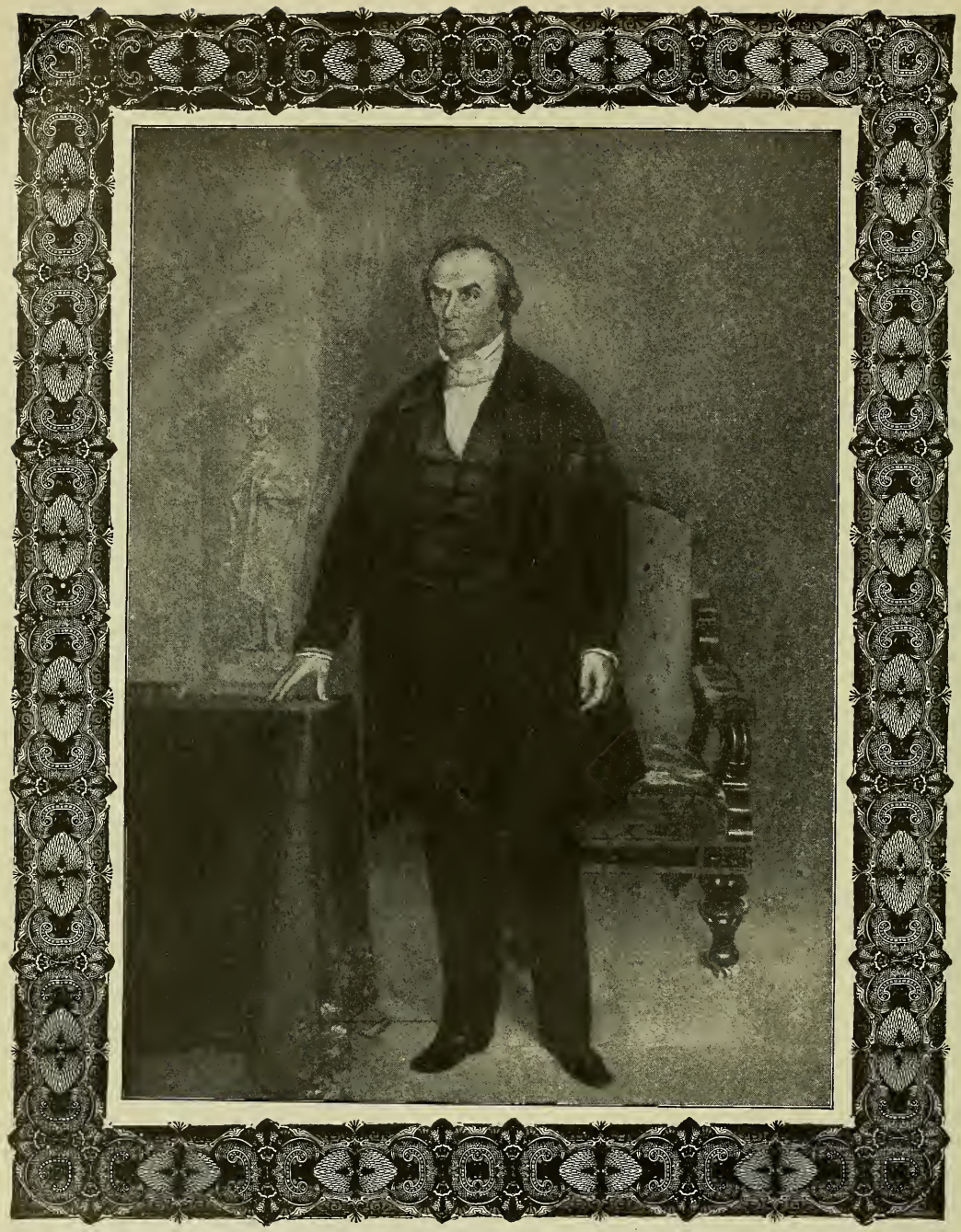
THERE never lived a more eloquent man than Abraham Lincoln, although most of his utterances contain so much common sense that they appear homely beside the flowery metaphors of more finished orators. He did not make a good impression upon his audiences at first, his natural awkwardness being emphasized by his height and the bad fit of his clothes, but when he began to talk his listeners were so enthralled they never took their eyes from his face as long as he was speaking.

In 1858 he said, during his speech to the Republican State Convention at Springfield, Ill.:

"I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect that it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South. Have we no tendency to the latter condition? Let anyone who doubts carefully contemplate that now almost complete legal combination piece of machinery, so to speak, compounded of the Nebraska doctrine and the Dred Scott decision. Let him consider not only what work the machinery is adapted to do, and how well adapted, but also let him study the history of its construction, and trace, if he can, or rather fail, if he can, to trace the evidences of design and concert of action among its chief architects from the beginning."

During the course of his second inaugural address, delivered on March 4th, 1865, but a short time before his assassination, President Lincoln said:

"Neither party (North or South) expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease when, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayer of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. 'Woe unto the world



DANIEL WEBSTER was born at Salisbury (now Franklin), New Hampshire, in 1782, and died at Marshfield, Massachusetts, in 1852. A graduate of Dartmouth College, he was the most remarkable student who ever attended that institution, and it seemed as though he had been sent into the world for a great purpose. His genius as an orator showed itself at an early age; his memory was phenomenal, he possessed rare poetic gifts that defied analysis, was industrious to a wonderful degree, and for power of lucid and convincing statement he was unrivaled. His services in the United States Senate and as Secretary of State in the Cabinets of Presidents Harrison and Tyler entitle him to a prominent place among the statesmen of the Nineteenth Century.

because of offenses, for it must needs be that offenses come, but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh.' If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God must needs come, but which having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came—shall we discern there any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsmen's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword; as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, that 'the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

WEBSTER IN REPLY TO HAYNE.

DANIEL WEBSTER was one of the acknowledged spokesmen for humanity; he belonged to no era or century, but stood for the ages. He would have been a leader among the ancients as he was among the moderns, and his most fitting monuments are his orations, all of which bore the impress of his great love of country and liberty.

His reply to Senator Hayne, in the United States Senate, in 1830, is regarded as the noblest effort of his life. We reproduce only the more striking parts:

"I shall enter upon no encomium of Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is. Behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia, and there they will lie forever. And, sir, where American Liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it, if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk and tear it, if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint shall succeed in separating it from that Union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the profoundest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

"I understand the honorable gentleman from South Carolina to maintain that it is a right of the State Legislature to interfere whenever, in their judgment, this Government transcends its constitutional limits, and to arrest the operation of its

laws. * * * But the State Legislatures, * * * however sovereign, are not sovereign over the people. So far as the people have given power to the General Government, so far the grant is unquestionably good, and the Government holds of the people, and not of the State Governments. We are all agents of the same supreme power, the people. The General Government and the State Governments derive their authority from the same source. Neither can, in relation to the other, be called primary, though one is definite and restricted, and the other general and residuary. The National Government possesses those powers which it can be shown the people have conferred on it, and no more. All the rest belongs to the State Governments, or to the people themselves. So far as the people have restrained State sovereignty by the expression of their will, in the Constitution of the United States, so far, it must be admitted, State sovereignty is effectually controlled. * * * To make war, for instance, is an exercise of sovereignty; but the Constitution declares that no State shall make war. To coin money is another exercise of sovereign power; but no State is at liberty to coin money. Again, the Constitution says that no sovereign State shall be so sovereign as to make a treaty. * * *

"This Government is the independent offspring of the popular will. It is not the creature of State Legislatures; nay, more, if the whole truth must be told, the people brought it into existence, established it, and have hitherto supported it, for the very purpose, amongst others, of imposing certain salutary restraints on State sovereignties. The States cannot now make war; they cannot contract alliances; they cannot make, each for itself, separate regulations of commerce; they cannot lay imposts; they cannot coin money. If this Constitution, sir, be the creature of State Legislatures, it must be admitted that it has obtained a strange control over the volitions of its creators. * * *

"I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

"I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this Government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts we have high, excit-

JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE, one of the most brilliant and versatile of American statesmen, was a native of Pennsylvania, taking up his residence in the Pine Tree State, represented it in the Senate and House of the National Congress, was Speaker of the House, Secretary of State in the Cabinets of two Presidents, was nominated and beaten for the Presidency. Mr. Blaine was born in 1830, and exhibited remarkable traits when very young. It was said he could repeat all of Plutarch's Lives when nine years old.

ing, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day at least that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in the heavens, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as 'What is all this worth?' nor those other words of delusion and folly, 'Liberty first and Union afterward'; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart,—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

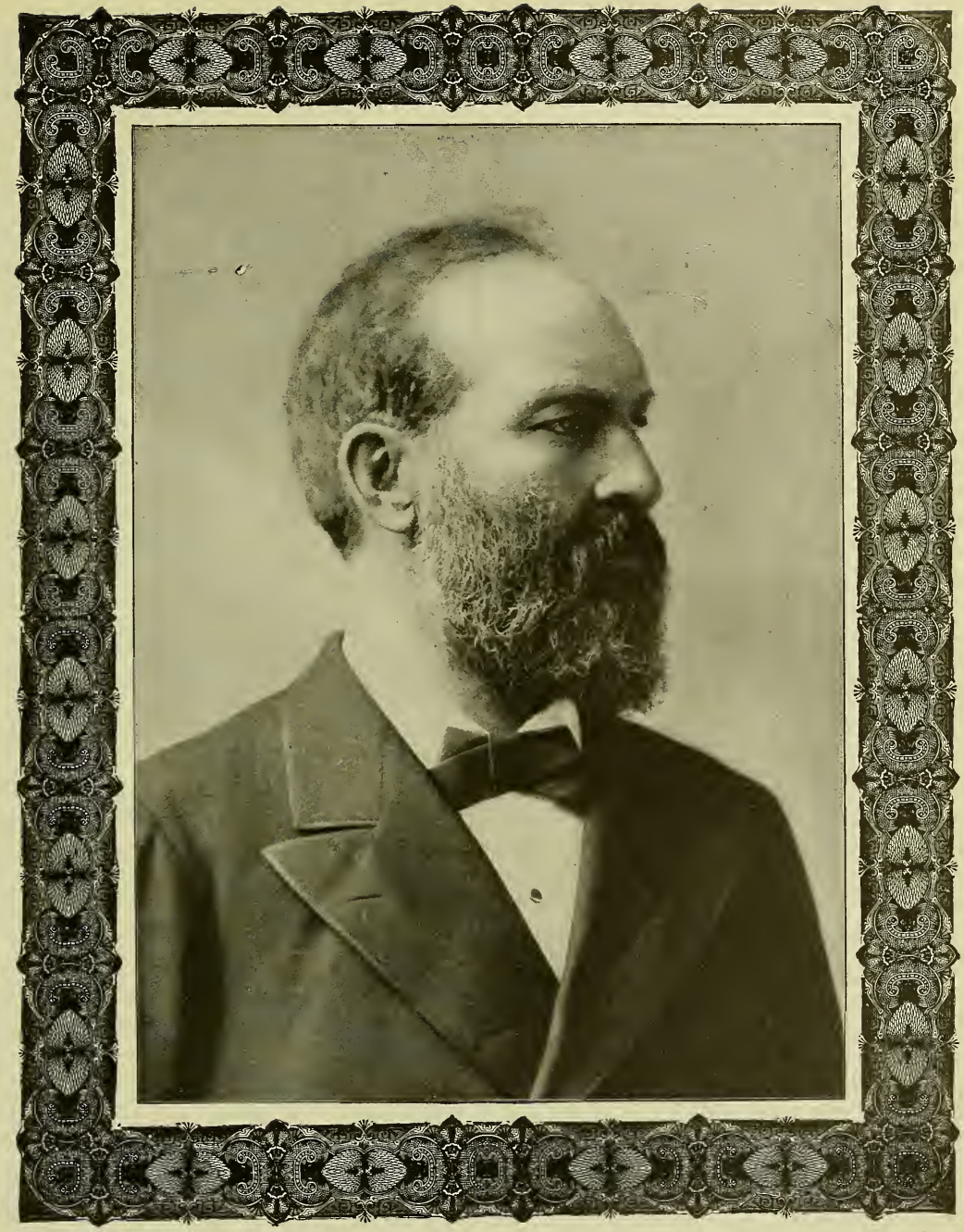
BLAINE'S TRIBUTE TO GARFIELD.

JAMES G. BLAINE, Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President James A. Garfield, delivered the memorial address at the exercises held in the Hall of the House of Representatives, February 27th, 1882, some months after the death of the victim of the assassin's bullet. The assemblage was a distinguished one, President Arthur, his Cabinet, members of Congress, Justices of the Supreme Court, the Diplomatic Corps, the highest officers of the Army and Navy, and many of the most prominent men of the country being present. Mr. Blaine was at his best, and spoke with remarkable feeling and power.

"For the second time in this generation the great departments of the Government of the United States are assembled in the Hall of Representatives to do honor to the memory of a murdered President. Lincoln fell at the close of a mighty struggle in which the passions of men had been deeply stirred. The tragical termination of his great life added but another to the lengthened succession of horrors which had marked so many lintels with the blood of the first-born. Garfield was slain in a day of peace, when brother had been reconciled to brother, and when anger and hate had been banished from the land. 'Whoever shall hereafter draw the portrait of murder, if he will show it as it has been exhibited where such example was last to have been looked for, let him not give it the grim visage of Moloch, the brow knitted by revenge, the face black with settled hate. Let him draw, rather, a decorous, smooth-faced, bloodless demon; not so much an example of human nature in its depravity and in its paroxysm of crime as an infernal being, a fiend in the ordinary display and development of his character."

After sketching the dead President's struggles with poverty, his young manhood, his career in the Union army and his election to Congress, Mr. Blaine resumed:

"As a parliamentary orator, as a debater on an issue squarely joined, where the position had been chosen and the ground laid out, Garfield must be assigned a very high



JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD was the twentieth President of the United States and the second to fall under the bullet of the assassin. He was born at Orange, Cuyahoga County, Ohio, November 19, 1831, and died at Elberon, New Jersey, September 19, 1881. Born of poor parents, driver of a canalboat in his youth, he secured an education by his own unaided efforts, was a college president at 26, Major-General of Volunteers in the Civil War at 32, Congressman at the same age, and continued as such seventeen years, when he was chosen United States Senator, but before he took his seat he was nominated and elected President.

rank. More, perhaps, than any man with whom he was associated in public life, he gave careful and systematic study of public questions, and he came to every discussion in which he took part with elaborate and complete preparation. He was a steady and indefatigable worker. Those who imagine that talent or genius can supply the place or achieve the results of labor will find no encouragement in Garfield's life. In preliminary work he was apt, rapid, and skillful. He possessed in a high degree the power of readily absorbing ideas and facts, and, like Dr. Johnson, had the art of getting from a book all that was of value in it by a reading apparently so quick and cursory that it seemed like a mere glance at the table of contents. He was a pre-eminently fair and candid man in debate, took no petty advantage, stooped to no unworthy methods, avoided personal allusions, rarely appealed to prejudice, did not seek to inflame passion. * * *

"Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death—and he did not quail. Not alone for one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage, he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes, whose lips may tell—what brilliant, broken plans, what baffled, high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm, manhood's friendships, what bitter rending of sweet household ties! Behind him a proud, expectant nation, a great host of sustaining friends, a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full, rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair young daughter; the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care; and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demand. Before him, desolation and great darkness! And his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound, and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the center of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the winepress alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the divine decree.

"As the end drew near his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its helplessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its far sails, whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic

meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a farther shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning."

THEODORE PARKER ON GREATNESS.

IT WAS said that Theodore Parker, the eminent divine, "knew everything," this being the declaration of a friend who wished to convey his idea of Parker's thirst for knowledge. He was an omnivorous reader and his memory always retained what was once recorded upon its tablets. He was a thoroughly earnest man in all undertakings, and a speaker of forcefulness and resource, as these extracts from an address on the life and character of Daniel Webster will show:

"In general, greatness is eminence of ability; so there are as many different forms thereof as there are qualities wherein a man may be eminent. These various forms of greatness should be distinctly marked, that, when we say a man is great, we may know exactly what we mean.

"In the rudest ages, when the body is man's only tool for work or war, eminent strength of body is the thing most coveted. Then, and so long as human affairs are controlled by brute force, the giant is thought to be the great man—is held in honor for his eminent brute strength.

"When men have a little outgrown that period of force, cunning is the quality most prized. The nimble brain outwits the heavy arm, and brings the circumvented giant to the ground. He who can overreach his antagonist, plotting more subtly, winning with more deceitful skill; who can turn and double on his unseen track, 'can smile and smile, and be a villain'—he is the great man.

"Brute force is merely animal; cunning is the animalism of the intellect—the mind's least intellectual element.

"As men go on in their development, finding qualities more valuable than the strength of the lion or the subtlety of the fox, they come to value higher intellectual faculties—great understanding, great imagination, great reason. Power to think is then the faculty men value most; ability to devise means for attaining ends desired; the power to originate ideas, to express them in speech, to organize them into institutions; to organize things into a machine, men into an army or state, or a gang of operatives; to administer these various organizations. He who is eminent in this ability is thought the great man.

"But there are qualities nobler than the mere intellect—the moral, the affectional, the religious faculties—the power of justice, of love, of holiness, of trust in God, and of obedience to his law—the eternal right. These are the highest qualities of man; whoso is most eminent therein is the greatest of great men. He is as much above the merely intellectual great men as they above the men of mere cunning or force.

"Thus, then, we have four different kinds of greatness. Let me name them—bodily greatness, crafty greatness, intellectual greatness, religious greatness. Men in different degrees of development will value the different kinds of greatness. Belial cannot yet honor Christ. How can the little girl appreciate Aristotle and Kant? The child thinks as a child. You must have manhood in you to honor it in others, even to see it.

"Yet how we love to honor men eminent in such modes of greatness as we can un-

HENRY WARD BEECHER was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1813, received a good New England education, went west to Ohio to study theology and began the preaching of the gospel at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, in 1836. He was afterwards called to a church in Indianapolis. His eloquence had attracted attention and he was solicited to go to Brooklyn to Plymouth Church, which invitation he accepted, and he remained there until his death in 1887 after a pastorate of full forty years. His fertility of intellect was amazing and his preaching was entirely free from affectations.

derstand! Indeed, we must do so. Soon as we really see a real great man, his magnetism draws us, will we or no. * * * If you are confronted by a man of vast genius, of colossal history and achievements, immense personal power of wisdom, justice, philanthropy, religion, of mighty power of will and mighty act; if you feel him as you feel the mountain and the sea, what grander emotions spring up! It is like making the acquaintance of one of the elementary forces of the earth—like associating with gravitation itself! The stiffest neck bends over; down go the democratic knees; human nature is loyal then!

"We are always looking for a great man to solve the difficulty too hard for us, to break the rock which lies in our way,—to represent the possibility of human nature as an ideal, and then to realize that ideal in his life. Little boys in the country, working against time, with stints to do, long for the passing-by of some tall brother, who in a few minutes shall achieve what the smaller boy took hours to do. And we are all of us but little boys, looking for some great brother to come and help us end our tasks.

"It takes greatness to see greatness, and know it at the first; I mean to see greatness of the highest kind. Bulk, anybody can see; bulk of body or mind. The loftiest form of greatness is never popular in its time. Men cannot understand or receive it. Guinea negroes would think a juggler a greater man than Franklin. What would be thought of Martin Luther at Rome, of Washington at St. Petersburg, of Fenelon among the Sacs and Foxes? Herod and Pilate were popular in their day,—men of property and standing. They got nominations and honor enough. Jesus of Nazareth got no nomination, got a cross between two thieves, was crowned with thorns, and, when he died, eleven Galileans gathered together to lament their Lord. Any man can measure a walking-stick,—so many hands long, and so many nails beside; but it takes a mountain intellect to measure the Andes and Altai."

MAN SUPERIOR TO ALL CREATED THINGS.

HENRY WARD BEECHER was a man with a distinct personality—one which made itself felt wherever he went and in whatever he said. As a pulpit orator he was versatile and original, and no audience could resist the fascination of his words. One of the best examples of his reasoning was his address upon self-government:

"Men are not each worth the same thing to society. All men cannot think with a like value, nor work with a like product. And if you measure man as a producing creature—that is, in his secular relations—men are not alike valuable. But when you measure men on their spiritual side, and in their affectional relations to God and the eternal world, the lowest man is so immeasurable in value that you cannot make any practical difference between one man and another. Although, doubtless, some are vastly above, the lowest and least goes beyond your powers of conceiving, and your power of measuring. This is the root idea, which, if not recognized, is yet operative. It is the fundamental principle of our American scheme, that is, Man is above nature. Man, by virtue of his original endowment and affiliation to the Eternal Father, is superior to every other created thing. There is nothing to be compared with man. All governments are from him and for him, and not over him and upon him. All institutions are not his masters, but his servants. All

days, all ordinances, all usages, come to minister to the chief and the king,—God's son, man, of whom God only is master. Therefore, he is to me thoroughly enlarged, thoroughly empowered by development, and then thoroughly trusted. This is the American idea,—for we stand in contrast with the world in holding and teaching it; that men, having been once thoroughly educated, are to be absolutely trusted.

"The education of the common people follows, then, as a necessity. They are to be fitted to govern. Since all things are from them and for them, they must be educated to their function, to their destiny. No pains are spared, we know, in Europe, to educate princes and nobles who are to govern. No expense is counted too great, in Europe, to prepare the governing classes for their function. America has her governing class, too; and that governing class is the whole people. It is a slower work, because it is so much larger. It is never carried so high, because there is so much more of it. It is easy to lift up a crowned class. It is not easy to lift up society from the very foundation. That is the work of centuries. And, therefore, though we have not an education so deep nor so high as it is in some other places, we have it broader than anywhere else in the world; and we have learned that for ordinary affairs, intelligence among the common people is better than treasures of knowledge among particular classes of the people. School books do more for the country than encyclopædias.

"And so there comes up the American conception of a common people as an order of nobility, or as standing in the same place to us that orders of nobility stand to other peoples. Not that, after our educated men and men of genius are counted out, we call all that remain the common people. The whole community, top and bottom and intermediate, the strong and the weak, the rich and the poor, the leaders and the followers, constitute with us the commonwealth; in which laws spring from the people, administration conforms to their wishes and they are made the final judges of every interest of the State.

"In America, there is not one single element of civilization that is not made to depend, in the end, upon public opinion. Art, law, administration, policy, reformation of morals, religious teaching, all derive, in our form of society, the most potent influence from the common people."

EDWARD EVERETT ON GENERAL EDUCATION.

EDWARD EVERETT was a warm advocate of the education of the people, holding that a nation could have no more secure foundation than that of universal knowledge—that a country whose inhabitants were educated would surely pass all others in the struggle for supremacy:

"It is usual to compare the culture of the mind to the culture of the earth. If the husbandman relax his labors, and his field be left untilled, this year or the next, although a crop or two be lost, the evil may be remedied. The land, with its productive qualities, remains. If not plowed and planted this year, it may be the year after. But if the mind be wholly neglected during the period most proper for its cultivation, if it be suffered to remain dark and uninformed, its vital power perishes; for all the purposes of an intellectual nature it is lost. It is as if an earthquake had swallowed up the uncultivated fallows, or as if a swollen river had washed away, not merely the standing

crop, but the bank on which it was growing. When the time for education has gone by the man must, in ordinary cases, be launched upon the world a benighted being, scarcely elevated above the beasts that perish; and all that he could have been and done for society and for himself is wholly lost.

"Although this utter sacrifice of the intellectual nature is rarely made in this part of the country, I fear there exists, even here, a woeful waste of mental power, through neglect of education. Taking our population as a whole, I fear that there is not nearly time enough passed at school; that many of those employed in the business of instruction are incompetent to the work; and that our best teachers are not sufficiently furnished with literary apparatus, particularly with school libraries. If these defects could be supplied, I believe a few years would witness a wonderful effect upon the community; that an impulse, not easily conceived beforehand, would be given to individual and social character. * * *

"If the all-important duty of training the young is intrusted to the cheapest hand that can be hired to do the work, to one who is barely able to pass a nominal examination, by a committee sometimes more ignorant than himself, in the modicum of learning prescribed by law, * * * it is plain to see that they are deprived of the best part of their birthright. * * *

"I cannot, will not, believe that social man can rise no higher than this; that reason and experience, self-interest and humanity, the light of nature, the progress of knowledge, and the word of God, will forever prove too feeble for this monstrous perversion of human energy. I must believe that the day will yet dawn when the greatest efforts of individual and social man will be turned to the promotion of the welfare of his brother man. If this hope is to be realized, it must be by the joint action of enlightened reason, elevated morals, and pure religion, brought home, by a liberal and efficient system of education and the aid of Heaven, to every fireside and every heart."

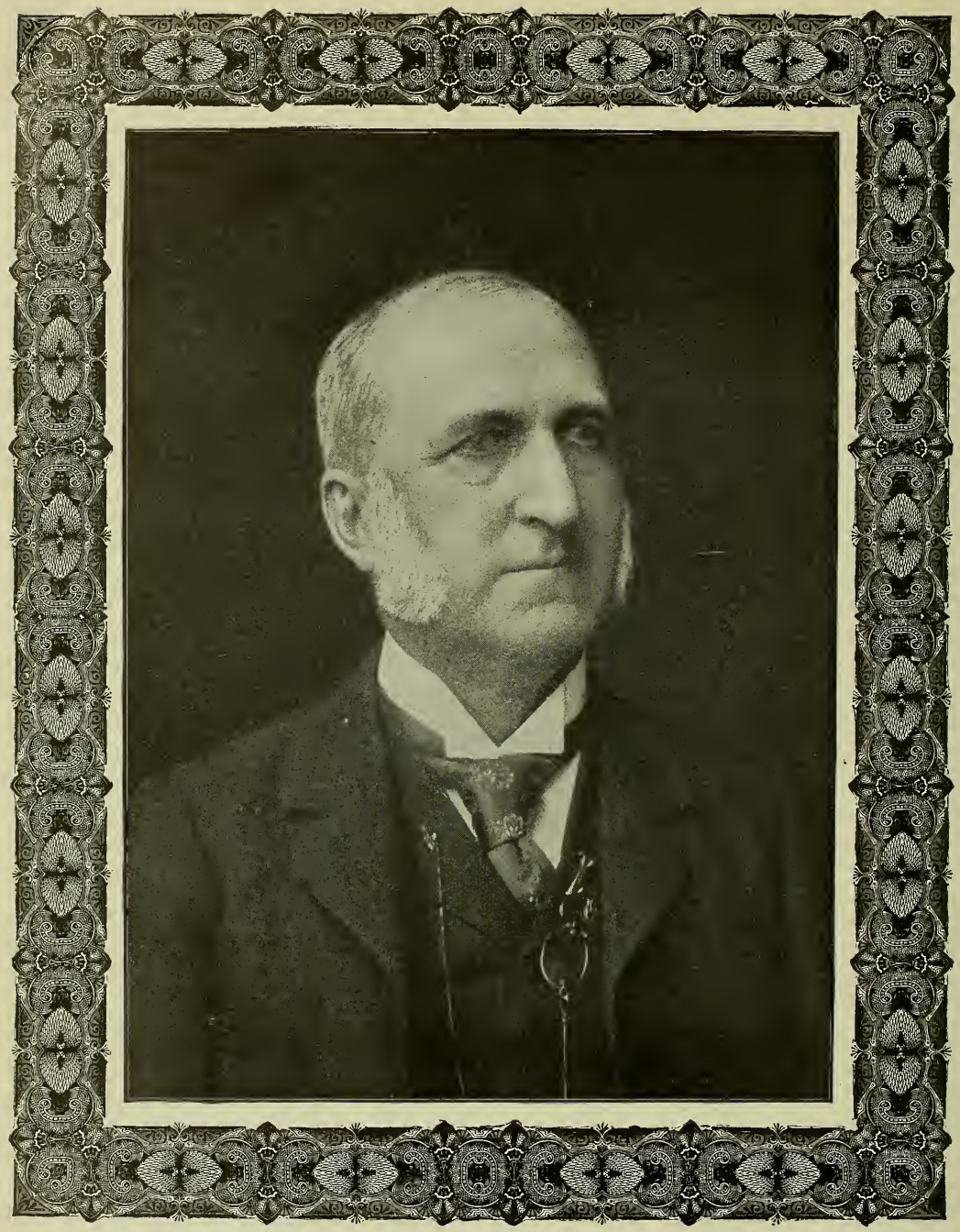
WHAT A JUDGE SHOULD BE.

OF ALL the orators the American bar has produced, Rufus Choate will be ranked as among the most powerful in argument and eloquent in expression. In what is known as his "convention speech," delivered in 1853, he gave definite form to his idea of what an upright judge should be:

* * * "He should be profoundly learned in all the learning of the law, and he must know how to use that learning. * * * He is to know not merely the law which you make, and the Legislature makes, not constitutional and statute law alone, but that other ampler, that boundless jurisprudence, the common law, which the successive generations of the State have silently built up; that old code of freedom which we brought with us in The Mayflower and Arabella, but which, in the progress of centuries, we have ameliorated and enriched, and adapted wisely to the necessities of a busy, prosperous, and wealthy community—that he must know.

* * * "He must be a man not merely upright; not merely honest and well-intentioned—this of course—but a man who will not respect persons in judgment. * * * He shall do everything for justice, nothing for himself; nothing for his friend, nothing for his patrons, nothing for his sovereign.

"If, on one side, is the executive power



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW is, with hardly an exception, recognized as the happiest after-dinner and extemporaneous orator in the country. He was born on a farm near Poughkeepsie, New York, in 1833, his parents being poor, and after working hard, saved money to go through Yale; then he studied law, was admitted to the bar, took an interest in politics, was Secretary of State for New York, was chosen President of the New York Central and Harlem River Railroad, and after serving in that position for many years accepted an election by the Republicans of the General Assembly of New York to the United States Senate.

and the Legislature and the people—the sources of his honors, the givers of his daily bread—and on the other an individual, nameless and odious, his eye is to see neither great nor small, attending only to the trepidations of the balance. If a law is passed by a unanimous Legislature, clamored for by the general voice of the public, and a cause is before him on it, in which the whole community is on one side and an individual nameless or odious on the other, and he believes it to be against the Constitution, he must so declare it, or there is no judge. If Athens comes there to demand that the cup of hemlock be put to the lips of the wisest of men, and he believes that he has not corrupted the youth, nor omitted to worship the gods of the city, nor introduced new divinities of his own, he must deliver him, although the thunder light on the unterrified brow.

"And, finally, he must possess the perfect confidence of the community, that he bear not the sword in vain. To be honest, to be no respecter of persons, is not yet enough. He must be believed such. I should be glad so far to indulge an old-fashioned and cherished professional sentiment as to say that I would have something venerable and illustrious attach to his character and function, in the judgment and feelings of the commonwealth. * * * A man toward whom the love and trust and affectionate admiration of the people should flow; not a man perching for a winter and summer in our courthouses and then gone forever; but one to whose benevolent face, and bland and dignified manners, and firm administration of the whole learning of the law, we become accustomed; whom our eyes anxiously, not in vain, explore when we enter the temple of justice; toward whom our attachment and trust grow ever with the growth of his own reputation."

SENATOR DEPEW AND RAILROAD MEN.

UNITED STATES SENATOR Chauncey M. Depew, for many years president of the New York Central Railroad Company, was deeply interested in the welfare of the employes of the road and active in the organization of library and other associations among them, the intent of which was to surround the men with the best influences possible. In a speech to the men in New York in 1887 he said:

"The greatest, the most satisfactory, feature of railroad development is the men engaged in operating the roads. With those who are actually in the service, and those who contribute by supplies, one-tenth of the working force of the United States is in the railroad service; and that tenth includes the most energetic men and most intelligent among the workers of this magnificent country. There are ten million workingmen in this country, and six hundred thousand are directly employed in the railway service. They are a republic in themselves, and yet they are the most loyal, the most law-abiding, and most useful and patriotic of citizens. They do not seek aggrandizement themselves; they do not seek by secrecy and force to accomplish selfish purposes or to do injury to anybody; they simply try to live in a brotherly way among those who are engaged in other pursuits, and to labor for the improvement of the country and the elevation of themselves and of their brethren. * * *

"The railroad is a republic which refutes the theories that come from long-haired men who never work themselves. The worst service that is done to the workingmen of

this country is the lip service of men who never work and could not be made to work. * * *

"There is no democracy like the railway system of this land. Men are not taken out of rich men's parlors and placed in positions of responsibility. Men are not taken because they are sons of such, and put into paying places in the railway system; but the superintendents all over the country—the men who officer and man the passenger, the freight, the motive power and accounting departments—all of them come up from the bottom. And are you going to stop this thing? No; there are no men being born, or to be born, who are to be by inheritance the superintendents, treasurers, comptrollers, auditors, the freight and ticket agents, the conductors, the yardmasters—who are to be the master mechanics, the foremen of the shops of the future. They are not born. They have got to be made, and come from the bottom up. And in every one of these departments to-day, in every railroad in the United States, in the humblest positions, earning the smallest salaries, are men who within the next twenty-five years are to fill these places by promotion. Don't tell me there is no chance to rise in this country. There are vacancies to occur in the next thirty years in thousands of positions of power, and every one of them will be filled by men who prove, by coming up grade by grade, that they have got brains and courage and power to fit these offices."

GOUGH'S WARNING TO YOUNG MEN.

JOHN B. GOUGH, the wonderfully impassioned temperance advocate, exercised a remarkable power over young men. He could do with them as he wished; he made them laugh or cry at will, and no one can estimate the good he did. His speeches were often classic:

"Men talk about enjoyment in drinking! There is really none. It is merely momentary and imaginary. No man ever received satisfaction enough in wicked pursuits to say, 'Ah, now I am happy!' It is gone from him. All the enjoyments that can be obtained in this world, apart from the enjoyments God has sanctioned, lead to destruction. It is as if a man should start in a chase after a bubble, attracted by its bright and gorgeous hues. It leads him through vineyards, under trellised vines with grapes hanging in all their purpled glory; it leads him past sparkling fountains, amid the music of singing birds; it leads him through orchards hanging thick with golden fruit. He laughs and dances. It is a merry chase. By and by that excitement becomes intense, that intensity becomes a passion, that passion a disease. Now his eye is fixed upon the bubble with fretful earnestness. Now he leaps with desperation and disappointment. Now it leads him away from all that is bright and beautiful, from all the tender, clustering, hallowed associations of bygone days, up the steep hot sides of a fearful volcano. Now there is pain and anguish in the chase. He leaps and falls, and rises, bruised, scorched, and blistered; but the excitement has the mastery over him; he forgets all that is past, and in his terrible chase he leaps again. It is gone! He curses, and bites his lips in agony, and shrieks almost the wild shriek of despair. Yet still he pursues his prize. He must secure it. Knee-deep in the hot ashes, he falls, then up again with limbs torn and bruised, the last semblance of humanity scorched out of him. Yet there is his prize! He will have it. With one desperate effort he makes a sudden leap. Ah, he has it

PHILLIPS BROOKS, who deservedly ranks among the first of American pulpit orators, was born in Boston, in 1835, and with the exception of a few years his home was always there. After being graduated from Harvard University in 1855 he studied theology at Alexandria, Virginia, and was ordained in 1859. In 1862 he accepted the call from Holy Trinity Church, at Boston, and soon had a large and devoted following. Rev. Dr. Brooks was an indefatigable worker for forty years or more, and in voicing his opinions and conclusious his eloquence was electrifyjng. He was also the author of several standard works.

now; but he has leaped into the volcano, and, with a burst bubble in his hand, goes to his retribution. Heaven pity every man who follows, and is fascinated by, an enjoyment God has not sanctioned. The result of all God's good gifts to him is a burst bubble!

"Enjoyment! We have wonderful capacities for enjoyment and wonderful sources of enjoyment. But I have come to this conclusion, young men, that there is no enjoyment worth having for which you cannot thank God. None! And if you can get drunk, and then thank God for it the next morning, then I have nothing more to say to you. * * *

"And that one fact of a little temporary gratification is all that you can bring in favor of the drink! Why, if there was no gratification, there would be no danger. It is the gratification to a man of nervous susceptibility that constitutes the danger. * * * It is no more degrading to be brutally drunk than it is to be sillily drunk. The very fact of intoxication is debasing."

MARY, THE MOTHER OF JESUS.

REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS was the center of a large circle of New England, the prophet of a following which was constantly increasing and which accepted no other leader after his death. One of his most striking sermons was that in which he dealt with the Mother of the Savior:

"The Virgin Mary is the perpetual type of people who, intrusted with any great and sacred interest, identify their own lives with that interest and care for it conscientiously; but who, by-and-by, when the interest begins to manifest its own vitality and to shape its own methods, are filled with perplexity. They cannot keep the causes for which they labor under their own care. * * *

"The mother of Jesus is the speaker, and it is of Jesus that she asks her question. On the way home from the temple at Jerusalem, where they had gone to worship, you remember, they missed the child Jesus from their company. On going back they found him in the temple, 'sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions.' Then it was that his mother said unto him, 'Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing.' And he said unto them, 'How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?'

"'Why hast thou dealt thus with us?' It is a puzzled question. The boy who had been an obedient child in her household, whom she had cared for in her own way and found always docile to her guidance, had suddenly passed beyond her and done a thing which she could not understand. It seemed as if she had lost him. Her tone is full of love, but there is something almost like jealousy about it. He has taken himself into his own keeping, and this one act seems to foretell the time when he will take his whole life into his own hands, and leave her outside altogether. The time has passed when she could hold him as a babe upon her bosom as she carried him down into Egypt. The time is prophesied already when he should go in his solitude up to the cross, and only leave his mother weeping at the foot. She is bidden to stand by and see her Son do his work and live his life, which thus far has been all of her shaping, in ways she cannot understand. No wonder that it is a clear, critical moment in her life. No wonder that her question still rings

with the pain that she put into it. * * *

"Mary learned two things about her Son that day in the temple, things which she had known before, but which became perfectly and permanently clear to her there. One was, that his life was mysteriously larger than her own. The other was, that God was over and behind her, caring for that life for which she had been caring. The largeness and mystery of her Son's life and the fatherhood of God to him, those two things she learned there, and thenceforth they were part of her life always. She never can have forgotten them again. They must have made all the future service that she rendered to him at once more faithful and more calm and more sacred. And, my dear friend, you, too, must learn these truths about the life of any man whom you are trying to help, any man who seems to be committed to you by God, or you cannot really help him as he needs. You must know the mystery of his life and his sonship to God."

HENRY GEORGE ON THE PRODUCER AND CONSUMER.

HENRY GEORGE was among the most remarkable men the Nineteenth Century produced, and, as a writer and speaker, possessed great power and influence. His book, "Progress and Poverty," which, to use his own words, is "an inquiry into the cause of industrial depressions, and of increase of want with increase of wealth," is regarded as the ablest effort of his life.

Julian Hawthorne wrote the following graphic description of him:

"A little man, not taller than a woman, with a backbone like an oak; courageous gray eyes, full of keen light and honesty; a short red-brown beard, crinking with the nervous energy of aggressive and unconquerable convictions; a light step, a careless costume, a ready sympathy and a bristling independence not less alert; in his gaze by turns the vision of the poet and the fiery assurance of the fanatic; a man who had known hard labor and poor days; all but starvation and all but despair; a man who had blundered bewildered for five and twenty years, and then in a moment caught from on high a ray of light which guided him till his death; a man of original force and creative insight, who, single-handed, conquered the world before his familiar friends suspected him."

Mr. George's views on the subject of the producer and the consumer are of more than ordinary interest. Said he:

"Speaking absolutely, man neither produces nor consumes. The whole human race, were they to labor to infinity, could not make this rolling sphere one atom heavier or one atom lighter, could not add to or diminish by one iota the sum of the forces whose everlasting circling produces all motion and sustains all life. As the water that we take from the ocean must again return to the ocean, so the food we take from the reservoirs of nature is, from the moment we take it, on its way back to those reservoirs.

"What we draw from a limited extent of land may temporarily reduce the productiveness of that land, because the return may be to other land, or may be divided between that land and other land, or, perhaps, all land; but this possibility lessens with increasing area, and ceases when the whole globe is considered. That the earth could maintain a thousand billions of people as easily as a thousand millions is a necessary deduction from the manifest

HENRY GEORGE, one of the greatest of America's political economists and sociologists, known as the "Single-Tax Prophet," was a native of Philadelphia, having been born there in 1839. His most celebrated work was "Progress and Poverty," which gave him a world-wide fame. As an orator Mr. George was earnest, forcible and magnetic. In 1886 he was the candidate of the United Labor Party for Mayor of New York, but was unsuccessful, and in 1897 sought the mayoralty of Greater New York. He died a few days before the election. His works have been translated into several languages.

truths that, at least so far as our agency is concerned, matter is eternal and force must forever continue to act.

"Life does not use up the forces that maintain life. We come into the material universe bringing nothing; we take nothing away when we depart. The human being, physically considered, is but a transient form of matter, a changing mode of motion. The matter remains and the force persists. Nothing is lessened, nothing is weakened. And from this it follows that the limit to the population of the globe can be only the limit of space.

"Now this limitation of space—this danger that the human race may increase beyond the possibility of finding elbow room—is so far off as to have for us no more practical interest than the recurrence of the glacial period or the final extinguishment of the sun.

"Yet remote and shadowy as it is, it is this possibility which gives to the Malthusian theory its apparently self-evident character. But if we follow it, even this shadow will disappear. It, also, springs from a false analogy. That vegetable and animal life tend to press against the limits of space does not prove the same tendency in human life.

"Granted that man is only a more highly developed animal; that the ring-tailed monkey is a distant relative who has gradually developed acrobatic tendencies, and the hump-backed whale a far-off connection who in early life took to the sea—granted that back of these he is kin to the vegetable, and is still subject to the same laws as plants, fishes, birds, and beasts. Yet there is still this difference between man and all other animals—he is the only animal whose desires increase as they are fed; the only animal that is never satisfied.

"The wants of every other living thing are uniform and fixed. The ox of to-day aspires to no more than did the ox when man first yoked him. The sea gull of the English Channel, who poises himself above the swift steamer, wants no better food or lodging than the gulls who circled round as the keels of Cæsar's galleys first grated on a British beach. Of all that nature offers them, be it ever so abundant, all living things save man can take, and care for, only enough to supply wants which are definite and fixed. The only use they can make of additional supplies or additional opportunities is to multiply.

"But not so with man. No sooner are his animal wants satisfied than new wants arise. Food he wants first, as does the beast; shelter next, as does the beast; and these given, his reproductive instincts assert their sway, as do those of the beast. But here man and beast part company. The beast never goes further; the man has but set his feet on the first step of an infinite progression—a progression upon which the beast never enters, a progression away from and above the beast.

"The demand for quantity once satisfied, he seeks quality. The very desires that he has in common with the beast become extended, refined, exalted. It is not merely hunger, but taste, that seeks gratification in food; in clothes, he seeks not merely comfort, but adornment; the rude shelter becomes a house; the undiscriminating sexual attraction begins to transmute itself into subtile influences, and the hard and common stock of animal life to blossom and to bloom into shapes of delicate beauty.

"As power to gratify his wants increases, so does aspiration grow. Held down to lower levels of desire, Lucullus will sup with Lucullus; twelve boars turn on spits that Anthony's mouthful of meat may be done to a turn; every kingdom of Nature be ransacked to add to Cleopatra's charms,

and marble colonnades and hanging gardens and pyramids that rival the hills arise.

"Passing into higher forms of desire, that which slumbered in the plant and fitfully stirred in the beast, awakes in the man. The eyes of the mind are opened, and he longs to know. He braves the scorching heat of the desert and the icy blasts of the polar sea, but not for food; he watches all night, but it is to trace the circling of the eternal stars. He adds toil to toil, to gratify a hunger no animal has felt; to assuage a thirst no beast can know.

"Out upon nature, in upon himself, back through the mists that shroud the past, forward into the darkness that overhangs the future, turns the restless desire that arises when the animal wants slumber in satisfaction. Beneath things, he seeks the law; he would know how the globe was forged and the stars were hung, and trace to their origin the springs of life. And, then, as the man develops his nobler nature, there arises the desire higher yet—the passion of passions, the hope of hopes—the desire that he, even he, may somehow aid in making life better and brighter, in destroying want and sin, sorrow and shame.

"He masters and curbs the animal; he turns his back upon the beast and renounces the place of power; he leaves it to others to accumulate wealth, to gratify pleasant tastes, to bask themselves in the warm sunshine of the brief day. He works for those he never saw and never can see; for a fame, or maybe but for a scant justice, that can only come long after the clods have rattled upon his coffin lid. He toils in the advance, where it is cold, and there is little cheer from men, and the stones are sharp and the brambles thick.

"Amid the scoffs of the present and the sneers that stab like knives, he builds for the future; he cuts the trail that progressive humanity may hereafter broaden into a highroad. Into higher, grander spheres desire mounts and beckons, and a star that rises in the east leads him on. Lo! the pulses of the man throb with the yearnings of the god—he would aid in the process of the suns!

"Is not the gulf too wide for the analogy to span? Give more food, open fuller conditions of life, and the vegetable or animal can but multiply; the man will develop. In the one the expansive force can but extend existence in new numbers; in the other, it will inevitably tend to extend existence in higher forms and wider powers.

"Man is an animal; but he is an animal plus something else. He is the mythic earth-tree, whose roots are in the ground, but whose topmost branches may blossom in the heavens!

"Whichever way it be turned, the reasoning by which this theory of the constant tendency of population to press against the limits of subsistence is supported shows an unwarranted assumption, an undistributed middle, as the logicians would say. Facts do not warrant it, analogy does not countenance it. It is a pure chimera of the imagination, such as those that for a long time prevented men from recognizing the rotundity and motion of the earth." * * * * * * "Where will you find in largest proportion those whom the general production suffices to keep without productive labor on their part—men of income and of elegant leisure, thieves, policemen, menial servants, lawyers, men of letters, and the like? Is it not where population is dense rather than where it is sparse?

"Whence is it that capital overflows for remunerative investment? Is it not from densely populated countries to sparsely populated countries? These things conclusively show that wealth is greatest where population is densest; that the pro-

duction of wealth to a given amount of labor increases as population increases. These things are apparent wherever we turn our eyes.

"On the same level of civilization, the same stage of the productive arts, government, etc., the most populous countries are always the most wealthy."

* * * * * * * * * * *

"The view which now dominates the world of thought is this: That the struggle for existence, just in proportion as it becomes intense, impels men to new efforts and inventions. That this improvement and capacity for improvement is fixed by hereditary transmission, and extended by the tendency of the best adapted individual, or most improved individual, to survive and propagate among individuals, and of the best adapted, or most improved tribe, nation, or race to survive in the struggle between social aggregates. On this theory the differences between man and the animals, and differences in the relative progress of men, are now explained as confidently, and all but as generally, as a little while ago they were explained upon the theory of special creation and divine interposition.

"The practical outcome of this theory is in a sort of hopeful fatalism, of which current literature is full. In this view, progress is the result of forces which work slowly, steadily and remorselessly for the elevation of man. War, slavery, tyranny, superstition, famine, and pestilence, the want and misery which fester in modern civilization, are the impelling causes which drive man on, by eliminating poorer types and extending the higher; and hereditary transmission is the power by which advances are fixed, and past advances made the footing for new advances.

* * * "But this I take to be the current view of civilization: That it is the result of forces, operating in the way indicated, which slowly change the character, and improve and elevate the powers of man; that the difference between civilized man and savage is of a long race education, which has become permanently fixed in mental organization; and that this improvement tends to go on increasingly, to a higher and higher civilization."

WM. M'KINLEY ON THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT.

ONE of the finest tributes ever paid the character and memory of any man was that of William McKinley to Abraham Lincoln in an address delivered a short time prior to his first election as President of the United States.

President McKinley was a superb orator, and deserves to be ranked among the most eloquent men in the world.

"It requires the most gracious pages in the world's history to record what one American achieved.

"The story of this simple life is the story of a plain, honest, manly citizen, true patriot and profound statesman, who, believing with all the strength of his mighty soul in the institutions of his country, won, because of them, the highest place in its government, then felt a precious sacrifice to the Union he held so dear, which Providence had spared his life long enough to save.

"We meet to do honor to this immortal hero, Abraham Lincoln, whose achievements have heightened human aspirations and broadened the field of opportunity to the races of men. * * *

"What were the traits of character which made Abraham Lincoln prophet and master, without a rival, in the greatest crisis in

WILLIAM McKINLEY.—Twenty-fourth President of the United States; born Jan. 29, 1843, at Niles, Ohio. He enlisted as a private in the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry, June 11, 1861; was brevetted Major in the United States Volunteers March 13, 1865, by President Lincoln. Was member of the National House of Representatives for fourteen years, beginning in 1877; was governor of Ohio 1892-94 and 1894-96. He was elected the twenty-fourth President of the United States, was re-elected for the following term, beginning March 4, 1901. Friday afternoon, Sept. 6, 1901, he was shot, and died at Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 14, 1901.

our history? What gave him such mighty power? To me the answer is simple:

"Lincoln had sublime faith in the people. He walked with and among them. He recognized the importance and power of an enlightened public sentiment and was guided by it. Even amid the vicissitudes of war he concealed little from public view and inspection. In all he did he invited, rather than evaded, examination and criticism. He submitted his plans and purposes, as far as practicable, to public consideration with perfect frankness and sincerity.

"There was such homely simplicity in his character that it could not be hedged in by pomp of place, nor the ceremonials of high official station. He was so accessible to the public that he seemed to take the whole people into his confidence.

"Here, perhaps, was one secret of his power. The people never lost their confidence in him, however much they unconsciously added to his personal discomfort and trials.

"His patience was almost superhuman, and who will say that he was mistaken in his treatment of the thousands who thronged continually about him?

"More than once when reproached for permitting visitors to crowd upon him he asked, in pained surprise, 'Why, what harm does this confidence in men do me? I get only good and inspiration from it.'

"George Bancroft, the historian, alluding to this characteristic, which was never so conspicuously manifested as during the darker hours of the war, beautifully illustrated it in these memorable words:

" 'As a child in a dark night, on a rugged way, catches hold of the hand of its father for guidance and support, Lincoln clung fast to the hand of the people and moved calmly through the gloom.' * * *

"Among the statesmen of America, Lincoln is the true democrat, and, Franklin perhaps excepted, the first great one.

"He had no illustrious ancestry, no inherited place or wealth, and none of the prestige, power, training or culture which were assured to the gentry or landed classes of our own colonial times.

"Nor did Lincoln believe that these classes, respectable and patriotic however they might be, should as a matter of abstract right have the controlling influence in our government. Instead, he believed in the all-pervading power of public opinion.

"Lincoln had little or no instruction in the common school, but, as the eminent Dr. Cuyler has said, he was graduated from 'the grand college of free labor, whose works were the flatboat, the farm and the backwoods lawyer's office.'

"He had a broad comprehension of the central idea of popular government. The Declaration of Independence was his handbook; time and again he expressed his belief in freedom and equality.

"July 1st, 1854, he wrote:

" 'Most governments have been based, practically, on the denial of the equal rights of men. Ours began by affirming those rights. They said, "Some men are too ignorant and vicious to share in government." "Possibly so," said we, "and by your system you would always keep them ignorant and vicious. We propose to give all a chance, and we expect the weak to grow stronger, the ignorant wiser, and all better and happier together." We made the experiment, and the fruit is before us. Look at it, think of it! Look at it in its aggregate grandeur, extent of country, and numbers of population.'

"Lincoln believed in the uplifting influences of free government, and that by giving all a chance we could get higher average results for the people than where gov-

ernments are exclusive and opportunities are limited to the few.

"No American ever did so much as he to enlarge these opportunities, or tear down the barriers which exclude a free participation in them. * * *

"Lincoln was essentially a man of peace. He inherited from his Quaker forefathers an intense opposition to war. During his brief service in Congress he found occasion more than once to express it.

"He opposed the Mexican war from principle, but voted men and supplies after hostilities actually began. In one of his speeches in the House, he characterized military glory as 'that rainbow that rises in showers of blood—that serpent that charms but to destroy.' When he became responsible for the welfare of the country, he was none the less earnest for peace.

"He felt that even in the most righteous cause war is a fearful thing, and he was actuated by the feeling that it ought not to be begun except as a last resort, and then only after it had been precipitated by the enemies of the country.

"He said, in Philadelphia, February 22d, 1861:

"'There is no need of bloodshed and war. There is no necessity for it. I am not in favor of such a course; and I may say in advance that there will be no bloodshed unless it is forced upon the government. The government will not use force unless force is used against it.'

"In the selection of his Cabinet, he at once showed his greatness and magnanimity. His principal rivals for the presidential nomination were invited to seats in his council chamber.

"No one but a great man, conscious of his own strength, would have done this. It was soon perceived that his greatness was in no sense obscured by the presence of the distinguished men who sat about him.

"The most gifted statesmen of the country—Seward, Chase, Cameron, Stanton, Blair, Bates, Welles, Fessenden and Dennison, some of whom had been leaders in the Senate of the United States—composed that historic Cabinet, and the man who had been sneered at as 'the rail-splitter' suffered nothing by such association and comparison.

"He was a leader in fact as well as name.

"Magnanimity was one of Lincoln's most striking traits. Patriotism moved him at every step. At the beginning of the war he placed at the head of three most important military departments three of his political opponents—Patterson, Butler and McClellan.

"He did not propose to make it a partisan war. He sought by every means in his power to enlist all who were patriots.

"In his message of July 4, 1861, he stated his purpose in these words:

"'I desire to preserve the government, that it may be administered for all as it was administered by the men who made it.

"'On the side of the Union it is a struggle to maintain in the world that form and substance of government whose leading object is to elevate the condition of men, lift artificial burdens from all shoulders, and clear the paths of laudable pursuits for all, to afford all an unfettered start and a fair chance in the race of life. This is the leading object of the government for whose existence we contend.'

"Many people were impatient at Lincoln's conservatism. He gave the South every chance possible. He pleaded with them with an earnestness that was pathetic.

"He recognized that the South was not alone to blame for the existence of slavery, but that the sin was a national one.

"He sought to impress upon the South that he would not use his office as presi-

dent to take away from them any constitutional right, great or small.

"In his first inaugural he addressed the men of the South as well as the North as his 'countrymen,' one and all, and, with an outburst of indescribable tenderness, exclaimed: 'We are not enemies, but friends, We must not be enemies.' And then in those wondrously sweet and touching words which even yet thrill the heart, he said: 'Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.'

"But his words were unheeded. The mighty war came, with its dreadful train. Knowing no wrong, he dreaded no evil for himself. He had done all he could to save the country by peaceful means. He had entreated and expostulated, now he would do and dare. He had, in words of solemn import, warned the men of the South.

"He had appealed to their patriotism by the sacred memories of the battlefields of the Revolution, on which the patriot blood of their ancestors had been so bravely shed, not to break up the Union. Yet all in vain. 'Both parties deprecated war, but one would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.'

"Lincoln did all he could to avert it, but there was no hesitation on his part when the sword of rebellion flashed from its scabbard. He was from that moment until the close of his life unceasingly devoted and consecrated to the great purpose of saving the Union.

"All other matters he regarded as trivial, and every movement, of whatever character, whether important or unimportant of itself, was bent to that end."

EMERSON ON "THE SOUL'S PROVIDENCE."

THE following is a part of the masterly address of Ralph Waldo Emerson on "The Soul's Providence," delivered before the Senior Class, Divinity College, Cambridge, Massachusetts, in July, 1838:

"The sentiment of virtue is a reverence and delight in the presence of certain divine laws. It perceives that this homely game of life we play, covers, under what seemed foolish details, principles that astonish. The child, amidst his baubles, is learning the action of light, motion, gravity, muscular force; and in the game of human life, love, fear, justice, appetite, man, and God, interact. These laws refuse to be adequately stated.

"They will not be written out on paper, or spoken by the tongue. They elude our persevering thought; yet we read them hourly in each other's faces, in each other's actions, in our own remorse. The moral traits which are all globed into every virtuous act and thought,—in speech, we must sever, and describe or suggest by painful enumeration of many particulars.

"Yet, as this sentiment is the essence of all religion, let me guide your eye to the precise objects of the sentiment, by an enumeration of some of those classes of facts in which this element is conspicuous.

"The intuition of the moral sentiment is an insight of the perfection of the laws of the soul. These laws execute themselves. They are out of time, out of space, and not subject to circumstance. Thus; in the soul of man there is a justice whose retributions

SENATOR BEVERIDGE DELIVERING HIS GREAT ORATION ON THE PHILIPPINES IN THE U. S. SENATE.

are instant and entire. He who does a good deed, is instantly ennobled.

"He who does a mean deed, is by the action itself contracted. He who puts off impurity, thereby puts on purity. If a man is at heart just, then in so far is he God; the safety of God, the immortality of God, the majesty of God do enter into that man with justice. If a man dissemble, deceive, he deceives himself, and goes out of acquaintance with his own being.

"A man in the view of absolute goodness, adores, with total humility. Every step so downward, is a step upward. The man who renounces himself, comes to himself.

"See how this rapid intrinsic energy worketh everywhere, righting wrongs, correcting appearances, and bringing up facts to a harmony with thoughts. Its operation in life, though slow to the senses, is, at last, as sure as in the soul. By it, a man is made the Providence to himself, dispensing good to his goodness, and evil to his sin.

"Character is always known. Thefts never enrich; alms never impoverish; murder will speak out of stone walls. The least admixture of a lie,—for example, the taint of vanity, the least attempt to make a good impression, a favorable appearance,—will instantly vitiate the effect. But speak the truth, and all nature and all spirits help you with unexpected furtherance.

"Speak the truth, and all things alive or brute are vouchers, and the very roots of the grass underground there, do seem to stir and move to bear you witness. See again the perfection of the Law as it applies itself to the affections, and becomes the law of society. As we are, so we associate. The good, by affinity, seek the good; the vile, by affinity, the vile. Thus of their own volition, souls proceed into heaven, into hell.

"These facts have always suggested to man the sublime creed that the world is not the product of manifold power, but of one will, of one mind; and that one mind is everywhere active, in each ray of the star, in each wavelet of the pool; and whatever opposes that will is everywhere balked and baffled, because things are made so, and not otherwise.

"Good is positive. Evil is merely privative, not absolute; it is like cold, which is the privation of heat. All evil is so much death or nonentity. Benevolence is absolute and real. So much benevolence as a man hath, so much life hath he. For all things proceed out of this same spirit, which is differently named love, justice, temperance, in its different applications, just as the ocean receives different names on the several shores which it washes.

"All things proceed out of the same spirit, and all things conspire with it. Whilst a man seeks good ends, he is strong by the whole strength of nature. In so far as he roves from these ends, he bereaves himself of power, of auxiliaries; his being shrinks out of all remote channels, he becomes less and less, a mote, a point, until absolute badness is absolute death.

"The perception of this law of laws awakens in the mind a sentiment which we call the religious sentiment, and which makes our highest happiness. Wonderful is its power to charm and to command. It is a mountain air. It is the embalmer of the world. It is myrrh, and storax, and chlorine and rosemary. It makes the sky and the hills sublime, and the silent song of the stars is it. By it, is the universe made safe and habitable, not by science or power.

"Thought may work cold and intransitive in things, and find no end or unity; but the dawn of the sentiment of virtue on the heart gives and is the assurance that Law is sovereign over all natures; and the

worlds, time, space, eternity, do seem to break out into joy.

"This sentiment is divine and deifying. It is the beatitude of man. It makes him illimitable. Through it, the soul first knows itself. It corrects the capital mistake of the infant man, who seeks to be great by following the great, and hopes to derive advantages from another,—by showing the fountain of all good to be in himself, and that he, equally with every man, is an inlet into the deeps of Reason. When he says, 'I ought;' when love warms him; when he chooses, warned from on high, the good and great deed; then, deep melodies wander through his soul from Supreme Wisdom.

"Then he can worship, and be enlarged by his worship; for he can never go behind this sentiment. In the sublimest flights of the soul, rectitude is never surmounted, love is never outgrown.

"This sentiment lies at the foundation of society, and successfully creates all forms of worship. The principle of veneration never dies out. Man fallen into superstition, into sensuality, is never quite without the visions of the moral sentiment. In like manner, all the expressions of this sentiment are sacred and permanent in proportion to their purity. The expressions of this sentiment affect us more than all other compositions. The sentences of the oldest time, which ejaculate this piety, are still fresh and fragrant.

"This thought dwelled always deepest in the minds of men in the devout and contemplative East; not alone in Palestine, where it reached its purest expression, but in Egypt, in Persia, in India, in China. Europe has always owed to Oriental genius its divine impulses. What these holy bards said, all sane men found agreeable and true And the unique impression of Jesus upon mankind, whose name is not so much written as plowed into the history of this world, is proof of the subtle virtue of this infusion.

"Meantime, whilst the doors of the temple stand open, night and day, before every man, and the oracles of this truth cease never, it is guarded by one stern condition; this, namely; it is an intuition. It cannot be received at second hand. Truly speaking, it is not instruction, but provocation, that I can receive from another soul. What he announces, I must find true in me, or wholly reject; and on his word, or as his second, be he who he may, I can accept nothing. On the contrary, the absence of this primary faith is the presence of degradation.

"As is the flood so is the ebb. Let this faith depart, and the very words it spake, and the things it made, become false and hurtful. Then falls the church, the state, art, letters, life. The doctrine of the divine nature being forgotten, a sickness infects and dwarfs the constitution. Once man was all; now he is an appendage, a nuisance. And because the indwelling Supreme Spirit cannot wholly be got rid of, the doctrine of it suffers this perversion, that the divine nature is attributed to one or two persons, and denied to all the rest, and denied with fury.

"The doctrine of inspiration is lost; the base doctrine of the majority of voices usurps the place of the doctrine of the soul. Miracles, prophecy, poetry, the ideal life, the holy life, exist as ancient history merely; they are not in the belief, nor in the aspiration of society; but when suggested, seem ridiculous. Life is comic or pitiful, as soon as the high ends of being fade out of sight, and man becomes near-sighted, and can only attend to what addresses the senses.

"These general views, which, whilst they are general, none will contest, find abun-

dant illustration in the history of religion, and especially in the history of the Christian church. In that, all of us have had our birth and nurture. The truth contained in that, you, my young friends, are now setting forth to teach. As the Cultus, or established worship of the civilized world, it has great historical interest for us. Of its blessed words, which have been the consolation of humanity, you need not that I should speak. I shall endeavor to discharge my duty to you, on this occasion, by pointing out two errors in its administration, which daily appear more gross from the point of view we have just now taken.

"Jesus Christ belonged to the true race of prophets. He saw with open eye the mystery of the soul. Drawn by its severe harmony, ravished with its beauty, He lived in it, and had His being there. Alone in all history, He estimated the greatness of man. One man was true to what is in you and me. He saw that God incarnates himself in man, and evermore goes forth anew to take possession of his world. He said, in this jubilee of sublime emotion, 'I am divine. Through me, God acts; through me, speaks. Would you see God, see me; or, see thee, when thou also thinkest as I now think.'

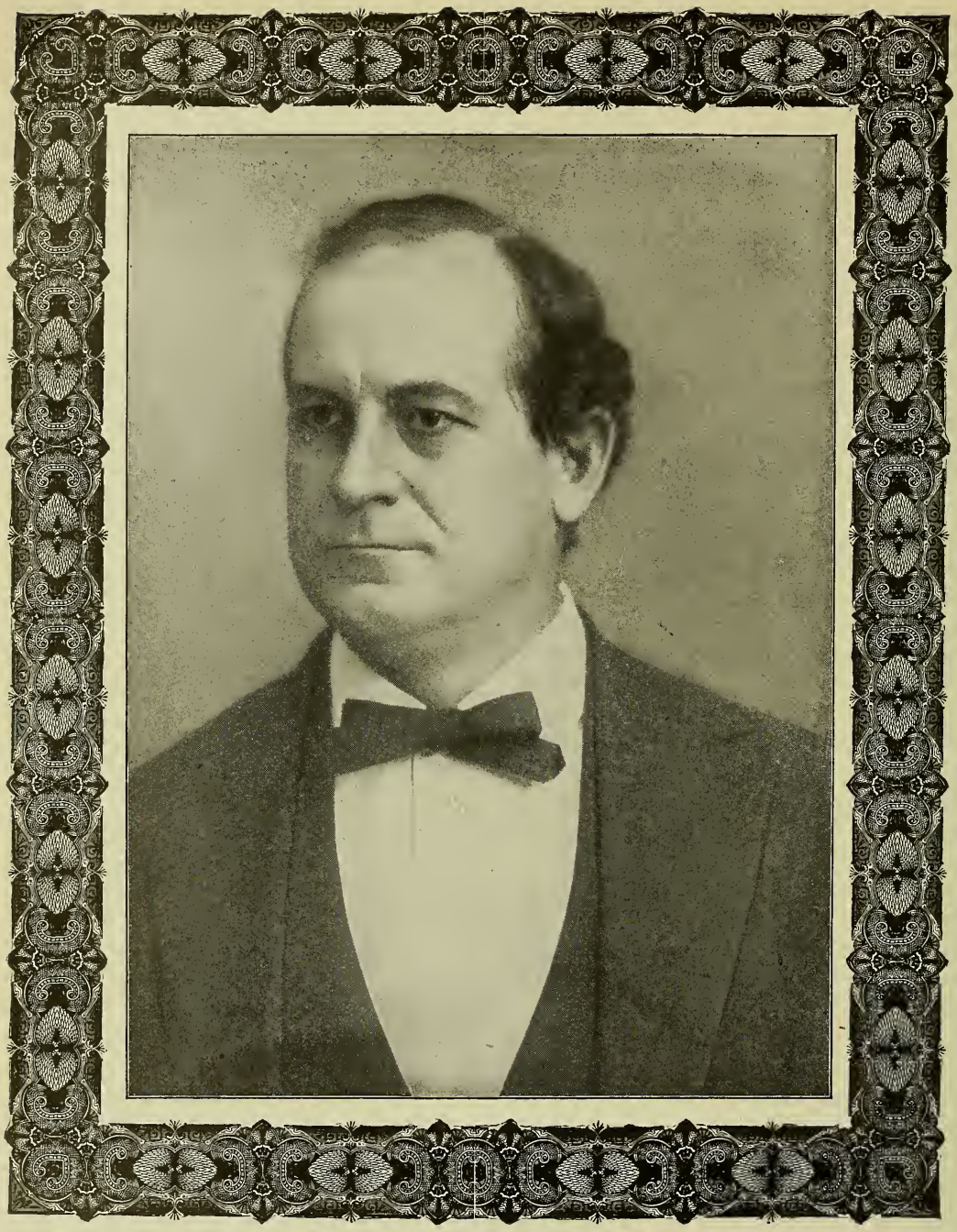
"But what a distortion did His doctrine and memory suffer in the same, in the next, and the following ages! There is no doctrine of the Reason which will bear to be taught by the Understanding. The Understanding caught this high chant from the poet's lips, and said, in the next age, 'This was Jehovah come down out of heaven. I will kill you, if you will say He was a man.' The idioms of His language, and the figures of His rhetoric, have usurped the place of His truth; and churches are not built on His principles, but on His tropes.

"Christianity became a Mythus, as the poetic teaching of Greece and of Egypt, before. He spoke of miracles; for he felt that man's life was a miracle, and all that man doth, and he knew that this daily miracle shines, as the character ascends. But the word Miracle, as pronounced by Christian churches, gives a false impression. It is not one with the blowing clover and the falling rain. * * *

"That is always best which gives me to myself. The sublime is excited in me by the great stoical doctrine, Obey thyself. That which shows God in me, fortifies me. That which shows God out of me, makes me a wart and a wen. There is no longer a necessary reason for my being. Already the long shadows of untimely oblivion creep over me, and I shall decrease forever.

"The divine bards are the friends of my virtue, of my intellect, of my strength. They admonish me, that the gleams which flash across my mind are not mine, but God's; that they had the like, and were not disobedient to the heavenly vision. So I love them. Noble provocations go out from them, inviting me to resist evil; to subdue the world; and to Be. And this by His holy thoughts, Jesus serves us, and thus only. * * *

"Preaching is the expression of the moral sentiment in application to the duties of life. In how many churches, by how many prophets, tell me, is man made sensible that he is an infinite Soul; that the earth and the heavens are passing into his mind; that he is drinking forever the soul of God? Where now sounds the persuasion, that by its very melody imparadises my heart, and so affirms its own origin in heaven? Where shall I hear words such as in elder ages drew men to leave all and follow,—father and mother, house and land, wife and child? Where shall I hear these august laws of moral being so pronounced as to fill my



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN was born at Salem, Illinois, in 1860, and enjoyed the distinction of being the youngest man ever nominated for the Presidency of the United States, being but 36 years of age when named by the Democratic National Convention at Chicago in 1896. Mr. Bryan was also the candidate of his party for the Presidency in 1900, and was beaten for the second time by William McKinley. He is recorded as one of the best public speakers in the country, having a full, rich voice and handsome presence. His speech at the Chicago Convention in 1896 led to his nomination for the Presidency.

ear, and I feel ennobled by the offer of my uttermost action and passion?

"The test of the true faith, certainly, should be its power to charm and command the soul, as the laws of nature control the activity of the hands,—so commanding that we find pleasure and honor in obeying. The faith should blend with the light of rising and of setting suns, with the flying cloud, the singing bird, and the breath of flowers. But now the priest's Sabbath has lost the splendor of nature; it is unlovely; we are glad when it is done; we can make, we do make, even sitting in our pews, a far better, holier, sweeter, for ourselves. * * *

"I look for the hour when the supreme Beauty, which ravished the souls of those Eastern men, and chiefly of those Hebrews, and through their lips spoke oracles to all time, shall speak in the West also. The Hebrew and Greek Scriptures contain immortal sentences that have been bread of life to millions. But they have no epical integrity; are fragmentary; are not shown in their order to the intellect.

"I look for the new Teacher that shall follow so far those shining laws that he shall see them come full circle, and see their rounding, complete grace."

MR. BRYAN'S GREATEST ORATION.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, twice the Democratic candidate for the presidency — 1896-1900 — was nominated by the national convention of his party at Chicago in 1896 because of the enthusiasm created by his famous "Cross of Gold" speech, which electrified the mighty assemblage and fairly set it wild. He was the only man who ever became the recognized and acknowledged leader of his party in a moment—leaping from comparative obscurity to fame at a bound.

Among other things Mr. Bryan said:

"The humblest citizen in all the land, when clad in the armor of a righteous cause, is stronger than all the hosts of error. I come to speak to you in defense of a cause as holy as the cause of liberty—the cause of humanity. * * *

"Never before in the history of this country has there been witnessed such a contest as that through which we have just passed. Never before in the history of American politics has a great issue been fought out as this issue has been, by the voters of a great party. On the fourth of March, 1895, a few Democrats, most of them members of Congress, issued an address to the Democrats of the Nation, asserting that the money question was the paramount issue of the hour; declaring that a majority of the Democratic party had the right to control the action of the party on this paramount issue; and concluding with the request that the believers in the free coinage of silver in the Democratic party should organize, take charge of, and control the policy of the Democratic party. * * * * Then began the conflict. With a zeal approaching the zeal which inspired the crusaders who followed Peter the Hermit, our silver Democrats went forth from victory unto victory until they are now assembled, not to discuss, not to debate, but to enter up the judgment already rendered by the plain people of this country. In this contest brother has been arrayed against brother, father against son. The warmest ties of love, acquaintance, and association have been disregarded; old leaders have been cast aside when they have refused to give expression to the sentiments of those whom

they would lead, and new leaders have sprung up to give direction to this cause of truth. Thus has the contest been waged, and we have assembled here under as binding and solemn instructions as were ever imposed upon representatives of the people. * * *

"They say that we are opposing national bank currency; it is true. If you will read what Thomas Benton said, you will find he said that, in searching history, he could find but one parallel to Andrew Jackson; that was Cicero, who destroyed the conspiracy of Cataline and saved Rome. Benton said that Cicero only did for Rome what Jackson did for us when he destroyed the bank conspiracy and saved America. We say in our platform that we believe that the right to coin and issue money is a function of Government. We believe it. We believe that it is a part of sovereignty, and can no more with safety be delegated to private individuals than we could afford to delegate to private individuals the power to make penal statutes or levy taxes. Mr. Jefferson, who was once regarded as good Democratic authority, seems to have differed in opinion from the gentleman who has addressed us on the part of the minority. Those who are opposed to this proposition tell us that the issue of paper money is a function of the bank, and that the Government ought to go out of the banking business. I stand with Jefferson rather than with them, and tell them, as he did, that the issue of money is a function of Government and that the banks ought to go out of the governing business. * * *

"And now, my friends, let me come to the paramount issue. If they ask us why it is that we say more on the money question than we say upon the tariff question, I reply that, if protection has slain its thousands, the gold standard has slain its tens of thousands. If they ask us why we do not embody in our platform all the things that we believe in, we reply that when we have restored the money of the Constitution all other necessary reforms will be possible; but that until this is done there is no other reform that can be accomplished. * * *

"We go forth confident that we shall win. Why? Because upon the paramount issue of this campaign there is not a spot of ground upon which the enemy will dare to challenge battle. If they tell us that the gold standard is a good thing, we shall point to their platform and tell them that their platform pledges the party to get rid of the gold standard and substitute bimetallism. If the gold standard is a good thing, why try to get rid of it? I call your attention to the fact that some of the very people who are in this convention to-day and who tell us that we ought to declare in favor of international bimetallism—thereby declaring that the gold standard is wrong and that the principle of bimetallism is better—these very people four months ago were open and avowed advocates of the gold standard, and were then telling us that we could not legislate two metals together, even with the aid of all the world. If the gold standard is a good thing, we ought to declare in favor of its retention and not in favor of abandoning it; and if the gold standard is a bad thing, why should we wait until other nations are willing to help us to let go? Here is the line of battle, and we care not upon which issue they force the fight; we are prepared to meet them on either issue or on both. * * * *

"You come to us and tell us that the great cities are in favor of the gold standard; we reply that the great cities rest upon our broad and fertile prairies. Burn down your cities and leave our farms, and your cities will spring up again as if by magic; but destroy our farms and the grass will grow in the streets of every city in the country. * * * *

CANADIAN ORATIONS.

English-speaking Canadians as a rule are not clever speakers. Until recent years very little attention was paid to oratory in schools and colleges and such oratory as prevailed was decidedly "natural." Besides, Canadians are averse to display of feelings and passions and have little desire to be found posing. With greater responsibility in business and national affairs, there is coming a considerable change, and some day oratory may be as much a vogue in this country as in the United States or Great Britain.

Nevertheless there have been and are many clever and polished speakers both among the English and French speaking population and there are many notable Canadian orations. Evidence of this will be found in the following pages.

SIR FRANCIS HINCKS ON IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

IN 1854 the Hon. Joseph Howe made a speech in the Nova Scotian Assembly advocating colonial representatives in the Imperial Parliament. His speech was afterwards republished in pamphlet form. Sir Francis Hincks undertook to reply to it. The following extract is from that reply:

"I confess that I learn with very sincere regret, that a gentleman who advocated so strenuously the introduction of Responsible Government into the colonial system, as a means of affording to the people of the colonies all the constitutional freedom which they could desire, has arrived at the conclusion that some new change is required, and that British America should 'aspire to consolidation as an integral portion of the realm of England, or assert her claims to a national existence.' The first alternative, and the one which is the special subject of Mr. Howe's speech to recommend, may, in my opinion, be very easily disposed of; and had Mr. Howe attempted to show how his scheme could be worked out, he would probably have convinced his hearers, if not himself, of its impracticability. What is the nature of Mr. Howe's claim on behalf of the colonies, to representation in the Imperial Parliament? We are told that 'Scotland has fifty-three members to represent her interests in the Imperial Parliament,' and that British America, 'with an equal population, has not one;' and again, that the State of Ohio 'has but a million and a half of people, yet she has not only her State Legislature and Government, as we have, but sends nineteen members to the National Congress.' Scotland is represented in the Imperial Parliament; they have to share in the burdens of taxation for the payment of the national debt, for the maintenance of the army and navy, and for the support of the Civil Government. I cannot for one moment believe that Mr. Howe contemplates a complete legislative union between the

SIR FRANCIS HINCKS, a descendant of an old Cheshire family, was born at Cork in 1807. He was educated in Belfast, and about 1832 came to Canada. He took a prominent part in Canadian affairs before the Union, after the Union and after Confederation, being Minister of Finance from 1869 to 1873. He was a prominent confrere of Messrs. Baldwin and Lafontaine, and later was Premier of Canada in the Hincks-Morin administration under Lord Elgin.

Mother Country and the British North American Colonies similar to that subsisting between the various parts of the United Kingdom; the colonies to share all the responsibilities of their fellow-subjects here, and to have their affairs administered as formerly, in Downing street, their local Legislatures being extinguished, and, as a substitute for them, a representation in the Imperial Parliament of some fifty or sixty members. Neither can I believe that he intends seriously to claim on behalf of the colonies the right to be represented in the Imperial Parliament, and at the same time to be exempted from the burdens already referred to. The cry of the old colonies against the Mother Country, was 'taxation without representation, is tyranny.' If Mr. Howe's propositions were carried out, there would be a cry in the Mother Country against the colonies,—'representation without taxation is tyranny.' As then, it appears to me that representation in the Imperial Parliament, without the accompaniment of full participation in all the imperial liabilities, would be a most unreasonable demand; and as I am well assured that any proposition to obtain representation on such terms as I have indicated, would be rejected by the whole population of British America, I am, I think, justified in my observation, that if Mr. Howe had attempted to show how his scheme could be worked out, he would have convinced his hearers, and perhaps himself, of its impracticability."

DR. RYERSON ON SOCIAL PROGRESS.

THE following extract is from an address by the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, Chief Superintendent of Education for Upper Canada, delivered in the early part of 1860:

"What, it may be asked, does social progress imply? It implies the progress in the arts and sciences, the attainment of that knowledge which will tend to the elevation of an entire people. Social progress did not imply exemption from labor. Many persons think of ease and enjoyment, freedom from labor, in connection with social progress, but this is a great mistake—no one should assume the exemption from labor in connection with it. Were the whole heavens dripping with dew, and the earth bringing forth more abundantly, so far from elevating man, apart from his own industrial exertion and activity, both bodily and mentally, so far from elevating him in the scale of human kindness and moral well-being, it would degrade him, it would enervate him, and morally enfeeble him. Labor is stamped upon the vast universe of God; labor is necessary in order to gain the prize; it is required and absolutely necessary throughout life, and in accordance as it would be bestowed we would advance and reap the rewards of our labor. Instead of seeing young men of our own day, who should be the hope of the country, devising all means by which to escape their share of toil and labor, instead of seeing the most promising characters blasted, we would see them manfully bearing their part of honest toil and industry. It is a bad sign, in a country like this, to see our young men crowding certain professions; in the very course and order of things this will lead to very bad results. It is a bad sign when they shrink from labor, from honest toil and industry, and leave the country, to go elsewhere in search of that which they fondly hope to attain, and which they look forward to as the goal of all their ambition, to enjoy themselves in ease and contentment, to have freedom

from labor. It does not imply the necessary accumulation of wealth. It is possible that this may come upon us, and lead to the indulgence of appetites and passions, which will curse rather than elevate our social as well as moral well-being in connection with the social fabric. Large wealth does not beget large views. We often see in the possession of the greatest wealth the smallest and most contemptible mind. It is incumbent upon each individual to cultivate his own mind, and to bestow culture upon these noble faculties of the mind with which God has endowed each one of us. Parents who toil from Monday morning to Saturday night, it being their one, their chief aim, by the dint of frugality and economy, to lay up a competency for their children, so that they may throughout subsequent life enjoy themselves in ease and comfort, have acted a very unwise, a very injudicious part. Careful and attentive observation will show that such has been the case. It is only by the mental and moral cultivation of the young, by energetic and vigorous exercise, that we lay a sure foundation for the country's welfare and prosperity. They are the men whose characters are formed, while those who have to rely upon what their parents or others may leave them, without depending in any measure upon their own individual exertions, prove it to be in too many instances a curse rather than a blessing to the country. There may be cases of persons following different professions and trades, that may reasonably have good cause to go from one place to another in search of employment, being driven by the force of circumstances, but that is a very different thing from that spirit of restless, worthless ambition, which is too often manifested in our own day.

"As society consists of individuals, social progress implies the influence of individuals. We must aim at having each individual impressed, if possible, with the necessity of individual effort being put forth. Social progress implies, in the first place, the culture of the moral faculties, in order that we may do that which is right in the sight of God and man. It is indispensably necessary that the faculty of conscience should be maintained in good health in order that it may fulfil its important office, for the direction of the whole. It is necessary, if a man would answer the great end of his being, that he pay particular attention to that great faculty which Almighty God has placed within him, and that silent monitor that warns every man of his danger, and checks him when he goes astray, and to see to it well that he does not stifle the voice of conscience; that he can go with all the confidence it desires and inspires him, and manfully look up and face his fellow man.

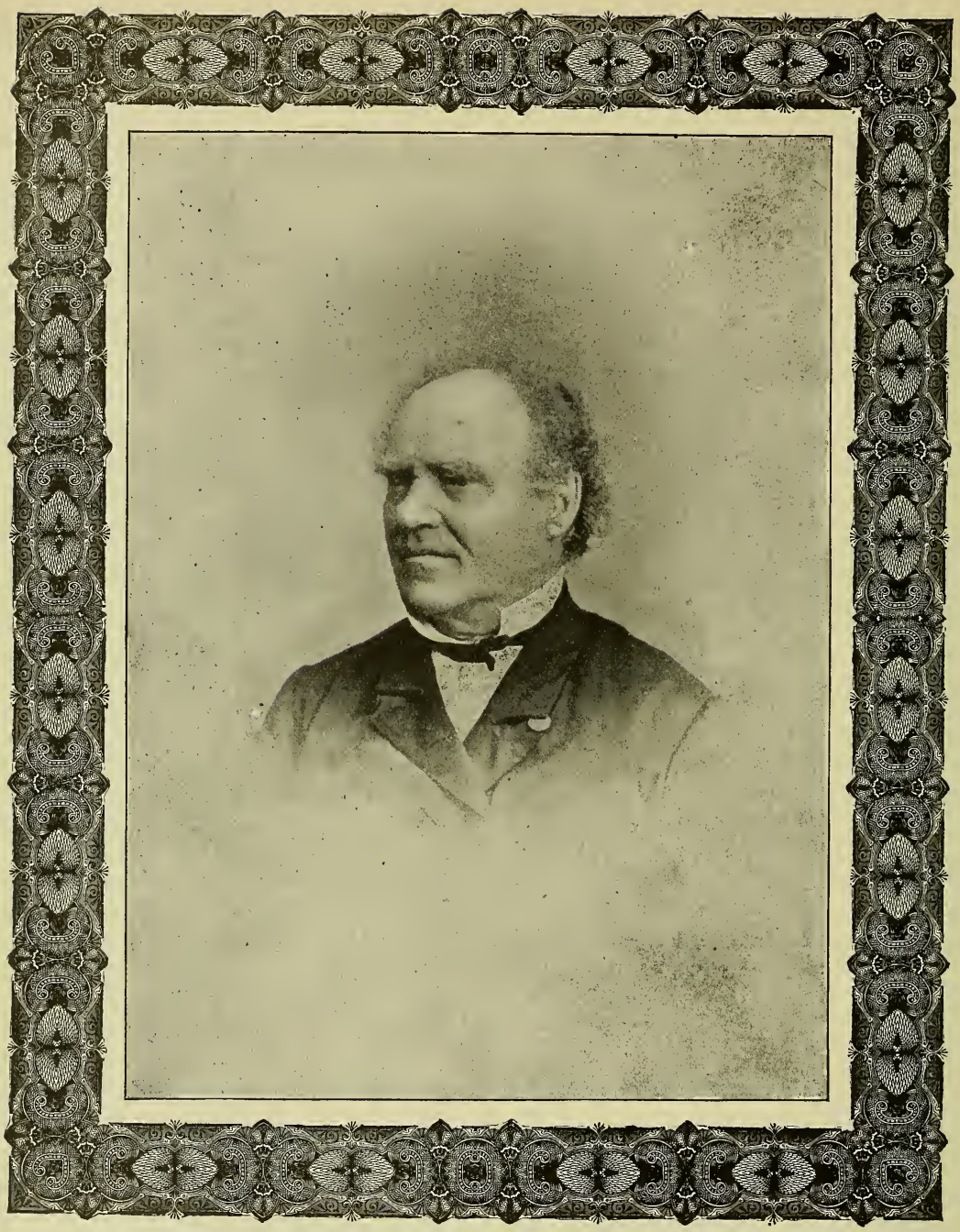
"The first element in individual progress is a culture of the moral faculties; the second the culture of the religious affections. This is a very important element in social progress. Our existence cannot be separated from that divine being "in whom we live, and move and have our being." Other powers can be advanced when these faculties are cultivated." The reverend doctor here very eloquently referred to the heathen gods of antiquity, and showed the debasing influence they exerted upon the human mind. "Can it be otherwise, then, that he who walks with the divine being must be elevated? Then it will be that the character of man will be laid upon the true, the permanent basis. When there is a being who rules over all, can it be otherwise, then, that a salutary influence will be exercised over the entire man. There cannot be any prosperity, there cannot be any social progress, without the culture of the religious affections."

JOSEPH HOWE ON ANGLO-SAXON RELATIONS.

AT a commercial convention held in Detroit in July, 1865, and attended by representatives from the various Boards of Trade in the United States and British North America, that eloquent Nova Scotian, the Hon. Joseph Howe, delivered what is considered to be his finest oration. The opening paragraphs were as follows:

"I never prayed for the gift of eloquence till now. Although I have passed through a long public life, I never was called upon to discuss a question so important in the presence of a body of representative men so large. I see before me merchants who think in millions, and whose daily transactions would sweep the harvest of a Greek island or a Russian principality. I see before me the men who whiten the Ocean and the Great Lakes with the sails of commerce—who own the railroads, canals and telegraphs, which spread life and civilization through this great country, making the waste plains fertile and the wilderness to blossom as the rose. I see before me men whose capital and financial skill form the bulwark and sustain the Government in every crisis of public affairs. On either hand I see the gentlemen who control and animate the Press, whose laborious vigils mould public sentiment—whose honorable ambition I can estimate from my early connection with the profession. On those benches, sir, or I mistake the intelligence to be read in their faces, sit those who will yet be governors and Ministers of State. I may well feel awed in the presence of an audience such as this; but the great question which brings us together is worthy of the audience, and challenges their grave consideration.

"What is that question? Sir, we are here to determine how best we can draw together, in the bonds of peace, friendship and commercial prosperity, the three great branches of the British family. In the presence of this great theme all petty interests should stand rebuked; we are not dealing with the concerns of a City, a Province or a State, but with the future of our race in all time to come. Some reference has been made to 'Elevators' in your discussions. What we want is an elevator to lift our souls to the height of this argument. Why should not these three great branches of the family flourish, under different systems of government, it may be, but forming one great whole, proud of a common origin and of their advanced civilization? We are taught to reverence the mystery of the Trinity, and our salvation depends on our belief. The clover lifts its trefoil leaves to the evening dew, yet they draw their nourishment from a single stem. Why should we not? For nearly two thousand years we were one family. Our fathers fought side by side at Hastings, and heard the curfew toll. They fought in the same ranks for the sepulchre of our Saviour—in the earlier and later civil wars. We can wear our white and red roses with a blush, and glory in the principles those conflicts establish. Our common ancestors won the great Charter and the Bill of Rights—established free Parliaments, the Habeas Corpus, and Trial by Jury. Our jurisprudence comes down from Coke and Mansfield to Marshall and Story, rich in knowledge and experience, which no man can divide. From Chaucer to Shakespeare our literature is common inheritance. Tennyson and Longfellow write in one language, which is enriched by the genius developed on either side of the Atlantic. In the great navigators from Cotterel to Hudson, and in all their 'moving accidents by flood and field,' we have a common in-



HON. JOS. HOWE, P. C., was made a member of the Dominion Cabinet in 1869, retiring to become the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia in 1873. The latter position he held only one month—the greatest Nova Scotian of the century was then called to a higher life. From the time he first entered the Nova Scotia Legislature in 1836, until Confederation, he was a leader of the reform party in that Province, and to his efforts much of Nova Scotia's constitutional liberty and rapid progress was due. As a newspaper writer he wielded much influence, and to this he added great oratorical power.

terest. On this side of the sea we have been largely reinforced by the Germans and French, but there is strength in both elements. The Germans gave to us the sovereigns who established our freedom, and they gave to you industry, intelligence and thrift; and the French, who have distinguished themselves in arts and arms for centuries, now strengthen the Provinces which the fortune of war decided they could not control. But it may be said we have been divided by two wars. What then? The noble St. Lawrence is split in two places—by Goat Island and by Anticosti—but it comes down to us from the same springs in the same mountain sides; its waters sweep together past the pictured rocks of Lake Superior, and encircle in their loving embrace the shores of Huron and Michigan. They are divided at Niagara Falls as we were at the Revolutionary War; but they come together again on the peaceful bosom of Ontario. Again they are divided on their passage to the sea; but who thinks of divisions when they lift the keels of commerce, or when drawn up to heaven they form the rainbow or the cloud? It is true that in eighty-five years we have had two wars; but what then? Since the last we have had fifty years of peace, and there have been more people killed in a single campaign in the late civil war than there were in the two national wars between this country and Great Britain. The people of the United States hope to draw together the two conflicting elements and make them one people. And in that task I wish them God speed! And in the same way I think we ought to rule out everything disagreeable in the recollection of our old wars, and unite together as one people for all time to come. I see around the door the flags of the two countries. United as they are there, I would ever have them draped together, fold within fold, and let 'their varying tints unite and form in heaven's light one arch of peace.'"

D'ARCY McGEE ON CONFEDERATION.

CONFEDERATION was the greatest event in the nineteenth century, so far as Canada is concerned. D'Arcy McGee was one of its strong supporters, as may be gathered from the following extract from a speech delivered at Cookshire, Dec. 22d, 1864:

"It seems to me that the man who can seriously maintain that union is not strength, that five or six comparatively small communities, owning a common allegiance existing side by side on the same continent, in the presence of much larger communities owning another allegiance, would not be stronger and safer united than separate, that such a one puts himself out of the pale of all rational argument.

"I will take an instance of the irrationality of such an argument—the particular question, the great test question remaining between Canada and England: the question of defence. The future General Government has reserved to itself, saving the sovereignty of England, the control of our militia and military expenditure. Every one can see that a war with England and the United States would be largely a naval war, and such a naval war as the ocean has never before seen—a war that would interest and stir the heart of England even beyond the pitch that made her staid merchants astonish Lloyd's in 1813, with 'three times three cheers' when they heard that the 'Shannon' had fought and captured, and carried the 'Chesapeake' a prize into Halifax harbor. Suppose, then, in the

HON. THOMAS D'ARCY McGEE, poet, orator, journalist, statesman, met an untimely death by the bullet of an assassin in Ottawa on the 6th of April, 1867. He was a strong advocate of Confederation, and Canada owes him a debt of gratitude for his labors in that connection. As an orator he was picturesquely eloquent, and, as he wished, sarcastic or witty. As a writer he occupies a prominent place among Irish litterateurs.

event of an invasion of our soil, either in Upper Canada or Lower Canada—suppose that a flotilla was needed on the St. Lawrence, or on Lake Ontario; that England could spare us the gunboats, but not the skilled seamen; would it be no advantage to Canada to have the 50,000 Atlantic sailors of the Lower Provinces to call upon for their contingent to such a service? No doubt the empire could call on them now, but unless it restored the press gang it could not make them come. But if by our union we gave that valuable class of men the feeling of common country; if by the intercourse and commerce which must follow on our union, that feeling grew to the strength of indentity, we could have enough help of that description—drawn from what my colleague, Hon. Mr. Cartier, calls the maritime element—for the asking. The Imperial power, having conceded to all the North American colonies responsible government, can only secure their co-operation, even in military measures, through those several separate governments. Every one can see at a glance how much the Imperial power, and we ourselves, would gain in any emergency—if there were but two governments instead of six to be consulted—how much in promptitude, in decision, in time, in unanimity, and in effectiveness. I need not enlarge, I am sure, on so self-evident a proposition as this; the man that will not see it, will not, that is all I need add on that score.

"It has, indeed, been asserted by the sceptics in our work that all our theories of a closer commercial intercourse are chimerical; and yet, oddly enough, these are the same people who think a commercial union would 'secure all the benefits' of this chimerical prospect. Well, I will not meet assertion by assertion, but I will answer a conjecture by a fact. At the very time the member for Hochelaga was issuing his rather inconsistent declaration against a political union as among other reasons, wholly unprofitable in a commercial point of view—and in favor of a commercial union as all that was to be desired in itself,—at that moment, the first steamship, laden with breadstuffs, direct from Montreal to Newfoundland, was dropping down the St. Lawrence as a result of the partial and brief intercourse, brought about between the two communities, through our Conference at Quebec! That is a fact not very important in itself, perhaps, but very indicative of the possible usefulness of Union in a commercial point of view. I may mention another fact: While we were lying in Charlottetown harbour last September, our attention was called to the arrival of a fine ocean going steamship—one of a regular line between Boston and Prince Edward Island. The Boston people find the trade of that rich little island worth cultivating, and they do it; they know where there is produce and where there is a market, and they establish a line of steamers to run there; yet I am sure they sell nothing to the islanders which we, at a third the distance, could not just as well supply them with from Quebec or Montreal. I repeat, however, I will not argue so plain a point as that with provinces like ours. Union is strength, is reputation, is credit, is security. I will just give one other illustration on this last head, and then I will drop the topic where it is. The security for peace which a large political organization has over a smaller one lies not only in its greater interests and disposable force, but in this other consideration, that the aggressor must risk or lose the benefit of much larger transactions, in attacking a larger than in assailing a smaller, state. If, for example, in our system of defence—in addition to all the Im-

perial Government could do for us—if we could, by our joint representative action, be sure to shut up the River St. John upon the people of Maine—to exclude from the gulf the fishermen of Massachusetts—to withhold from the hearths and furnaces of New England the coal of Cape Breton—no man can question but that we would wield several additional means of defence, not now at the command of Canada. And so with the Lower Provinces; if their statesmen could wield our forces and our resources in addition to their own, does any sane man pretend that it would not be an immense gain to them? I may be told again the Imperial Government can do all this for us, if they will; I repeat that the Imperial Government alone can neither do any of these things so promptly, so fully, nor with so little trespass on our responsible governments, as a united legislature could, through an united public force, with the aid of a Federal treasury. I really, gentlemen, ought to beg your pardon—and I do so—for dwelling so long on the truism that union is, in our case, strength: but as the first proposition to which we all agreed at the first conference, I thought I would give some explanation why we had unanimously arrived at that result.

"Another objector opposes our project because Colonial Union is inconsistent with Imperial connection. Well, to that we might answer that we are quite willing to leave it to the statesmen of the Empire themselves to decide that point. If England does not find it so, I think we may safely assume it is not so. And, in point of fact, the Imperial Parliament several years ago decided the question when they passed the New Zealand Constitutional Act, establishing six or seven local governments, under one general government in that colony. Still another objector contends that the complement of Federalism is Republicanism, because most of the States with which we are familiar as Federal States are also Republics. But this objection is by no means unanswerable. It is true Switzerland is a Republic in the sense of having no hereditary head, but the United Netherlands, when a Confederacy, were not a republic in that sense; it is true the United States and Mexico, and the Argentine Federations were all republican in basis and theory; but it is also true that the German Confederation is, and has always been, predominantly monarchical. There might be half as many varieties of federal governments as there are states of Provinces in the world; there may be aristocratic federations—like the Venetian, or Monarchical, like the German—or democratic, like the United States: The only definition which really covers the whole species of governments of this description is, the political union of states of dissimilar size and resources, to secure external protection and internal tranquillity. These are the two main objects of all confederacies of states, on whatever principles governed, locally or unitedly; federalism is a political co-partnership, which may be, and has been formed by Monarchists, Aristocrats, and Democrats, Pagans and Christians, under the most various circumstances, and in all periods of human history. There may be almost as many varieties of confederation as of companies, in private and social life; we say, with propriety, too, the company at the hotel, or the company who own the hotel, but the organization of each is widely different. Our Federation will be British; it will be of the fourth class of Lord Coke's division, *de mutui auxilli*—for mutual aid."

CONFEDERATION.

THE reputation of no Canadian was ever greater or is yet greater than that of the late Sir John A. Macdonald. As an orator, he has not the same claim to prominence. Nevertheless many of his speeches are masterpieces of logic and wit, of astute reasoning, and thorough comprehension. One of the greatest of these, though perhaps the most sober, was that delivered by him in the Parliament of the Province of Canada on the occasion of the Confederation Debates in 1865. According to the official report, "Attorney-General Macdonald" (he was not "Sir John" then) moved:

"That an humble address be presented to Her Majesty, praying that she may be graciously pleased to cause a measure to be submitted to the Imperial Parliament, for the purpose of uniting the Colonies of Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, and Prince Edward Island, in one government, with provisions based on certain resolutions, which were adopted at a Conference of Delegates from the said Colonies, held at the city of Quebec, on the 10th of October, 1864."

The closing portion of this famous oration runs:

"Let me again, before I sit down, impress upon this House the necessity of meeting this question in a spirit of compromise, with a disposition to judge the matter as a whole, to consider whether really it is for the benefit and advantage of the country to form a Confederation of all the Provinces; and if honorable gentlemen, whatever may have been their preconceived ideas as to the merits of the details of this measure, whatever may still be their opinions as to these details, if they really believe that the scheme is one by which the prosperity of the country will be increased, and its future progress secured, I ask them to yield their own views, and to deal with the scheme according to its merits as one great whole. One argument, but not a strong one, has been used against this Confederation, that it is an advance towards independence. Some are apprehensive that the very fact of our forming this union will hasten the time when we shall be severed from the mother country. I have no apprehension of that kind. I believe it will have the contrary effect. I believe that as we grow stronger, that, as it is felt in England we have become a people, able from our union, our strength, our population, and the development of our resources, to take our position among the nations of the world, she will be less willing to part with us than she would be now, when we are broken up into a number of insignificant colonies, subject to attack piece-meal without any concerted action or common organization of defence. I am strongly of opinion that year by year, as we grow in population and strength, England will more see the advantages of maintaining the alliance between British North America and herself. Does anyone imagine that, when our population instead of three and a half will be seven millions, as it will be ere many years pass, we would be one whit more willing than now to sever the connection with England? Would not those seven millions be just as anxious to maintain their allegiance to the Queen and their connection with the Mother Country, as we are now? Will the addition to our numbers of the people of the Lower Provinces, in any way lessen our desire to con-

RT. HON. SIR JOHN ALEXANDER MACDONALD, K. C. B., was, without doubt, the leading Canadian statesman of the nineteenth century. No other man held influential positions in the government of Canada for so long a period as Sir John, and no other man ever drew to himself the affections of the Canadian people as he did. He could make men weep or cheer or laugh, and while he ruled he was king. When nine years of age this young Scotch lad was brought by his father to Canada, and he received his earliest education at the Kingston Grammar School. From 1820 to 1891 he played the part of the Canadian boy, man, father and statesman.

tinue our connection with the Mother Country? I believe that the people of Canada East and West are truly loyal. But, if they can by possibility be exceeded in loyalty, it is by the inhabitants of the Maritime Provinces. Loyalty with them is an overruling passion. In all parts of the Lower Provinces there is a rivalry between the opposing political parties as to which shall most strongly express and most effectively carry out the principle of loyalty to Her Majesty, and to the British Crown. When this union takes place, we will be at the outset no inconsiderable people. We find ourselves with a population approaching four millions of souls. Such a population in Europe would make a second, or at least, a third rate power. And with a rapidly increasing population—for I am satisfied that under this union our population will increase in a still greater ratio than ever before—with increased credit—with a higher position in the eyes of Europe—with the increased security we can offer to immigrants, who would naturally prefer to seek a new home in what is known to them as a great country, than in any one little colony or another,—with all that I am satisfied that, great as has been our increase in the last twenty-five years since the union between Upper and Lower Canada, our future progress, during the next quarter of a century, will be vastly greater. And when, by means of this rapid increase, we become a nation of eight or nine millions of inhabitants, our alliance will be worthy of being sought by the great nations of the earth. I am proud to believe that our desire for a permanent alliance will be reciprocated in England. I know that there is a party in England—but it is inconsiderable in numbers, though strong in intellect and power—which speaks of the desirability of getting rid of the colonies; but I believe such is not the feeling of the statesmen and the people of England. I believe it will never be the deliberately expressed determination of the Government of Great Britain. The colonies are now in a transition state. Gradually a different colonial system is being developed—and it will become, year by year, less a case of dependence on our part, and of overruling protection on the part of the Mother Country, and more a case of a healthy and cordial alliance. Instead of looking upon us as a merely independent colony, England will have in us a friendly nation—a subordinate but still a powerful people—to stand by her in North America in peace or in war. The people of Australia will be such another subordinate nation. And England will have this advantage, if her colonies progress under the new colonial system, as I believe they will, that, though at war with all the rest of the world, she will be able to look to the subordinate nations in alliance with her, and owning allegiance to the same Sovereign, who will assist in enabling her again to meet the whole world in arms, as she has done before. And if, in the great Napoleonic war, with every port in Europe closed against her commerce, she was yet able to hold her own, how much more will that be the case when she has a colonial empire rapidly increasing in power, in wealth, in influence and in position. It is true that we stand in danger, as we have stood in danger again and again in Canada, of being plunged into war and suffering all its dreadful consequences, as the result of causes over which we have no control, by reason of their connection. This, however, did not intimidate us. At the very mention of the prospect of a war some time ago, how were the feelings of the people aroused from one extremity of British America to the other, and preparations made for meeting its worst consequences.

Although the people of this country are fully aware of the horrors of war—should a war arise, unfortunately, between the United States and England, and we will pray it never may—they are still ready to encounter all perils of that kind, for the sake of the connection with England. So long as that alliance is maintained, we enjoy, under her protection, the privileges of constitutional liberty according to the British system. We will enjoy here that which is the great test of constitutional freedom—we will have the rights of the minority respected. In all countries the rights of the majority take care of themselves, but it is only in countries like England, enjoying constitutional liberty, and safe from the tyranny of a single despot or of an unbridled democracy, that the rights of the minority are regarded. So long, too, as we form a portion of the British Empire, we shall have the example of her free institutions, of the high standard of the character of her statesmen and public men, of the purity of her legislation, and the upright administration of her laws.

"In this younger country one great advantage of our connection with Great Britain will be, that under her auspices, inspired by her example, a portion of her empire, our public men will be actuated by principles similar to those which actuate the statesmen at home. These, although not material, physical benefits, of which you can make an arithmetical calculation, are of such overwhelming advantage to our future interests and standing as a nation that to obtain them is well worthy of any sacrifices we may be called upon to make, and the people of this country are ready to make them. We should feel, also, sincerely grateful to beneficent Providence that we have had the opportunity vouchsafed us of calmly considering this great constitutional change, this peaceful revolution—that we have not been hurried into it, like the United States, by the exigencies of war—that we have not had a violent revolutionary period forced on us, as in other nations, by hostile action from without, or by domestic dissensions from within. Here we are in peace and prosperity, under the fostering government of Great Britain—a dependent people, with a government having only a limited and delegated authority, and yet allowed, without restriction, and without jealousy on the part of the Mother Country, to legislate for ourselves, and peacefully and deliberately consider and determine the future of Canada and of British North America. It is our happiness to know the expression of the will of our Gracious Sovereign, through Her Ministers, that we have her full sanction for our deliberations, that Her only solicitude is that we shall adopt a system which shall be really for our advantage, and that she promises to sanction whatever conclusion after full deliberation we may arrive at as the best mode of securing the well-being—the present and future prosperity of British America. It is our privilege and happiness to be in such a position, and we cannot be too grateful for the blessings thus conferred upon us. I must apologize for having detained you so long—for having gone perhaps too much into tedious details with reference to the questions bearing on the Constitution now submitted to this House.

"In conclusion I would again implore the House not to let this opportunity to pass. It is an opportunity that may never recur. At the risk of repeating myself, I would say, it was only by a happy concurrence of circumstances, that we were enabled to bring this great question to its present position. If we do not take advantage of the time, if we show ourselves unequal to the occasion, it may never return,

and we shall hereafter bitterly and unavailingly regret having failed to embrace the happy opportunity now offered of founding a great nation under the fostering care of Great Britain, and our Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria."

GEORGE BROWN ON CONFEDERATION.

IN the same debate of 1865, the Hon. George Brown, the leading Upper Canada Liberal statesman, made a strong plea for Confederation. That he was a great orator is proven by the following extract:

"Sir, I venture to assert that no scheme of equal magnitude, ever placed before the world, was received with higher eulogiums, with more universal approbation, than the measure we have now the honor of submitting for the acceptance of the Canadian Parliament. And no higher eulogy could, I think, be pronounced than that I heard a few weeks ago from the lips of one of the foremost of British statesmen, that the system of government we proposed seemed to him a happy compound of the best features of the British and American Constitutions. And well, Mr. Speaker, might our present attitude in Canada arrest the earnest attention of other countries. Here is a people composed of two distinct races, speaking different languages, with religious and social and municipal and educational institutions totally different; with sectional hostilities of such a character as to render government for many years well-nigh impossible; with a Constitution so unjust in the view of one section as to justify any resort to enforce a remedy. And yet, sir, here we sit, patiently and temperately discussing how these great evils and hostilities may justly and amicably be swept away forever. We are endeavoring to adjust harmoniously greater difficulties than have plunged other countries into all the horrors of civil war. We are striving to do peacefully and satisfactorily what Holland and Belgium, after years of strife, were unable to accomplish. We are seeking by calm discussion to settle questions that Austria and Hungary, that Denmark and Germany, that Russia and Poland could only crush by the iron heel of armed force. We are seeking to do without foreign intervention that which deluged in blood the sunny plains of Italy. We are striving to settle forever issues hardly less momentous than those that have rent the neighboring republic and now are exposing it to all the horrors of civil war. Have we not then, Mr. Speaker, great cause of thankfulness that we have found a better way for the solution of our troubles than that which has entailed on other countries such deplorable results? And should not every one of us endeavor to rise to the magnitude of the occasion, and earnestly seek to deal with this question to the end in the same candid and conciliatory spirit in which, so far, it has been discussed? The scene presented by this chamber at this moment, I venture to affirm, has few parallels in history. One hundred years have passed away since these provinces became by conquest part of the British Empire. I speak in no boastful spirit—I desire not for a moment to excite a painful thought—what was then the fortune of war of the brave French nation, might have been ours on that well-fought field. I recall those olden times merely to remark the fact that here sit to-day the descendants of the victors and the vanquished in the fight of 1759, with all the differences of language, religion, civil law, and social habit, nearly as distinctly marked as they were a century

ago. Here we sit to-day seeking amicably to find a remedy for constitutional evils and injustice complained of—by the vanquished? No, sir,—but complained of by the conquerors! Here sit the representatives of the British population, discussing in the French tongue whether we shall have it. One hundred years have passed away since the conquest of Quebec, and here sit the children of the victor and the vanquished, all avowing hearty attachment to the British Crown—all earnestly deliberating how we shall best extend the blessings of British institutions—how a great people may be established on this continent in close and hearty connection with Great Britain. Where, sir, in the page of history, shall we find a parallel to this? Will it not stand as an imperishable monument to the generosity of British rule? And it is not in Canada alone that this scene is being witnessed. Four other colonies are at this moment occupied as we are—declaring their hearty love for the parent State, and deliberating with us how they may best discharge the great duty entrusted to their hands, and give their aid in developing the teeming resources of these vast possessions.

"And, well, Mr. Speaker, may the work we have unitedly proposed rouse the ambition and energy of every true man in British America. Look, sir, at the map of the continent of America, and mark that island (Newfoundland) commanding the mouth of the noble river that almost cuts our continent in twain. Well, sir, that island is equal in extent to the kingdom of Portugal. Cross the straits to the mainland, and you touch the hospitable shores of Nova Scotia, a country as large as the kingdom of Greece. Then mark the sister province of New Brunswick—equal in extent to Denmark and Switzerland combined. Pass up the river St. Lawrence to Lower Canada—a country as large as France. Pass on to Upper Canada—twenty thousand square miles larger than Great Britain and Ireland put together. Cross over the continent to the shores of the Pacific, and you are in British Columbia, the land of golden promise—equal in extent to the Austrian Empire. I speak not now of the vast Indian Territories that lie between—greater in extent than the whole soil of Russia—and that will, ere long, I trust, be opened up to civilization under the auspices of the British American Confederation. Well, sir, the bold scheme in your hands is nothing less than to gather all these countries into one—to organize them all under one government, with the protection of the British flag, and in heartiest sympathy and affection with our fellow-subjects in the land that gave us birth. Our scheme is to establish a government that will seek to turn the tide of European emigration into this northern half of the American continent—that will strive to develop its great natural resources—and that will endeavor to maintain liberty, and justice, and Christianity throughout the land.

"Sir, the whole great ends of this Confederation may not be realized in the lifetime of many who now hear me. We imagine not that such a structure can be built in a month or in a year. What we propose now is but to lay the foundations of this structure—to set in motion the government machinery that will one day, we trust, extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific. And we take special credit to ourselves that the system we have devised, while admirably adapted to our present situation, is capable of gradual and efficient expansion in future years to meet all the great purposes contemplated by our scheme. But if the honorable gentleman will only recall to mind that when the United States seceded from the Mother Country, and for

many years afterwards their population was not nearly equal to ours at this moment; that their internal improvements did not then approach to what we have already attained; and that their trade and commerce was not then a third of what ours has already reached; I think he will see that the fulfillment of our hopes may not be so very remote as at first sight might be imagined. And he will be strengthened in that conviction if he remembers that what we propose to do is to be done with the cordial sympathy and assistance of that great Power of which it is our happiness to form a part. Such, Mr. Speaker, are the objects of attainment to which the British American Conference pledged itself in October. And said I not rightly that such a scheme is well fitted to fire the ambition and rouse the energies of every member of this House? Does it not lift us above the petty politics of the past, and present to us higher purposes and great interests that may well call forth all the intellectual ability and all the energy and enterprise to be found among us?"

THE ELOQUENCE OF EDWARD BLAKE.

AS an example of a peroration, that of Edward Blake's speech in connection with the Pacific scandal may be quoted. Sir John Macdonald made a five-hours' speech on November 3d, 1873, defending the course of his Government in connection with the granting of a charter to the Canadian Pacific Railway Co., and ending with his famous appeal: "I throw myself upon this House; I throw myself upon this country; I throw myself upon posterity; and I believe, and I know that, notwithstanding the many failings of my life, I shall have the voice of this country, this House, rallying around me." Next day Mr. Blake made a lengthy speech in reply and shortly afterwards Sir John Macdonald resigned and Mr. Mackenzie was called upon to form a government. Mr. Blake's closing words were as follows:

"I believe that this night or to-morrow night will see the end of twenty years of corruption. This night or to-morrow night will see the dawn of a better and a brighter day in the administration of our public affairs. I am not concerned to answer—I disdain to answer the foul and reckless charges which the first Minister hurled against individual members on this side, and against this side as a whole. My best answer is by my abstinence from such charges against gentlemen opposite. I have endeavored, so far as I could, to confine myself to fair statements of the facts, and to fair deductions from those facts. I have expressed plainly, as it was my bounden duty to do on this important occasion, my views of the political situation. I have said, and I repeat, that the battle is one between purity and corruption. I have never claimed for myself or my friends that we are the embodiment of absolute purity; nor have I asserted that all the gentlemen who sit opposite, and who, under a mistaken notion of fidelity to a party leader, or of fealty to a lost cause, are about to vote against us—are corrupt. Far from it; I cannot be so ungenerous; I cannot be so unjust. But to them I repeat my solemn warning, that they will be strictly judged, and that loyalty to a party, or to a man, will not be held to justify treason to their country. And for us, sir, who are confessing opposite views to-night, I desire that we shall be judged by them for all time to come—that in whatever situation my honorable friends around me may be placed, the position we have taken, the attitude

HON. EDWARD BLAKE, representative of an Irish constituency in the British House of Commons, and a former leader of the Canadian Liberal party, is an orator of the school of Edmund Burke. His eloquence is too ponderous to be popular. As a statesman and political leader he was respected, admired and loved. He is a son of the late William Hume Blake, who was chancellor of Upper Canada at one time, and was born at Carrington, Ont., in 1833. His ability is plainly seen in the many able speeches which he has made and in his many successes as a counsel in the highest courts of the country and the Empire.

we have assumed, the ground upon which we stand shall be held by us, and if not by us, then against us, as the only true and solid ground. We are here to set up once again the standard of public virtue. We are here to restore once again the fair fame of the country which has been tarnished; we are here to brighten, if we may, that fame; we are here to purge this country of the great scandal and calamity inflicted on it by those entrusted with the conduct of its affairs. I agree with the honorable gentleman, that after all our efforts we will still be left in a position far inferior in the eyes of the world to that which we held before these transactions happened. We cannot, even by the act of justice which we propose to perform, we cannot, even by the solemn judgment which we are about to render; we cannot, even by the purgations and lustrations which we are about to accomplish, altogether wipe away in other eyes, and amongst other people, the stain, the shame, and the disgrace which has fallen upon the land. I have no feelings of joy, and congratulation at this result. I deeply deplore the truth of these facts; but I am one of those who believe that what is to be deplored is the existence of the facts, and not their discovery. I do not understand that Spartan virtue which deems a theft no crime so long as it is concealed. I do not understand that morality which will permit a crime unseen, but is deeply shocked and alarmed for the credit of the country lest the crime should become known. I do not understand the morality of the Minister of Customs, who told us that it was greatly to be regretted, while these things must and would be done, that they should be made public. Sir, you will not heal the festering sore by healing the skin above it. You must lance it, lay it open, cleanse it, and purify it, before you can get good, healthy flesh to grow again, and effect a thorough cure. Painful though the task may be, arduous though it is, I believe it is about to be accomplished. The night is far spent, the day is at hand. When this vote is rendered, let it be rendered by every man amongst us with reference to those principles of public virtues which he would apply in his own transactions as the standard between himself and his neighbor. Let us not be carried away by the abominable doctrine that there is a distinction between the standards of public and private virtue; let us not agree to the notion that that may be done in secret which it is a shame to state in public; let us lay down the rule that our transactions shall be open and candid, and such as may bear the light of day; and as the shame exists, as it has been discovered, as it has been conclusively established, as it has been confessed, let us now adjudge to its perpetrators their just reward."

TWO SPEECHES BY THE HON. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

ON October 29th, 1875, when Premier of Canada, the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie was banqueted at St. John, N. B., when Hon. J. G. Blaine, ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States, was also a guest. Part of Mr. Mackenzie's speech was as follows:

"And there is much in these Maritime Provinces to command the attention and admiration of the people of Ontario. Our boast is that Canada now occupies the fourth place amongst the maritime countries of the world, and I give my friend, Mr. Blaine, notice that, unless his countrymen are very active, in ten years Canada will occupy the third or perhaps the second

THE HON. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE will always be remembered as the head of the first Liberal Administration after Confederation. He was called upon to take the reins of office when Sir John Macdonald was defeated (1873). Associated with him were such men as Dorion, Blake, Letellier, Cartwright and Scott. As a man of fifty he returned to his village home premier of a great colony and fresh from being the guest of Her Majesty at Windsor. Mr. Mackenzie has left behind him an imperishable monument in his reputation for honesty and straightforwardness.

place as a maritime country. The naval power of Canada is to a large extent, or almost entirely, I might say, in these Provinces by the sea, and the Government is bound to do all it can to advance the maritime interests of Canada. No nation can hope to prosper that neglects the interests of its shipping and of its commerce. The Mother country, with her colonies scattered all over the world, with her ships upon every sea, derives much of her prestige and power from those offshoots of her strength, which grow out of her, not to the detriment of her vigor, but to its increase. And it will be a dark day indeed for Great Britain when she allows her commerce or her colonies to fall into neglect. It will fare with her then as it did with ancient Rome. So long as she maintained her colonies, and made herself powerful by maintaining powerful dependencies, she remained the Mistress of the World; but when her legions were suffered to retire from Britain and from Gaul and from the outlying posts of her Empire, the blood which, circulating in her limbs, kept them vigorous, was forced back to the heart, and the great city itself became a prey to the Northern barbarians, while the Empire was rent in pieces. I was glad, not long since, to hear of Sir Stafford Northcote, in a recent speech in England, giving expression to his own views and those of the government of which he is a member, with regard to the British Colonies. He said that the present Government was more favorable to the Colonies than former ones had been. This is gratfying. Not that we in Canada ask anything from anybody. As I said to them publicly in England, and have said many times here, we are prepared to do our share, not only in these matters which concern our local affairs chiefly, but also in regard to Imperial interests. But still, although we have these feelings, and give expression to them, we desire English statesmen to have enlightened views in regard to our position towards the Mother Country, and to know the views and feelings which actuate a free people. I am aware that some namby-pamby politicians in the Mother Country look upon Canada and the rest of the British Colonies as a stingy man might look upon his poor relations. But we are not poor relations. I am glad that it is beginning to be well understood, both in Great Britain and elsewhere, what our real position is on this continent. A morning paper to-day said that it was an interesting coincidence that Mr. MacKenzie and Mr. Blaine should meet as guests at the banquet to-night, the one the head of a ministry which initiated negotiations for a Treaty of Reciprocity, the other the head of a party which laid the Treaty on the shelf. It was suggested that we might meet and compare notes, and that perhaps we might be able to settle our account. Well, for my part, I may say to Mr. Blaine, "I am willing to trade, but as it requires two to make a bargain, if you are not willing, I must go somewhere else." The extension of commerce between nations, especially countries such as Canada and the United States, I believe would be the means of conferring the greatest possible benefits on both. No doubt Mr. Blaine thinks as I do with regard to the advantages of an extended commerce, although we may differ with regard to the terms on which such commerce should be carried on. I hope, however, that before long we shall have such an extended reciprocal trade between Canada and the United States as will be satisfactory and materially advantageous to both."

About the same time, Mr. Mackenzie was banqueted at Rimouski, where he spoke, in part, as follows:

"I regret very much that I am not able

to respond in your own language, and that I can only say a few words, in appreciation of what has been so kindly expressed in your address in my own tongue. I am exceedingly obliged for the warmth of the welcome given by the Mayor, the member for the county, and citizens generally of Rimouski, of which this address and this reception are the evidence. I do not at all forget that in addressing a French Canadian audience in their own Province, I may say for the first time, I am speaking to those referred to in this address, as being the descendants of the first settlers in Canada—the first explorers indeed of the country which we are privileged now to inhabit in common. I have myself traveled over the route, traversed by Pere Marquette and his noble companions, many of the Jesuit Fathers, who sought out the shores of Lake Superior and discovered the sources of the Mississippi long before any English foot had traversed these wilds, and I cordially acknowledge that we owe much to the hardy and patriotic French adventurers of Canada's early days, from Jacques Cartier down to the descendants of that highly-distinguished traveler and discoverer. And it has always been a source of great pleasure and pride to myself to be associated in the Legislature with my French-Canadian fellow-countrymen, who have come from such noble stock, and to enjoy their confidence and friendship in our political and personal relationships. It so happens that at the present moment I am the political leader of the French Liberals and of the English Liberals. There was a time when I was simply a follower, among many, of a French leader—and that time may come again, when, as you know, Dr. Fiset, I shall be as willing to follow as I am now obliged to lead. For we are all obliged in Canada, from motives of patriotism, and, I may say, from motives of good will and a desire to do our part in our several stations, to unite heartily together to secure the prosperity, the commercial and political advancement, the liberal and independent thought and action of our common country. I am particularly happy in having the opportunity afforded me of speaking to the people of the County of Rimouski, because I do not forget that long ago, when a great English leader of the Liberal party was unable at the general election to obtain a seat for a constituency in his own Province, the County of Rimouski generously gave him a seat in the Province of Quebec. It is not perhaps every county in this Province which would have been so magnanimous, even for Robert Baldwin; but I am glad, for the credit of my own Province, to be able to add that Mr. Baldwin's Province reciprocated by giving your French-Canadian Liberal leader, Mr. Lafontaine, the seat for the County of York. I dare say my friend Dr. Fiset would not like to be compelled now to go to the County of York for a constituency, and he would not think it convenient for me to come to Rimouski—though I may come here to ask you to make me your representative, for all that. And in case I may find it necessary to follow the course of Mr. Baldwin, I avail myself of the present favorable opportunity of soliciting your votes and your influence."

ST. JEAN BAPTISTE SOCIETY.

LORD DUFFERIN was one of the most eloquent Governors-General who have been connected with Canada. The following is a noteworthy address by him, delivered in reply to an address in the Montreal Music Hall, on the 12th of September, 1878:

"Mr. President and Gentlemen:—It is

THE EARL OF DUFFERIN was, without doubt, the most notable Governor-General who ever represented British sovereignty in Canada. He had more personal friends and achieved a wide popularity. He was born in Italy, in 1826, his mother being a Sheridan, a granddaughter of the distinguished orator and dramatist. So by right of the two lines of descent, Lord Dufferin was born to greatness and to oratory. He was Governor-General of Canada from June, 1872, to October, 1878.

needless for me to assure you with what pleasure I again find myself taking part in those refined and artistic relations with which the French race delight to solace their leisure, and surrounded by the loyal and patriotic members of the St. Jean Baptiste Society. It has been one of the happy peculiarities of your nationality that you have ever known how to enliven the serious occupations of life by a graceful gaiety, and to introduce a brilliancy of color amid the sombre shadows of our dull work-a-day world. This happy temperament not only sheds its benign influence over your social existence, but it has invested everything you have touched—your architecture, your literature, your history—with a most attractive individuality. Brilliancy, picturesqueness, dramatic force, a chivalrous inspiration—these are the characteristics which have thrown over the early annals of Canada a glamour of romance, which attaches to the history of no other portion of the continent. The genius of Washington Irving and of Hawthorne have indeed endeavored to do for New England and its neighborhood what Sir Walter Scott accomplished for his own land; but though the magic of their style may for the instant delude the fancy the moment you close the page you awake to the unreality of what they have depicted. Various influences in fact have induced our neighbors across the line to break completely with their ante-revolutionary past, and to suffer oblivion to envelop the musty, arid, and ascetic records of their old colonial days. But with you the case has been different. Your past has refused to die, or to efface itself. Its vitality was too exuberant, too rich with splendid achievements, too resonant, too brilliant, too replete with the daring and gallantry of stately seigneurs—the creation of able statesmen—the martyrdoms of holy men and women, to be smothered by the dust of ages, or overwhelmed by the uproar of subsequent events.

"Though the advent of your English fellow-citizens, and the political changes which accompanied their establishment amongst you, might have been expected to have built up a partition wall between the past and present of Canada, the solution of historical continuity has been really much less marked in this country than in the United States; and far from wishing to erect the change of regime into an Era, the English Government and the English people, with an instinct as honorable to themselves as to you, have preferred to adopt your past, on condition that you will share their future; and there is no English-Canadian of to-day who does not take as great a pride in the material achievements of the French captains of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in the heroic and adventurous explorations of the Jesuit Fathers, in the enterprise which established Quebec and Montreal, in the semi-feudal splendors of your early Viceroys, as any Frenchman amongst you all. Nay, in the lovely poem of 'Evangeline,' in the thrilling tales of Fenimore Cooper, in the picturesque dramatic and clever pages of Parkman, we see that it is to Canada the poet, the novelist and the historian even of the United States are obliged to come for the subject matter of their tales, and an interesting theme. Speaking for myself, I can truly say that whenever I pace the frowning platform of your Citadel, or make the circuit of your ramparts, or wander through your gabled streets, I instinctively regard myself as much the direct successor of those brave and courtly Viceroys who presided over your early destiny as I am the successor of Lord Lisgar, Lord Monck or Lord Elgin. How then can I fail to appreciate the compliment you have paid me in

linking my name in so flattering a manner as you have done to-day with the memories of those illustrous men? or what more delightful assurance could I desire than your affections will hereafter preserve a place for me on that honorable register? It is true my claims to such an honor are far weaker, far less imperative than theirs. They led you to battle and to victory, they shared your privations, and on a thousand occasions—in seasons of plague and famine, of siege and invasion—risked their lives on your behalf. All that I have ever been able to do for you has been to give you such proofs of my sympathy with your aspirations—of my respect for your character and genius—of my faith in your future—as circumstances permitted. But, believe me, in quitting this country, and in counting up the various respects in which my gratitude is due to the Canadian people, the courtesy, the kindness, the hospitality I have received at the hands of my French-speaking fellow-subjects will never be forgotten; and proud am I to think that under my auspices and at my humble suggestion the ramparts of Quebec are destined to rise in renovated splendor, and to remain an enduring memorial of the loving solicitude with which I have ever regarded this, the most beautiful city upon the American continent, and its kindly inhabitants."

LORD LORNE ON DE SALABERRY.

LORD LORNE was another eloquent Governor-General. A fine statue of Colonel de Salaberry, by Mr. Herbert of Montreal, was, in 1880, unveiled at Chambly. A large concourse of people and representative men from all parts of the Province of Quebec were present, and after eloquent speeches from Colonel Harwood and other gentlemen, His Excellency said:

"Accept my thanks for your address, which records your patriotic desire to honor in a befitting manner the memory of a patriot. I rejoice to be able to take part with you in this commemoration of a gallant soldier. We are here to unveil a monument dedicated to a man who worthily represented the loyal spirit of his age. That spirit exists to the full to-day. Should need arise, there are many among the Canadian nation who would emulate his example and endeavor to rival his achievements. This statue records a character typical of our countrymen. Content with little for himself, content only with greatness for his country—such was the character of De Salaberry; such is the character of the Canadian to-day. At Chambly, in the province where he had the good fortune to have the occasion to manifest that valor which was the proud tradition of his race, we place his statue. It is raised in no spirit of idle boasting, but with the hope that the virtues shown of old may, unforgotten, light and guide future generations. These virtues were conspicuous in this distinguished man, whose military talents enabled him to perform his duty with signal advantage to our arms. In rearing this monument to him, let us not forget to pay a passing tribute to his brothers. They, with him, in the hour of danger, took to the profession of arms, we may almost say as a part of their nature. Three of them perished in upholding the honor of that flag which is to-day our symbol of unity and freedom. In this fair region, which was his home, a contrast between our times and those in which he lived comes forcibly before us. Where are now the wide tracts of fertile fields and a country traversed by railways or to be reached by the steamers on our rivers, De Salaberry

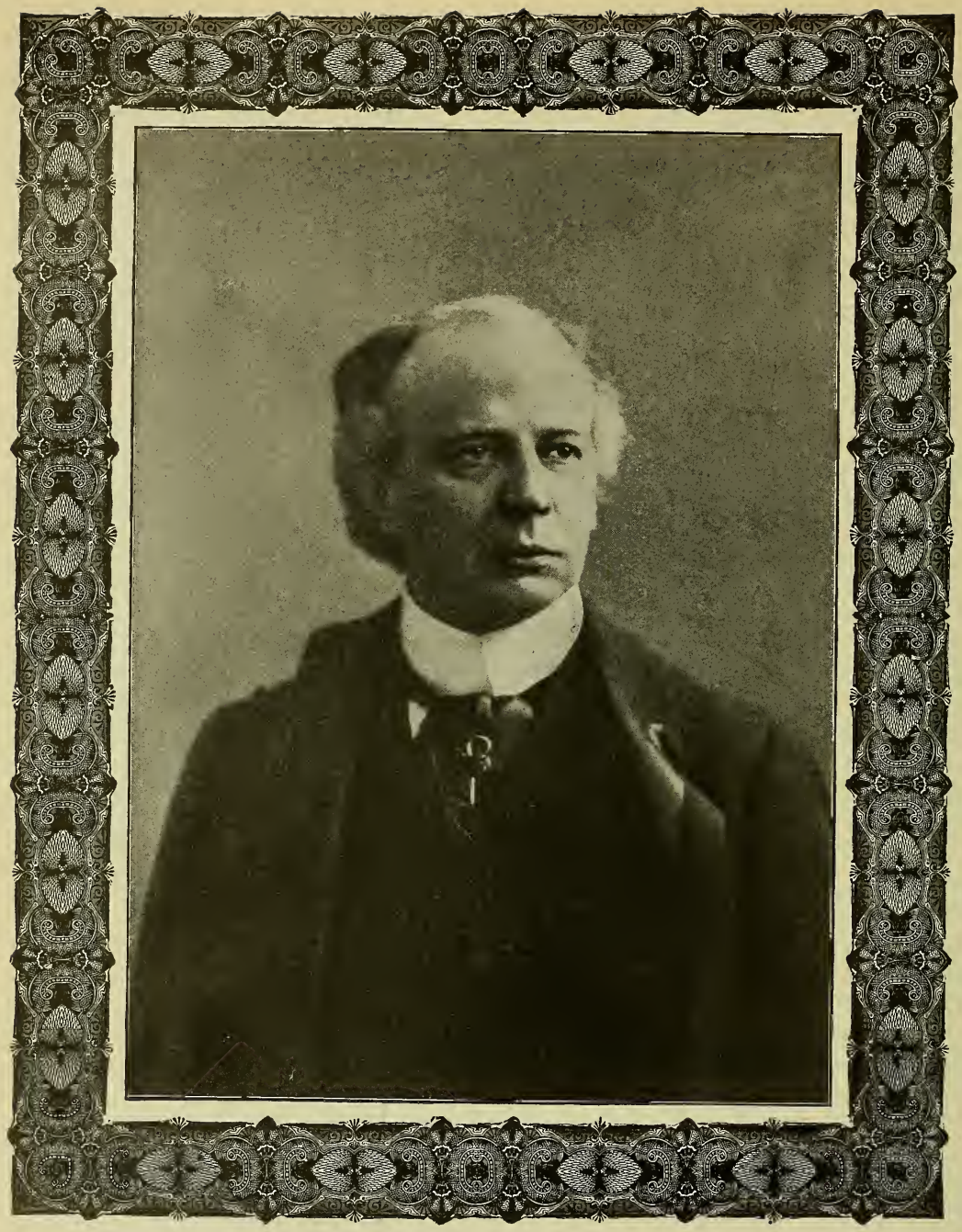
THE MARQUIS OF LORNE (now Duke of Argyle) was Governor-General of Canada from November, 1878, to August, 1883. He filled the office most acceptably. His wife was Her Royal Highness, the Princess Louise. The Marquis is a good speaker and a clever writer. He is the author of several books—fiction, poetry and description, and one of his volumes deals mainly with Canadian subjects. The Princess Louise, no less than her distinguished husband, is famed for her art, which in her case exhibits itself in etchings and sculpture.

and his voltigeurs, when they made their gallant defence, saw only scattered clearings among great forests. These, too, often concealed contending armies. While we cherish the recollection of gallant deeds performed, where English and French speaking Canadians equally distinguished themselves, it is not necessary to dwell on the bitter associations of those times. We are at peace, and live in what we hope will be an abiding friendship and alliance with the great and generous people of the South. They then endeavored to conquer us, but were in the end only enabled to entertain for the Canadian that respect which is the only true and lasting foundation of friendship. We must be thankful and rejoice that our rivalries with them are now only in the fruitful fields of commerce. Our resources in these peaceful paths are daily supplying the sinews of strength and the power to us in resources and population which would make any war undertaken against Canada a war that would be a long and difficult one. They do not desire to invade us. We trust that such a desire will never again arise, for nations do not now so often as of old interfere with their neighbors when no faction invites interference. If in 1812 Canada was dear for her own sake to Canadians, how much more is she now? Then possessed only of a small population, enjoying liberty under the aegis of narrow constitution, now we see in her a great and growing people, self-governed at home, proud of the freest form of constitution, and able to use in association with her own representative the diplomatic strength of a great empire for the making of her commercial compacts with other nations. With us there is no party which would invite excursions or change of government. No man has a chance of success in Canadian public life, no one is countenanced by our people, who is not a lover of free institutions. In inviting here the Governor-General you have an officer present who as the head of the federal government is nothing but the first and abiding representative of the people. It is, however, not only as an official that I rejoice with you to-day. Personal feelings make it a joyful hour for me when I can visit the cradle of so much worth and valor, surrounded as I am by the members of the family of Monsieur de Salaberry. The Princess and I can never forget the intimate friendship which existed between Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, and Colonel de Salaberry—a friendship between families which, I may be allowed to hope, will not be confined to the grandfathers. The Princess asked me to express the deep interest she takes in this celebration. She wishes me to convey to you her sorrow that she is not here to-day with us. She yet hopes to be able to see this monument, where for the first time Canadian art has so honorably recorded in sculpture Canadian loyalty, bravery and genius."

THE DUALITY OF LANGUAGE AND RACE.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER is perhaps the most eloquent of living Canadian statesmen. The following extract is from a speech in the House of Commons on Feb. 17, 1890, directed against Mr. McCarthy's Bill to abolish the French language in Legislatures of the Northwest Territories:

"I am not ignorant of, nor will I minimize, the danger which arises to Canada, from the fact that we have here a duality of language and a duality of race. But the fact exists, and ostracism of any kind, instead of removing the danger, would simply intensify it, by forcing a sec-



RT. HON. SIR WILFRED LAURIER, G. C. M. G., ranks high among the statesmen of Greater Britain. As Premier of Canada since 1896, he has shown himself able, liberal, and resourceful. Born at St. Lin, in 1841, he began the study of law nineteen years later in Montreal. Alternately advocate and journalist, he entered political life as the representative of Drummond and Arthabaska in the Quebec Assembly of 1871. He transferred to the Dominion Parliament and ultimately (1887) became leader of the Liberal Party.

tion of our population to hate the institutions under which they live—intensify it, because it would bring a section of our population into conflict with the majority, which would thus abuse the brute power of number. It seems to me that the honorable gentleman must feel that the policy he is now championing is weak and inferior. Any policy which appeals to a class, to a creed, to a race, or which does not appeal to the better instincts to be found in all classes, in all creeds, and in all races, is stamped with a stamp of inferiority. The French-Canadian who appeals to his fellow-countrymen to stand by themselves, aloof from the rest of this continent; the English Canadian who, like my honorable friend, appeals to his fellow-countrymen on grounds affecting them alone, may, perhaps, win the applause of those whom they may be addressing, but impartial history will pronounce their work as vicious in conception as it is mischievous and wicked in its tendency. We are here a nation, or we want to be a nation, composed of the most heterogeneous elements—Protestants and Catholics, English, French, German, Irish, Scotch, everyone, let it be remembered, with his traditions, with his prejudices. In each of these conflicting antagonistic elements, however, there is a common spark of patriotism, and the only true policy is that which reaches that common patriotism and makes it vibrate in all, towards a common end and common aspirations. I may be asked: What, then, is to be the future of Canada? The future of Canada is this: that it must be British. I do not share the dreams or the delusions of those few of my fellow-countrymen of French origin who talk to us of forming a French nation on the banks of the St. Lawrence; and I would say to my honorable friend from Simcoe, if he were here, that these dreams ought not to disturb his sleep. Those who share these delusions are very few; they might be counted upon the fingers of one hand, and I never knew but one newspaper which ever gave them utterance. Yet, while I say this country is bound to be British, it does not follow at all that there must be but one language—the English language—to be spoken in this country. I claim that I am as loyal as the honorable gentleman to the institutions of this country, and I am the son of a French mother, and I declare that I cling to the language which I learned at her knee as I cling to the life which she gave me. And upon this ground I appeal to every man of British origin, to every man of that race in which the domestic affections are so strong; and I know that in the heart of everyone the answer will be that, situated as we are, they would do as we do. But the honorable gentleman will revert to the cold, dry argument, that after all, a duality of race will produce friction and that friction will produce danger. But where is the remedy? I tell the honorable gentleman that the remedy is not in ostracism nor in harsh methods nor in cruel methods."

THE FOUNDERS OF UPPER CANADA.

THE following extract from an address delivered by Sir Oliver Mowat on the Centenary of Constitutional Government in Upper Canada, shows the talent and ability of the man who for so many years controlled the political interests of the Province of Ontario:

"The proclamation issued by Governor Simcoe at Kingston a hundred years ago this day was the first step in the political

SIR OLIVER MOWAT, G. C. M. G., Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, ex-Minister of Justice for the Dominion, and ex-Premier of Ontario, is one of the few surviving "Fathers of Confederation." A man of shrewdness and tenacity, high attainments and brilliancy, he maintained a leading position in the Province of Ontario for nearly half a century. He was born at Kingston, in 1820, and served as a law student of the office of Mr. (afterwards Sir) John A. Macdonald. In 1857 he was elected to the Parliament of Canada. As a constitutional lawyer he has won high praise.

history of the Province, and was doubtless an event of intense interest, as it was of great importance, to the white population of the Province at that time.

"That population was small—10,000 souls only, as some estimated. These early settlers of Upper Canada were distinguished for industry, courage and a sense of religion and its duties. Take them all in all they were a noble ancestry, of whom a country may well feel proud. Whether their loyalty was a mistake and a misfortune as some aver, or whether, on the other hand, it is to be rejoiced over, as the people of Canada generally have always felt, there can be no denial that it was, at all events, a profound sentiment on their part. According to their view, in allowing this sentiment to guide their conduct, they were acting on principle and performing duty. They were as fond of the good things of life as their neighbors were. They were as much attached to their houses and lands, their goods and their chattels, as others were, and as desirous of success in life for themselves and their children. But when the provinces in which they lived ceased to be British provinces and became part of a new nation hostile to the old they forsook all the material advantages and prospects which they had in their old homes, and followed the flag of Britain into the wilds of Canada, preferring the privations and hardships and poverty which might be their lot there, rather than to live under the flag of the Revolution. The material sacrifices which they made at the call of what they believed to be duty and right, as well as just sentiment, constitute a glorious record, and that record has influenced the sentiment and conduct of the Canadian people ever since. Those early settlers had been born British subjects, they loved the British name; British subjects it was their determination under all temptations to remain, and on British soil to live out their lives, whatever the detemination should cost them.

"In view of the relations to it of us all, and in view of the history of the country and of what is now known of its immense possibilities, there have grown up among its people, alongside of the old attachment to the British name and British nation and of the pride felt in British achievements in peace and war, a profound love for Canada also, a pride in Canada and hopes of Canada as one day to become a great British nation; British, whether in a political sense in connection or not with the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; British because Britain is the nation of the birth or origin of most of us, and has the profoundest respect and admiration of all; British because Canadians retain more of British institutions and British peculiarities than are possessed in other lands; British because of most of its people being more attached to Britain and more anxious for its well-being than they are with respect to any other nation in the world."

LIEUT.-COL. DENISON ON IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

THE movement for Imperial Federation took place in Canada towards the end of the eighties. One of the most famous of its advocates was Lieut. Col. Denison, now president of the British Empire League in Canada. On March 29, 1890, Col. Denison in a speech at Guelph outlined the reasons for his advocacy of the idea. He spoke in part as follows:

"Now, if I ask you to adopt a new idea, such as that of imperial federation, I think it is necessary in the first place that I

LT.-COL. GEORGE TAYLOR DENISON comes of a family of soldiers. His great-grandfather, a captain in an English regiment, settled in Toronto in 1796. His grandfather was an officer in the war of 1812. He has taken a steady interest in the militia, serving actively in 1866 and 1885, and is a world-known authority on cavalry tactics. In 1877 he won the first prize offered by the Emperor of Russia for the best "History of Cavalry." He has published many other important books.

should give you some reasons why we should think of any change whatever from our present condition. Now, a great many people are under the impression that we are doing very well as we are; that there is no reason why things should not go on as they are; that there is no earthly reason why we should begin to make any move towards change. That is the idea that would strike anyone at the first blush. In 1886, when imperial federation was first thought of, a branch was formed in Montreal, and shortly afterwards I was requested to organize, or aid some gentlemen in organizing, in Toronto a branch of the Imperial Federation League. And I was requested to take the position of president of the branch, which I promptly refused to do, because I said there was no reason why we should make any change. I said we were doing very well, and gathering strength day by day; that the country was prosperous and progressive, and that we had every freedom that any people need wish to have, and therefore why should we wish to make any change? The result was that I then refused to have anything to do with the movement. I was in England in 1887 for some three months, and while I was away a movement was started in the United States, and was brought into Canada and launched here, in favor of what was called Commercial Union. I heard a little about it in England, but I could not understand the meaning of it. After I got back, however, I took the trouble of investigating the question, and trying to make out in my own mind what was the meaning of it. I could not understand why it should come in that way. I read a great deal on the subject, and at last I came to the conclusion that I had formed a pretty good idea of what it was. As soon as I found that out I said that if we were going to have any change we must have some different change from that. So I set to work to try and find out, looking at the evidences that appeared upon the surface, what were the leading motives for bringing about this movement. I don't know whether many of you may be aware—perhaps those of you who have been in Toronto may know—that I have been the police magistrate of that city for the last twelve or thirteen years, and it has been my business to try and find out crooked work. I think that from long practice perhaps I may have acquired greater facility than some people in knowing crooked work when I see it, and I came to the conclusion that this commercial union movement was crooked work.

"He (Erastus Wiman) told us that commercial union would make us all rich; that it would give us markets for our manufactures, and then he went over there and told these manufacturers that he would bring half a continent to trade with them. Well, ladies and gentlemen, if we are going to send things for sale to them that they produce themselves, it is not so much of a market for us. But if they were only going to carry out commercial union that would not amount to anything. The Canadian people would settle that very quickly. But there are many elements of danger in connection with this thing. These people will not stop at simply advocating an idea of that sort. They have given up the idea of commercial union, and they are now getting ready to try and get this country by some more forcible methods. The New York World recently advocated an expenditure of five or six million dollars to be used in our elections, as if the Canadian people would sell themselves like a lot of sheep. The New York World, if that were tried, would soon find what kind of stuff Canadian people are made of—as Dr. Beers told them in Syracuse, Canada

is not for sale. Now they are working out another scheme. They are arranging to spend $349,000,000 on building an enormous navy. What does that mean? A friend of mine in Boston said to me the other day: 'Colonel, the only thing that prevents the Canadian people from now being in arms in defense of their country is the fear of the British iron-clads.' Now, then, if these conspirators who are trying to bring about the annexation of Canada wish to bring it about by forcible methods it would be absolutely impossible for them to induce the right-thinking, decent people of the United States—and I am glad to say there are millions of them—to start a war upon a peaceable and inoffensive neighboring people, unless they were under the belief that we Canadians wanted them to come to our relief. I have been for the last year or two in receipt of a large number of newspapers from different parts of the United States sent to me by Canadians who have a sympathy with the Mother Land and who have a strong desire that Canada may not be involved in the United States in any way. These papers have led me to form a pretty good idea of the drift of the feeling in the United States, and I say there is growing up everywhere over the United States a constant desire to teach the people of that country that we in Canada, instead of being the freest people on God's earth, are a down-trodden set of serfs trampled under the iron hoof of British despotism. Ladies and gentlemen, I tell you that in 1860 it would have been impossible for the politicians of the Northern States to have brought on a war with the South had not the people—the right-thinking, religious people—of the United States believed that it was their proper, their humane duty to try and release the slaves and abolish slavery. I say in the same way it would be impossible for them to induce the people of the United States to commence a war for the conquest of Canada unless they were told that we wanted them and that we would welcome them with open arms. And every man who to-day in Canada would say one word in favor of annexation, every man who would say a single word to try and lead in that direction, takes a direct step towards bringing armed hosts into this country. I don't think, ladies and gentlemen, that these people in the United States—and I say that a great number of them are friendly to us—would ever do this if it were not for the constant misrepresentations that are being made to them, but we know the feelings that the politicians among them had during the last elections when it was a race between them to see which party could be most unjust and most hostile both to Canada and our Empire. In addition to that I have the authority of my friend Mr. Mowat, leader of the Government of Ontario, whom I heard at the Toronto board of trade say that 'the people of the United States are a hostile people.' He never said a truer word than when he said that the people of the United States, and particularly the politicians, were a hostile people. Now, if there is any truth in this, that there is any movement in the United States that may tend to affect our national life, is it not our duty, now while we have time, to try and get things in order—to get our sails reefed and everything ready to stand the storm; is it not our duty to do everything we can to make this country solid and sure?"

THE GREATNESS OF OUR HERITAGE.

THIS quotation from an address by the Hon. John Schultz, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, on Dominion Day, 1891, shows how enthusiastic were the early settlers in the Great West:

"A single glance at an ordinary school geography shows Canada to be one of the most favored portions of the globe; and as if Providence had kept in reserve its best gifts for this latest born of nations, we have wafted into our spacious western harbors and along our picturesque Pacific coast the balmy winds of the Western ocean, and with them that ocean stream which makes flowers bloom and trees bud near the Arctic circle as early as on the Mississippi or the St. Lawrence, just as the great stream poured out by the Mexican Gulf foils the Ice King's blockade of the magnificent harbors of our Eastern coasts, and nourishes those deep-sea pastures of which Canada possesses the richest in the world. As a means of access to the interior of this favored land, Nature has cleft our rugged Eastern coast with mighty rivers and great lakes which bear the home hunter to the verge of our great cereal Table-Land, where, through future wheat fields, turn and wind the rivers of the great plain, the Red, Assiniboine, Souris, Qu'Appelle and Saskatchewan.

"This great country bounded by three oceans has the greatest extent of coast line; the greatest number of miles of river and lake navigation; the greatest extent of coniferous forest; the greatest coal measures; the most varied distribution of precious and economic minerals; the most extensive salt and fresh water fisheries; and the greatest extent of arable and pastoral land of any country in the world.

"This great northern heritage so vast in area and resources which we call our own country is possessed by a northern race and ruled by a northern Queen. Its national characteristics are northern, it is the Northland of this continent; to the northern races of the old world whence we sprang we look for our national characteristics.

"We have in this Dominion more Celts than had Brian when he placed his heel upon the neck of Odin, more Saxons than had Alfred when he founded his kingdom, more Normans than had William when he drew from them the armed host with which he invaded England, more of Norse blood than there were Norsemen when their kings ruled Britain and their galleys swept the sea. We are the descendants of all the northern kingdom-founders of Western Europe. We have the laws of Edward, the Magna Charta and the Roman Code; we have copied the constitution which English statesmen, legislators, patriots and martyrs lived or died to secure and save. We have resources by sea and land, civil and religious liberty; we are heirs, equally with those who live in the British Isles, to the glory and traditions of the British Empire. Canadians have fought side by side with the Englishman, Irishman and Scot on the burning sands of India and Africa, and on the bleak battlefields of the Crimean Peninsula, and they have died as bravely, too, as any of them.

"But while, with just pride, we remember the deeds of our ancestors for the past thousand years, and know that when necessary the blood of the sea-kings, the sturdy Saxon, the gallant Norman, and the fiery Celt which is in our veins will assert itself again, yet, thanks be to Almighty God,

SIR JOHN CHRISTIAN SCHULTZ, M. D., left Ontario for what is now the Province of Manitoba in 1860. He was doctor, fur-trader and journalist. During the first Rebellion he was imprisoned by Riel and was in great danger of being shot. He made his escape, however, and found his way back through the United States to Toronto, where he was warmly welcomed by his friends of the "Canada First" party. He was a great nationalist and a thorough believer in his country. The memory of his sturdy loyalty is his monument.

our national life began and has continued in peace; and as we chose for our national emblems the Canadian beaver and the maple leaf, so have we sought to build up, harmonize and beautify our splendid heritage by the arts of peace and not by the arts of war. During the short period, less than a quarter of a century, of our national life, we have girded the continent with bands of steel, piercing mountains, spanning torrents; and crossing the snow-capped giants of the Rocky and Selkirk chains, we have linked our young Canadian Empire to Japan and China, the oldest empires of the Orient. We have justified our traditions on the sea, in making Canada third in rank of the maritime nations of the world; and at this moment the sails of Canadian ships whiten every sea, commanded by Canadian descendants of Drake and Hawkins, Frobisher and Richard Grenville, Nelson and Collingwood, Cartier and D'Iberville. Better still than even this material progress is the fact that our nationality is founded upon the mutual respect and confidence of the people, surrounded by the sanctity of religion, and crowned with its only appropriate capital, Lawful Constitutional Authority. On the youth of Canada rests the future of this great country, the exemplification of the attributes of our great race. Recreant to this trust they may possibly be, but I see nothing to disturb my deep-seated conviction that they will continue as they have begun; and building this nation in the fear of Him who gave us this great heritage, with love for Her who gave us national life, endeavoring, as we have done, to dissolve all differences and melt away all jealousies in the crucible of moderation and justice, they will be strong enough to preserve its unity and successful enough to cause the day we now celebrate to be even more deeply honored, and to rejoice in that birthright, which to my mind is even now the highest and best the world contains.

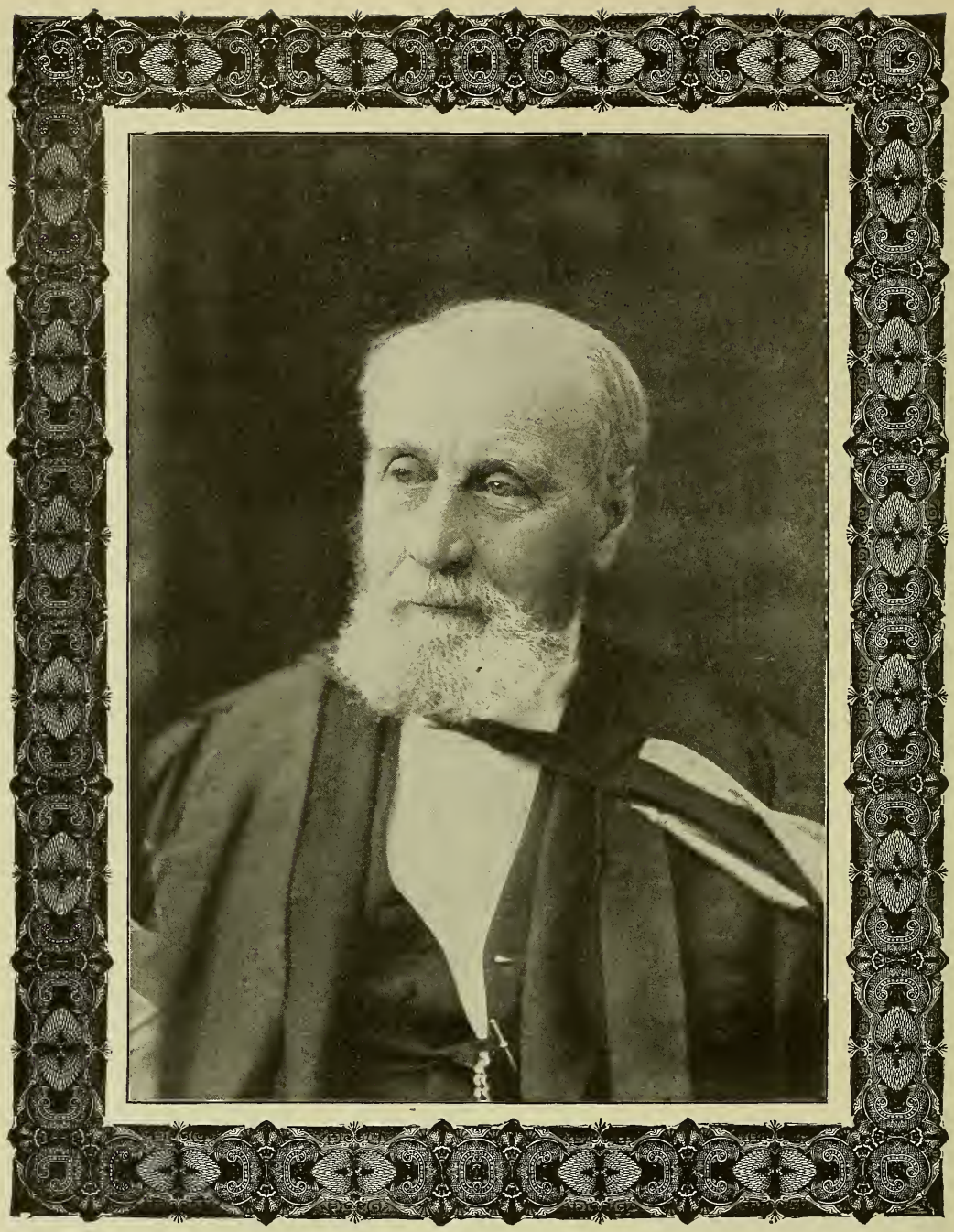
"You will prosper so long as you are worthy of this great trust; you will be blessed in preserving it and strengthening it, so long as you seek divine aid to maintain it as the most precious of your birthrights, and you will rise to that place as a people in the great Empire of which we form a part in proportion as you follow His precepts and obey His Divine Law. Great as you are now, greater you will become, and as citizens of Canada, citizens of the Great British Empire, you will fulfil the prophecy of the Druid priest of Boadicea, the first British Queen,

"'Regions Cæsar never knew
Your posterity shall sway,
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.'"

SIR WILLIAM DAWSON ON THE FUTURE LIFE.

THE following extract from Sir William Dawson's address read before the World's Fair Religious Congress (Chicago, 1893,) gives some idea of this learned scholar's particular attitude on the relation between science and religion. It does not, however, show his powers of oratory, which were very great, as the address was written and Sir William was not present when it was read:

"All animals are actuated by instincts adapted to their needs and place in nature, and we have a right to consider such instincts as in accordance with the will of their creator. Should we but regard the institution of man in the same light, and also



SIR JOHN WILLIAM DAWSON, whose fame is so closely associated with that of McGill University, of which he was principal from 1855 to 1893, was a great educationist, geologist and naturalist. As an educationist he was best known to the public. As a scientist he was best known to the students and scholars, who will preserve the memory of the greatest scholar Canada has yet produced. He was a Bluenose, having been born at Pictou, N. S., in 1820. As a boy he began to study the geology of his province and at thirty years of age was Superintendent of Education of Nova Scotia.

what may be called his religious and moral instincts? Of these, perhaps one of the most universal next to the belief in a god or gods is that in a future life. It seems to have been implanted in those antediluvian men whose remains are found in caverns and alluvial deposits, and it has continued to actuate their descendants ever since. This instinct of immortality should surely be recognized by science as constituting one of the inherent and essential characters of humanity. So far in the direction of religion the science of nature may logically carry us without revelation, and we may agree with the Apostle Paul that even the heathen may learn God's power, and power and divinity prove the things that he has made. In point of fact, without the aid of either formal science or theology and in so far as known without any direct revelation, the belief in God and immortality has actually been the common property of all men, in some form more or less crude and imperfect. There are numerous special points in revealed religion respecting which the study of nature may give some testimony. When natural science leaves merely material things and animal instincts, and acquaints itself with the rational and ethical nature of man it raises new questions with reference to the first cause. This must include potentially all that is developed from it. Hence the rational and moral powers of man must be emanations from those inherent in the first cause, which thus becomes a divinity, having a rational and moral nature comparable with that of man, but infinitely higher.

"Atheistic exaggerations. On this point a strange confusion, produced apparently by the philosophy of evolution, seems to have affected some scientific thinkers, who seek to read back moral ideas into the history of the world at a time when no mundane moral agent is known to have been in existence. They forget that it is no more immoral for a wolf to eat a lamb than for a lamb to eat grass, and regarding man as if he were derived by the 'cosmic process' of struggle for existence from savage wild beasts rather than, as Darwin has it, from harmless apes, represent him as engaged in an almost hopeless and endless struggle against an inherited 'cosmic nature,' evil and immoral. This absurd and atheistic exaggeration of the theological idea of original sin, and the pessimism which springs from it, have absolutely no foundation in natural science. Even on the principle of evolution no moral distinctions could be set up until men acquired a moral sense, and if, as Darwin held, they originated in apes, the descent from the simple habits and inoffensive ways of these animals to war and violence and injustice would be as much a 'fall of man' as that recorded in the Bible, and could have no connection with the previous inheritance of evil. But such notions are merely the outcome of distorted philosophical ideas and have no affinity with science properly so called."

CANADA'S PROUD POSITION.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, ex-M. P. and journalist, is one of the most eloquent and polished of Canadian speakers, as may be gathered from the following extract of a speech made in the House of Commons in February, 1900:

"Sir, we in Canada occupy, in my opinion, about the happiest position that a race of people can occupy. We have a strong executive, but we have boundless individual liberty. There is no country in the world where the citizen is more free,

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, K. C., is a barrister and journalist who spent his early life in London, England. He was parliamentary reporter at first, and later war correspondent during the Franco-German war. About 1872 he came to Canada. He is a linguist of high order and as a scholar ranks far above the ordinary. Perhaps his best known quality is his wit, inherited, no doubt, from his ancestors. He was born of Irish parents at Kilfinave, Limerick Co., Ireland, in 1843.

and there is no country where law and order are so certainly and steadily maintained. Here in this country, therefore, Scotsman, Irishman, French Canadian, Englishman or German, whether he be born on the soil, or whether he has become naturalized, would be a dastard unless he felt grateful to the great empire that has conferred upon him such priceless privileges. And there is this to be said in regard to our position—that we have certain material advantages purchased at a very low price. We have behind us miles and miles of ships, the great "sea-dragons her sons have bred" of the empire; we have all her prestige and power, as my honorable friend (Mr. McNeill), who has introduced this subject, said. We have all this behind us, and every man, be he a settler of three years' residence, or be he born on the soil, wherever he goes, not a hair of his head shall be touched, for all that power and all that overshadowing prestige are behind him. And, Sir, especially I say that the French Canadian should be instinct with the feeling of Sir Etienne Pascal Tache, the chairman of the Quebec conference, whence confederation sprang, when he said that he believed that the last shot fired in defence of the British Empire on this continent would be fired from a French Canadian gun, and the trigger pulled by a French Canadian finger. A few years ago, when, on the other side of the line, there was some growling in regard to Canada, when the feeling was not as friendly as it is to-day, I stood in the later autumn on the citadel at Quebec and looked down on our great St. Lawrence stretching out mighty arms to the sea. I looked up and saw the star of evening, and I felt that whatever planet might shine there, that for all Canada, and I will say even for the French Canadian who has a true conception of what he owes to the Empire, the real star that will always, for the patriotic heart, shine over Quebec is Wolfe's glory and Wolfe's victory. As I thus reflected the evening gun was fired, as the evening gun is fired on Pacific waters and at Halifax, and it seemed as if the august mother put her arms around her Canadian child and said: "Sleep in peace, my invincible arms are around you." It is because those arms are around us that we have that sense of security, that confidence in the present and in the future that belongs to us to-day."

CANADA'S NATIONAL SPIRIT.

AT a Canadian Club banquet in New York, May 24, 1900, the Hon. G. W. Ross, Premier of Ontario, delivered a most eloquent and forcible address. Mr. Ross is undoubtedly one of the cleverest of Canadian orators.

"Having said so much about the material prosperity of Canada, I might be asked has the national spirit of our people grown proportionately? This is a question that cannot be answered by statistics; the evidence available, however, is quite circumstantial, and, to my mind, conclusive. It would simply be impossible for any people possessing the traditions and the spirit of the Anglo-Saxon race, with half a continent placed under their control, not to feel the pulsations of a stronger national life under the new conditions arising out of the federal union of Canada in 1867. The history of every progressive nation shows that territorial expansion is a stimulus to all its latent energies. Every colony added by the British Empire in the last two centuries has increased the confidence of British subjects in the stability of the Empire,

THE HON. GEORGE WILLIAM ROSS, Premier of Ontario, is one of the cleverest orators in Canada. He has won his way from a country schoolteacher to the political head of his Province, unaided and unassisted. Tact, ability and energy have carried him from one round of the ladder to the other, always upward. He was born in 1841 near Nairn, in the County of Middlesex in the Province of Ontario. He became Premier of the Province in 1900. The Hon. Mr. Ross is a gracious personality, and a very bright orator.

and has, at the same time, strengthened its influence in the councils of the world. It is also well known that every extension of the original thirteen colonies of the United States, whether it was by the purchase of Florida or Louisiana, or the cession of California by Spain, or the occupation of the Mississippi Valley by immigrants from the old world added to the national force of the American Republic and to the spirit as well as the enterprise of the American citizen. When Canada enlarged her Western boundary to the Pacific and became the owner of the Northwest Territories, Canadians felt that vast opportunities were presented to them, and with a proper effort on their part a great future lay before them. We were then no longer a few 'arpents of snow' in the Valley of the St. Lawrence, nor a struggling line of settlements along the northern boundary of our inland lakes, but we were in territorial extent greater than any European empire, with possibilities which appealed to the enterprise of the capitalist, the prescience of the statesman and the imagination of every citizen, no matter what his pursuit or calling in life. The country developed. The effect of this was to give a fresh impulse to the energies of our people and to awaken in them a consciousness of the great heritage which had been placed at their disposal. So we immediately set about the conquest of the land. Our canals were deepened; the continent was spanned by railways on Canadian territory; capital was invested in factories and mines; and a new competition introduced to the markets of the world, with what success the increase in the exports and imports of the country already given fully shows.

"The larger area of government involved in confederation has also, I think, developed in us a broader spirit of citizenship. Perhaps we are too parochial still, perhaps Canadian politics, in some respects, suffer yet from the traditions of the past. Still, the problems of government that arise under our federal system, and the larger schemes for national development which we are bound to consider, are beginning to have perceptibly a broadening effect upon the public men of Canada. It is well known that a people who live within themselves can never attain a high national standing. Foreign commerce is to a nation what the university is to the man. It is its highest school of learning. It stimulates inventiveness; it suggests originality in business and trade; it develops statesmanship and opens up new fields for diplomacy and enterprise. The history of England very fully illustrates this proposition."

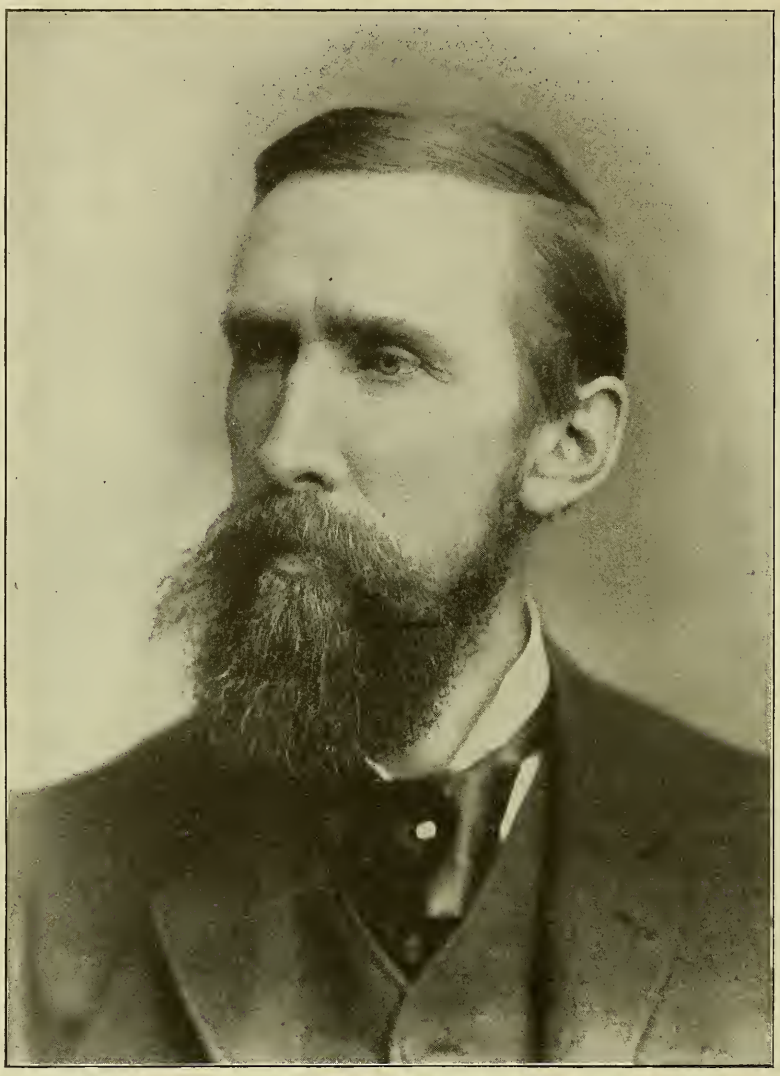
ARCHBISHOP MACHRAY'S TRIBUTE TO THE QUEEN.

THE memorial service in the Anglican Cathedral at Ottawa on February 3, 1901, was an historic event. It was attended by the Governor-General and the Countess of Minto, by several cabinet ministers and many prominent persons. Archbishop Machray took as his text I. Kings, 2:10, and paid a high tribute to Her Majesty. He said (in part):

"This is not the time nor the occasion to dwell on the glories of her illustrious reign; on the vast territorial extension of the Empire, and the growth of its power, particularly the expansion of that great colonial Empire, the Greater Britain that hardly existed when she ascended the throne; on the contentment of the people in the consciousness of the fullest liberty,

THE MOST REV. ROBERT MACHRAY, Archbishop of Rupert's Land and Primate of all Canada for the Church of England, is a native of Aberdeen, Scotland. He rose to prominence in the British Church, and in 1865 was appointed Second Bishop of Rupert's Land. Since then he has been the leading Protestant minister in the Province of Manitoba, being Chancellor of the University of Manitoba and Professor of Ecclesiastical history in St. John's College. He is an eloquent but unostentatious orator.

and the ample protection of person and property, under equal laws impartially administered; on the unity of feeling and loyal attachment of its various peoples and nations to the throne and the state, which add immeasurable strength to the Empire, an internal source of strength far transcending what we know of any nation in past times. And this is not the time nor the occasion to review the vast progress in so many directions during the long reign of our gracious Queen. The discoveries and inventions of men of science have almost made a greater change during it, in the conditions of life, than in all the 2,000 years before. Comforts and conveniences in countless ways are brought to the man of very ordinary means that previously the greatest monarch was a stranger to, and yet, wondrous as has been the material progress of our age during her long reign, it almost sinks in importance before the constant and cheering advance in humanizing, elevating and religious influences. The world is not only a richer and brighter, but a happier, kinder, and probably better world than she found it. But to-day we think not of the events and issues that must ever make the reign illustrious in the history of the world, but of the beloved personality which has gone from us, the Queen, the mother, the woman. It is hard to measure the loss that the nation has sustained by her death. It is, no doubt, the case that she set a noble example to the nation in all that was excellent in private life. A pure court has had its influence far outside itself. The influence descends and permeates society. It is no doubt also true that she possessed a womanly sympathy which brought her into touch with sufferers in every great trouble. By whatever calamity men were cut off, and women and children bereaved, whether by disaster in a mine, by shipwreck or by action in war, there came words of thoughtful and touching sympathy from the Queen that were like a very balm. No wonder that the throne became bound to the people by such affectionate ties. But it were a great mistake to look on our late sovereign merely or chiefly from the point of view of such great excellencies of character. If we do so, we must fail to half realize the nation's loss. She had, in addition to such graces of character, and what was really the fountain of them all, a heart resting on God and frequently in communion with Him, very striking natural abilities, aided by most extensive knowledge, accurate observation and correct judgment. She never went out of her place as a constitutional sovereign. She never usurped the position or intruded on the responsibilities of her constitutional advisers, but, at the same time, she exercised by the keen instinct of statesmanship she was felt to possess, and by her kindly and wise forethought, a very moderating and, at times, even controlling influence. Any action of her Government had to pass her wise and prudent criticism, and it is no secret that this more than once affected a step that might have landed the country in serious evils—for war is an unquestionable evil, if it can in any way be honorably avoided. And so it is believed that the words which lately fell from a Canadian statesman are hardly too strong: 'Her voice, though not heard outside her own council chamber, was the voice by which the will of the people was really expressed.' And, if the Queen exhibited the maturest wisdom in the great affairs of state, she showed no less common sense in all the concerns of daily life. She knew when and to whom to be simple and unbending—to the faithful servant, to the humble and honest cottager—and she knew when and of whom to exact the respect due to her exalted position. If, by a hundred deeds of



HON. GEORGE EULAS FOSTER, LL. D., made his reputation as a professor in the University of New Brunswick and as a temperance orator. He is a native of New Brunswick, having been born at Apohaqui in 1847. In 1882 he entered Parliament as the representative for King's County, and has ever since been a leading figure in the House of Commons. As a speaker he is clear and logical, sometimes cold and severe. In parliamentary debate he is most skillful, quick to detect a flaw or turn a point in an opponent's argument.

true-hearted sympathy and thoughtfulness, she drew to her the love of her people, she never lowered the dignity of the crown, and has handed it on to her successor with all its ancient splendor and circumstance."

GEORGE E. FOSTER ON PATRIOTISM.

AS a debater, the Hon. G. E. Foster is almost without a peer in Canada, and as an orator he takes no mean rank. The following is a peroration from an address on "Patriotism" delivered at Lindsay, Ontario:

"Yonder, outlined in the arched gateway of the coming century, I see a form of wondrous beauty, excellent in strength and radiant with sunny hope.

"Maple wreaths entwine her brow, on either side crouch the bear and the beaver, and from her shining shoulders falls in graceful folds the flowing drapery of the flag that for a thousand years 'has braved the battle and the breeze.'

"She waves her wand, and straightway the keen-bladed axe gleams in the sunlight tall pines and giant hemlocks crash to earth, and stately ships glide from their safe moorings to traverse her great rivers, her broad lakes and wide billowy seas.

"She speaks the word, and lo! pick and drill and shovel are plied with ceaseless energy until from a thousand yawning pits coal and iron and precious metals leap to the surface, transmitted into wealth and power.

"She gives command, and, behold! plow and harrow, sickle and reaper mellow the deep soil and shear the rich increase till countless creaking wains bear the full harvests home and her barns are filled with laughing golden plenty.

"She lifts her hand and swift lightnings flash along a thousand wires—winged messengers to do her will. Mammoth engines whirl her products over ten thousand miles of double shining steel, winds blow and waters flow to turn her vast machinery.

"Again she speaks and in every hamlet, every city, school doors open wide, and merry trooping children enter with eager feet the temples of knowledge, serve therein, and then bear in noisy, happy groups the precious garnering home again.

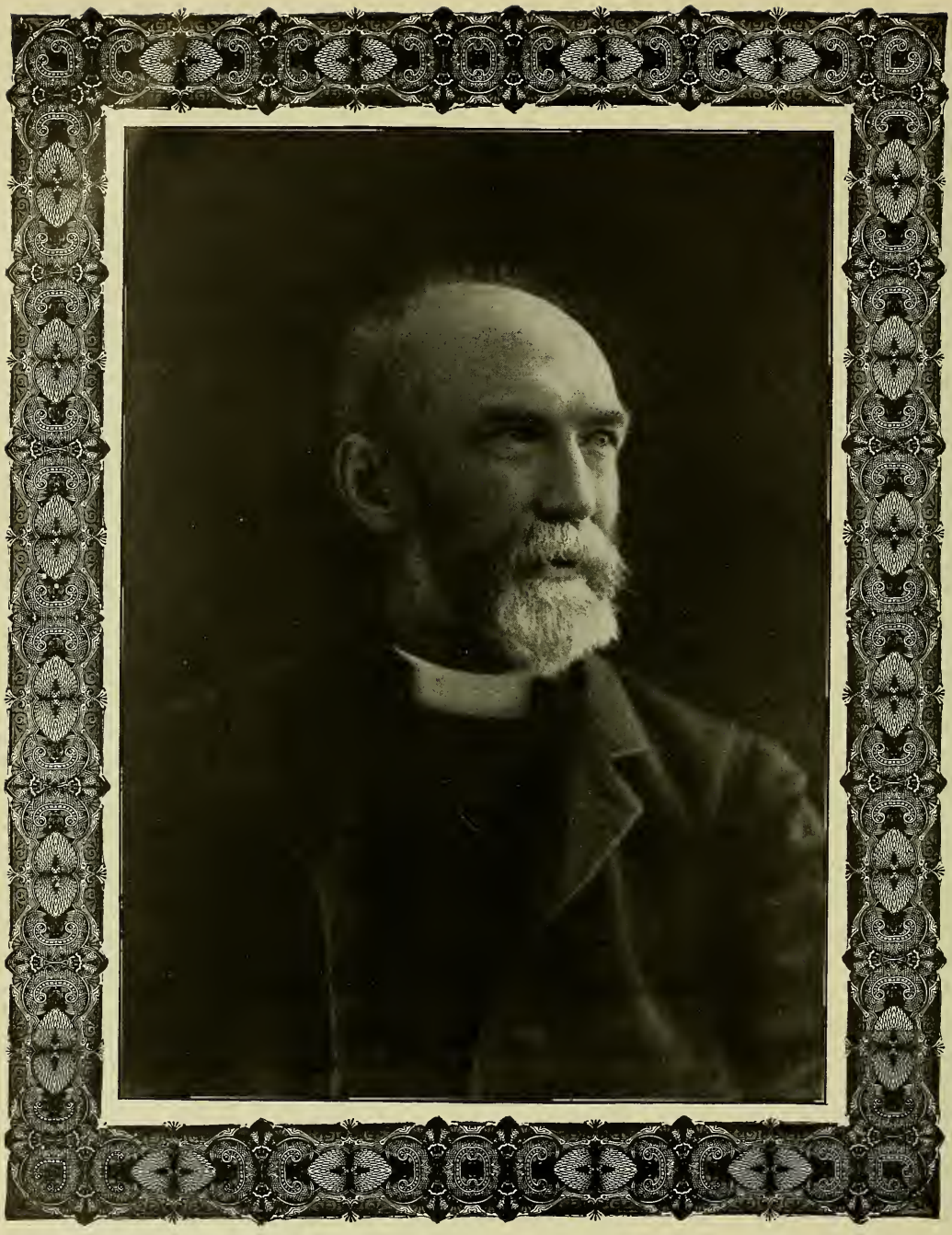
"And yet once more on quiet Sabbath morns, when traffic's swirling tide retires before the holy calm, and clear-toned notes from echoing belfries chime, See! she drops on bended knee, and with uplifted face and reverent closed eyes whispers to heaven her faith—

" 'Our Fathers' God in Thee we trust.'

"Ask ye who is this and what her name? Behold it is the genius of the great Northwestern land, the personification of your own loved Canada, lady of the gleaming winter snows and soft summer suns, daughter in her imperial mother's house and mistress in her own."

CANADA'S DUTY TO THE EMPIRE.

PRINCIPAL GRANT, of Queen's University, is well known for his ability on the platform and with the pen. He has also been one of the strongest advocates for Imperial development and one of the ablest exponents of Canada's possibilities as a part of the Empire. His speech at the first meeting of the Imperial Federation League in Montreal in May, 1885, is one of his best.



PRINCIPAL GEORGE MONRO GRANT, LL. D., of Queen's University, might have been a great politician, a noted litterateur or an envied millionaire. Choosing the church he put his versatility into play to such an extent that in 1877, when forty-two years of age, the brilliant Nova Scotian was chosen to take charge of the most important educational institution under control of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. As an orator, he is versatile, witty and pleasing. As a debater he has hardly any equal in the country.

"This, then, is our position. We are Britons. We are the Canadian subjects of Her Majesty? We intend to fight it out on this line. What, then, let us ask next, is immediately and of necessity involved in this position? This,—that we must take upon ourselves, with the least possible delay, its burdens as well as its blessings. During the whole of this century we have been gradually emerging from the state of pupilage, and we Federationists have the audacity to assume that we ought now to consider ourselves full-grown men, and no longer babes and wards. Up to 1818 Great Britain paid all the expenditure connected with the Civil Government of this Province. In 1810 the House of Assembly felt that the Province had so prospered as the result of half a century of British institutions that it offered to undertake this burden, but advantage was not taken of the offer for several years. Thereafter England was still obliged to defend us from external and internal enemies. Generously she did so, often getting little thanks. Gradually she left us the duty of keeping the peace within our own borders, so that now we are suppressing an insurrection entirely by the expenditure of our own blood and treasure. That is so far good, but is that enough? Certainly not. There are external enemies, and should they attack, what defences would we have save the ports of Halifax and Quebec, and the wooden walls that float on every sea? How much do we contribute to maintain that irresistible fleet in efficiency? Not one dollar. We boast often enough that we are the fifth maritime power in the world. Every other maritime power has to pay for the honor and the profit of owning ships. In the event of war, what would become of our shipping if it was not protected by British bull-dogs? What would become of our fisheries? Our coasts might be ravaged; Halifax, St. John, the Gulf ports, Victoria, taken; the St. Lawrence waterway invaded, and Montreal laid under contribution or in ashes, if there was no fleet to sweep the seas, and keep watch and ward for us. You say that those evils would come upon Canada because of its connection with Britain. Of course they would, but we have already decided that union with England is preferable to isolation or annexation, and we cannot have any condition of things without its risks and responsibilities. Only children fancy that they can eat their cake and have it, but sometimes we, or some of us, talk like children. Well, then, the fleet of England is indispensable to our security, yet we do not pay a cent for the ships, or the guns or the men. Is it consistent with honor, consistent with self-respect, that this state of things should continue? At present, the poorest day laborer could come here, any poor Hodge from England, Sandy from Scotland or Pat from Ireland, and, standing high above all the millionaries of Montreal, all our Right Honorables and Honorables, Senators and Members of Parliament, say to the whole box and dice of them: "Worthy gentlemen, I protect you." That we may not sink utterly under our own self-contempt, let us in the exercise of our self-government do the right thing here. Let the Premier move, and let the leader of the Opposition second, that a sum —no matter what the amount, any amount they may consider reasonable in the circumstances—be offered as a voluntary contribution towards the expenses of our common guardian, though everything else should have to stand aside for the moment. Let this be done as a simple acknowledgment of our duty. This is the first step to take, and until it is taken all our protestations of fervent loyalty cannot be regarded as anything better than lip-service. I invite the attention of those gentlemen who say

that we confine ourselves to generalities to this, and ask them why they wish us to go into more details until this is settled. One step at a time. You may say that Britain does not demand this of us, that at present we gain by her generosity, and that she would be obliged to have a fleet even if Canada did not exist. And these are the arguments of men of honor, of grown men! They are willing to be wards as long as they possibly can, to accept rations as long as they are offered! We gain, do we? We lose more than we gain. I never knew a man or nation yet that gained by sponging. I demand the privileges of a full-grown man, and first of all the privilege of paying my own way. We talk of our loyalty. I ask simply that we back our words with deeds, unless we are willing that our cheers for the Queen should be sneered at as so much cheap gas. Remember, there is no need for extra machinery to enable us to do this duty. By voluntary action on our part, in the exercise of our own self-government, we can do it at once. We could vote $100,000 for poverty-stricken Irishmen, but at the very same time the poor Irishmen were being taxed to protect us. This is not a case, either, in which it is first necessary to demand more representation. We have all the representation already that we need. Besides, the measure of representation can never be the measure of duty. Women cannot send some of their number to Parliament, or vote even for men, but they do their duty none the less. Thousands of Canadians who have no vote pay their taxes and are expected to do their duty to the country. How many British subjects were represented in Parliament in the days of Alfred, Cromwell, Nelson, but all the time England expected every man to do his duty. And every man did it, thanks be to the God of our Fathers. England has done her duty by us, and let us not forget it. Whenever we have needed her strong right arm it has been raised to fight for us, and what better proof of fidelity can man or nation give? Let us be equally faithful. We could then speak with regard to the protection of our shores as we cannot speak now. We could speak by letter or cable, or Agent General, or in any other way, feeling that we are on the same platform with those whom we addressed. What would be the results of such action on our part? It would do more to convince the people of Britain that we are in earnest than fine speeches, fine writing and loud cheering could accomplish in a century. They would think of us no longer as if we were only children. They would know that they were dealing with men, and with their equals. John Bull is a creature of singular veracity and good sense. He likes to have solid ground under his feet. He is always ready to back his opinions or his statements with his money, and until he sees that we are willing to do the same he must have in his secret soul a kind of contempt for us. We must put ourselves right. We must create a passion for the unification of the Empire in the Mother Country, and when that is done, difficulties that seem now insurmountable will vanish. What a destiny for us! To be full partners with the richest, truest, grandest nation in the world, is it not enough to stir the blood of the coldest? Let us begin by doing our duty and everything else will follow. A common understanding on commercial matters would be one of the first results. I could indicate a reasonable solution on this subject, but the time has not come. It is enough to say that when the British people are in earnest, things will be done that would now be considered only the wild dreams of a visionary. A common understanding with regard to foreign relations, and the promotion of com

mon interests and the discharge of common duties would also be results, and though this language may be styled vague by hand-to-mouth politicians, it is specific enough for those who look ahead. Future results, would, I trust, be an indissoluble alliance, perhaps an intimate union with the United States, that would ensure the peace of the world, peace with honor, peace for the promotion of righteousness. But, results are not for us. They are not in our power. It is ours to do our duty. The time has come for us to take action, and in such case it is enough to know what is the first step. England is beginning to understand that cordial relations with her great colonies is a question more important than any other. By responsible statesmen she is making overtures to us, and we must respond. The more generously we do so the better. Remember what she has done for us. Not only on the Plains of Abraham and Queenstown Heights, but wherever she has struck a blow—and on how many fields has she stricken home for "the good old cause"—she fought for us and our children. I stand with Browning, and so I am sure do we all:—

"Nobly, nobly, Cape St. Vincent to the northwest died away;
Sunset ran one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
In the dimmest northeast distance dawned Gibraltar grand and gray;
Here and here did England help me, how can I help England, say
Ye who turn, as I this evening, turn to God to praise and pray."

O England, mother of lions, mother of heroes, mother of nations, the world would be poor without thee! Which of thy children will desert thee?

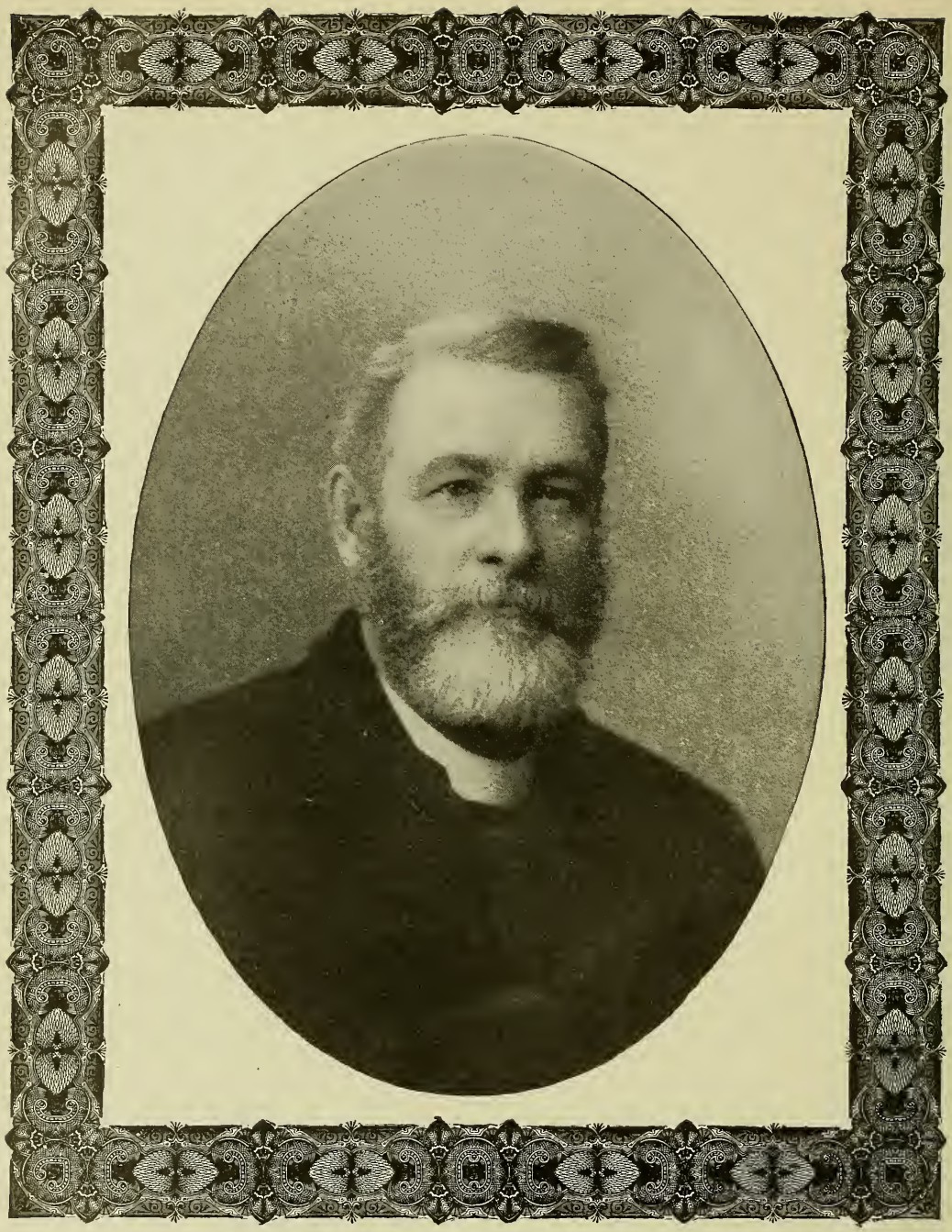
IRELAND, CANADA AND THE EMPIRE.

Dr. Potts, one of the leading Methodist divines, in 1900 delivered a memorable address before the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society. In part it was as follows:

"MY theme to-night is 'Ireland, Canada and the Empire.' To each of these we are related, and in all of them deeply interested. Ireland is the place of our birth, or of the birth of our ancestors; Canada is the place of our residence and of our immediate and practical interest, while the Empire in these days of imperialism is the joy of all our patriotic hearts.

"This occasion and the auspices under which we meet give pre-eminence to Ireland. The most pathetic thing in the recent history of Ireland was the visit of our late gracious Queen Victoria. It was not a visit of expediencey. It was not a visit at the suggestion of the Ministers of State, but rather in spite of them. It was as though the Queen Mother said, 'I will go before I die and see my Irish subjects.' The reception by all classes, from the Lord Mayor of Dublin down, was as grateful as the visit of the Queen was gracious. From every part of the country the people of Ireland thronged to Dublin that they might gaze upon their beloved Queen. Many and touching were the incidents which occurred and which shall keep the memory of good Queen Victoria as green as the greenness of the green Isle of the Ocean.

"Ireland. The name of our native land need hardly be mentioned, for it is written upon all our hearts, and is as ineffaceable from our memories as that of mother, wife



REV. JOHN POTTS, D. D., like many another brilliant Canadian, came to this country from Ireland while yet a very young man. He is a graduate of Victoria University (now College). He has filled the leading Methodist pulpits in Hamilton, Montreal and Toronto. Since 1886 he has been "general secretary of education" for his church and is also secretary of Victoria College. Dr. Potts is a man of great energy and intellectual ability. As an orator, he stands conspicuous in a church which has many notable speakers. He is powerful, forcible, and convincing on all occasions.

or sweetheart. Its geographical position need not be defined, nor need I tell you that it is not a continent, and indeed I need not name the ocean whose waves dash in ceaseless music upon its shores.

"Ireland is small compared with many countries in the world. It cannot boast of such magnificent distances as we can on this North American Continent. In point of wealth Ireland is poor compared with England, the center of our great Empire, and the financial mistress of the nations.

"The history of Ireland is both tear-stained and blood-stained. Irish history has had a combination of both tragedy and comedy, and yet I am compelled to say that that history is rich in many of the elements which constitute national greatness.

"Irish history has chronicled on its pages names and events, with deeds of varied heroism, of which we, her sons and daughters, may be justly proud. We can point to men of imperial genius in the higher walks of intellectual life, to men of unrivaled statesmanship in the craft of legislation, to men of vast erudition, to men of captivating eloquence, who, on the bench and at the bar and in the pulpit and in Parliament have made an indelible impress upon the world of mankind. To say that a speech reminds one of the old Irish orators is highest praise.

"We cannot think of Irish history, ancient or modern, without thinking with national pride of men of military heroism and of loyalty to King and Country. While we give unstinted praise to the Iron Duke and to generals of a later day, including Roberts, Kitchener and others, we are not less proud of the Dublin Fusiliers and of the Enniskillen Dragoons. If we praise the statesmen, the scholars, the heroes and the orators of Ireland, what shall be said of the Irish ladies? What young Irishman has not an eye for the beautiful, and especially an eye for a pretty girl? What Irishman is not proud to bow before them as women of finest culture, rarest beauty and of deepest love? For many years past Old Ireland has sorrowfully witnessed the departure from her shores of thousands, yea, millions, of her people. Her sons and daughters are in almost every land beneath the sun, but wherever they wander they kindly remember the old land—the land beyond the sea.

"When they sing it is often the songs which carry them back to the green isle of the ocean. How often our soft Irish hearts have been thrilled as we have listened to the immortal Irish melodies. I need only mention a few: 'The Harp That Once Through Tara's Hall,' 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' 'Erin Go Bragh,' 'The Irish Emigrant's Lament,' Father Prout's 'Bells of Shandon on the River Lee,'

" 'I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago,
When first you were my bride.'

"That touching ballad was written by the mother of our illustrious Lord Dufferin.

"Think of Old Ireland! How could we do otherwise? It was there we first saw the light of day, and it was there we enjoyed the sports of childhood. To many of us Ireland is dear because our parents live there or are laid beneath the sod of the quiet churchyard awaiting the morning of the resurrection.

"As memory and imagination voyage across the Atlantic and wander through the homes, and look into the faces of the loved ones there, and gaze with Irish rapture upon the charming scenes of the hills and vales of our native land, we are sometimes ready to exclaim:

" 'Oh, steer my barque to Erin's Isle,
For Erin is my home.'

"In thinking of the land we left, of its ancient history, of its peerless beauty, of its youthful associations, of its family, and therefore its tender, loving and sacred reminiscences, we feel like sighing, 'Home, Sweet Home.' * * *

"On an occasion like this we must not forget to mention the land of our adoption, Canada. In approaching this part of our subject a new class of thoughts takes possession of our minds and a new class of emotions occupy our hearts.

"While it is proper that Englishmen in Canada should remember grand old England, Scotchmen rugged and glorious Scotland, and Irishmen beautiful Ireland, it is possible that amid our enthusiastic glorying in those old historic lands we may somewhat forget the place which Canada should have in our esteem and in our attachment.

"I deem it suitable at this Irish Protestant Benevolent Society concert to connect Canada with Ireland. Canada has claims upon us, and is worthy of our best—our best in thought, our best in purpose, and our best in action.

"Michael Davitt, a noted nationalist, whom I met years ago at Banff Hotel, in the Rockies, said to me: 'You have the grandest national heritage on the face of the earth.' If I could not agree with Michael Davitt upon other things, I quite agreed with that statement concerning our fair Dominion.

"Canada is British territory, and that means much. It is part of the Empire which occupies the first place in the family of earth's nations. The nation of which Canada is a part is first in commerce, first in literature, first in civilization, and easily first in Christianity. We are governed by the British law; we enjoy British liberty, and we rejoice in British connection. * * * The resources of this country are rich beyond description in all that constitutes the wealth of nations. In this land there should be seen a type of eclectic national life and power better than in England, better than in Scotland, better than in Ireland, because combining the best features of them all.

"Let us not forget the land we left, old Ireland, but let us be careful to do our share in building up this continent in friendly relation with the United States, but never a part of the United States; a nation British in its love of freedom, British in its relation to the Throne, and great in all the elements of a true national life. If any of you are unfortunate enough not to have been born in Ireland, rejoice that, next best to that, you were born in Canada. You, too, may sing:

" 'Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native Land!'

"But while Ireland and Canada have commanded our attention to-night, I dare not sit down without a glance at the Empire of which both Ireland and Canada form important parts.

"We have reached a stage in British Empire history where we must think of the Empire without Victoria. It shall be a long time before we can afford to forget the almighty, the illustrious, the glorious and beneficent reign so lately closed. We sang, and prayed as we sang, 'God Save Our Gracious Queen.' And was the prayer not answered? We wander back for over half a century and listen to Alfred Tennyson, the greatest poet of the Victorian Reign, as he sang so prophetically,

' . . . May you rule us long,
And leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day!

May children of our children say,
"She wrought her people lasting good."
Her court was pure, her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife and Queen:

'And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons, when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet
By shaping some august decree
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea.'

"Now we look out upon the almost world-wide Empire of Edward VII. We sing now and pray as we sing, 'God Save Our Gracious King.' Because we are Irish and Canadian, we are British Empire men. History has been made at lightning speed of late.

"We are glad that the dear old Queen in the closing year of her reign saw the unity of the Empire as never before, and saw with grateful eyes the loyalty and bravery of her 'Greater Britain.'

"Imperialism is in the air and we of Irish Protestant stock are ready to enjoy the high and glorious privilege of British connection, with all its responsibility of citizenship."

JOSEPH HOWE'S LONDON IMPRESSIONS.

On May 15, 1850, Joseph Howe returned to Nova Scotia from England. He was banqueted by the citizens of Halifax and spoke thus:

YOU know, my fellow townsmen, all that I feel on this occasion, and I appreciate all that you would express. If I am good for anything, if I have fittingly discharged the duties of this mission, I owe it to the opportunities you have afforded me to ripen and discipline the powers of my mind. I have done my best, and I did it with the consciousness that you would have been satisfied on that score even had I failed. Perhaps I may have had my moments of depression. When I steamed up Liverpool harbor, and saw the noble docks stretching for miles along the shore, ships gliding past every instant like birds upon the wing, and all the evidences of the dense population and restless activity of a great commercial emporium, I may have doubted the possibility of an unknown colonist obtaining a hearing on any subject. And I must confess that when I found myself in the heart of England's great metropolis, with its two millions of people around me, of whom I knew not ten, I sometimes felt that if I ventured to raise my voice at all, amidst its aggregate industry, and high domestic excitement, I would probably resemble the man howling in the wilderness. But the light that led to other victories led to this. * * * Until the time arrives when North America shall rise into a nation, nothing can be more honorable than our connection with the parent state. We must have a metropolis, an Imperial center, somewhere, and I do not hesitate to acknowledge that I prefer London, with her magnificent proportions, to Washington, with her "magnificent distances."

Give me London, the metropolis of the world, with her time-honored structures, in which the mighty dead repose; with all her faults, it may be, but with her abounding wealth, her high art, science and refinement; but above all, and before all, the freedom of speech and personal liberty by which no other city that ever I saw is more honorably distinguished. I do not disguise from you that I look hopefully forward to the period when these splendid provinces, with the population, the resources, and the intelligence of a nation, will assume a national character. Until that day comes, we are safe beneath the shield of England; and when it comes, we shall stand between the two great nations whose blood we share, to moderate their counsels, and preserve them in the bonds of peace.

LORD ROSEBERY is a powerful and persuasive platform orator, while his after-dinner speeches "are triumphs of easy brilliancy." Yet Lord Rosebery has not been a wonderful success as a statesman. Perhaps the people of Great Britain expected too much; perhaps the boyish face which misrepresents his half a century of existence has been against him. Nevertheless he has been twice Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and once Prime Minister. He was educated at Eton and Oxford and became a peer in 1868.

ENGLISH ORATIONS.

LORD SALISBURY ON PROTECTION.

LORD SALISBURY has been a patient plodder in the work which his ambition cut out for him. His patience and his plodding made him, when he defeated Mr. Gladstone, the greatest publicist in England. As a speaker he is clear, logical and straightforward. The speech which has attracted most attention in Canada, perhaps, was that delivered at Hastings, in May, 1892, when Lord Salisbury said:

"There is another matter which occupies our minds, and in which I think the prosperity of this country is greatly involved. I allude to the question of our external trade. After all, this little island lives as a trading island. We could not produce enough to sustain the population that lives upon this island, and it is only by the great industries that exist here and find markets in foreign countries that we are able to maintain the vast population of this island. But a danger is growing up. Forty or fifty years ago everybody believed that free trade had conquered the world, and prophesied that every nation would shortly follow the example of England, and would give itself up to free trade. Well, the results were not exactly what was prophesied, but the less satisfactory they were the more the devoted votaries of free trade prophesied that it would come right at last. But we see now, after many years' experience, and explain it how we may, that foreign nations are raising one after another a wall of protection round their shores which excludes us from their markets. As far as they are concerned it is their policy to kill our trade. And this state of things does not get better; on the contrary, it seems constantly to get worse. Now, I shall, of course, if I utter a word in reference to free trade, be accused of being a Protectionist, of trying to overthrow free trade, and of all other crimes which free imagination can attach to commercial heterodoxy. But all the same, I ask you to set yourselves free from all that vituperative doctrine, and to consider whether the true doctrine of free trade carries you as far as some of these gentlemen would wish you to go. Every religion has its counterpart in the inventions and legends and traditions which grow up and around it. The Old Testament had its canonical books, but it also had its Talmud and its Mishma, inventions of the Rabbis. Now, this book of free trade has had many Rabbinical translators, and one of the difficulties we have to contend with is the strong and unreasonable rigor of the doctrines which these Rabbis have imposed upon us. In the office which I have the honor to hold I have to see a great deal, and one thing which I find is that we live in an age of war tariffs. Every nation is trying how it can, by agreement with its neighbors, get the greatest possible protection for its own industry, and at the same time the greatest possible access to the markets. The negotiation is constantly going on. It has been going on for the past year and a half with great activity, and the important part is that while A. is very anxious to get the favor of B., and B.

anxious to get the favor of C., nobody cares a straw about getting the commercial favor of Great Britain. What is the reason of that? It is true that Great Britain has deliberately stripped herself of the armor and weapons with which the battle has to be fought. You cannot do business in this work of evil on these terms. If you go to a market you must bring money with you, and if you fight you must fight with the weapons with which those with whom you have to contend are fighting. It is of no use for you to go into the market and say, 'I am a Quaker; I do not fight at all; I have no arms, I have no weapons;' and to expect people will pay the same regard to you, and be as anxious to obtain your good will and consult your interests as they will be of people who have retained their armor and still wield their weapons.

"Now, the weapons with which they all fight is admission to their own markets; that is to say, A. says to B., 'If you will make your duties such as to enable me to sell in your markets I will make my duties such as will give you a sale in my markets.' But we have begun by saying we will levy no duties on anybody, for we regard it as contrary and disloyal to the glorious and sacred doctrine of free trade to levy duties upon anybody for the sake of anything we can get by it. I can only say that that is noble, but it is not business, and on those terms you will get nothing. I am sorry to be obliged to tell you that practically you are getting nothing. The feeling of this country by its authorized exponents has been against what is called a retaliatory policy. That is so, I assure you. We, as the Government of the country, have laid it down to ourselves as a strict rule that we are bound not to turn from the traditional policy of this country, unless we are quite convinced that the majority of the country is with us, because in foreign affairs consistency of policy is, beyond all things, necessary. Although that is the case, if I may aspire to fill the office of counselor to the public mind, I would ask you to form your own opinions without reference to the traditions or the denunciations, and not to care two straws whether you are orthodox or not, to form your own opinions according to the dictates of common sense. I would impress upon you that if you intend in this conflict of commercial treaties to hold your own you must be prepared, if need be, to inflict upon the nations that injure you the penalty which is in your hands of refusing them access to your markets. (A voice, 'Common sense at last.') There is a reproach in that interruption, but I am bound to say I have never said anything else. I am bound at the same time to tell you what the difficulty is. The country we have the most reason to complain of is the United States, a country which furnishes us mainly, though not entirely, with articles of food which are essential to the people, and with raw material essential to our manufactures, and which we cannot exclude without serious injury to ourselves. Now, in this matter I am not in the least prepared, for the sake of punishing other nations, to inflict any dangerous or serious wound upon ourselves. I maintain that we must confine ourselves, at least for the present, to those subjects on which we would not suffer very much injury, whether the importation was continued or diminished. But what I complain of the Rabbis of whom I have just spoken is that they confuse this vital point. They say everything must be given to the consumers. Well, if the consumer is the man who maintains the industry of the country or of the people at large, I quite agree with them, you cannot raise the price of food or the price of raw material. But there is an

enormous mass of other importations from other countries besides the United States, which are mere matters of luxurious consumption. If it be a question of wine or silk, or spirits, or gloves, or lace, or anything of that kind—I think there is a great deal to be said for hops—I should not in the least shirk from diminishing the consumption and interfering with the comfort of the excellent people who consume these articles of luxury for the purpose of maintaining our rights in this commercial war, and insisting upon our access to the markets of our neighbors. This is very heterodox doctrine, and I am afraid I shall be excommunicated for having maintained it; and I am not sure you will escape from similar anathemas, therefore I warn you of the danger you incur. But as one whose duty it is to say what he thinks, I say we must distinguish between consumer and consumer, and while preserving the rights of the consumer who is co-existent with the whole industry or with the whole people of this country, we may very fairly use our power over the importations which merely minister to luxury in order to maintain our own in this great commercial battle."

ROSEBERY ON QUESTIONS OF EMPIRE.

LORD ROSEBERY has impressed himself upon the Empire as a somewhat theoretical and dilettante statesman. His speeches, however, are always thoughtful and suggestive. That he foresees great Imperial problems the following quotation shows:

Now, for my purpose it is not important to consider whether this Empire is greater or less than others, for it is impossible to compare states. Mere area, mere population, do not necessarily imply power; still less do they impart the security and contentment of the inhabitants. But my main reason for discarding relative proportions is very different. We have to consider not others, but ourselves. It is not alien empires which should concern us, except when they menace or compete. Our first main necessary responsibility is to our own. It is so vast, so splendid, so pregnant, that we have to ask ourselves: Are we adequate to do it? Can we discharge our responsibility to God and to man for so magnificent, so populous a proportion of the world?

Our answer, off-hand, is ready and simple. We are adequate. We do discharge our responsibilities. We are a conquering and imperial race. All over the world we have displayed our mettle. We have discovered and annexed and governed vast territories. We have circled the globe with our commerce. We have penetrated the pagan races with our missionaries. We have inoculated the universe with our institutions. We are apt indeed to believe that our soldiers are braver, our sailors hardier, our captains, naval and military, skilfuller, our statesmen wiser, than those of other nations. As for our constitution, there is no Briton at any hour of the day or night who will suffer it to be said that there is any that approaches it. * * * There is a further and perhaps a mightier change in the conditions of the world during the past half century. Fifty years ago the world looked lazily on while we discovered, developed and annexed the waste or savage territories of the world. All that is now changed. The colonial microbe has penetrated almost every empire except that of Charles V., which has outlived it; and even here I must except his Netherland provinces. France, in the last ten or fif-

teen years, has annexed perhaps a quarter of Africa, and has made a considerable eruption into Asia. Germany has shown no less a desire to become a colonizing nation. Russia pursues her secular path of unchecked absorption, constantly attracting fresh bodies into her prodigious orbit. Italy has been bitten by the same desire for expansion. The United States finds itself sitting like a startled hen on a brood of unnumbered islands in the Philippine group. All this is well and fair enough, but it changes our relation to the world. Every mile of unmapped country, every naked tribe of savages, is wrangled over as if it were situated in the center of Europe. The world has shrunk into a continent of ascertained boundaries. The illimitable and unknown, the happy field of dreams, have disappeared. That is a blow to imagination, but it is not a fact of substantial importance to us, who do not desire to increase our territories. Indirectly, however, it raises a number of delicate and disputable points. Moreover, a colonial passion is apt to cause an ill-feeling, composed of envy, jealousy, and other hostile tendencies towards the ancient colonial empire. This again does not signify, provided we realize it, and do not deserve it, and are ready to deal with it.

Then again there is the question of trade. Foreign countries used to sneer at trade. It was considered below the dignity of warlike races. We were described as a nation of shopkeepers. Now every nation wishes to be a nation of shopkeepers. This new object is pursued with the intelligent purpose which was once applied to the balance of power. That is a great change. We once had a sort of monopoly; we now have to fight for existence. I summarize these various circumstances, to show how greatly the conditions of our commonwealth and its relations to the outer world have become modified. Some of these changes have passed almost unperceived. I call attention to them, to demonstrate the necessity of our asking ourselves the vital and imperative question: Have our state machinery and methods been examined and remodeled in view of them? If not, no time should be lost. After all, a state is in essence a great Joint Stock Company with unlimited liability on the part of its shareholders. It is said, and said with truth, that difficult as it is to make a great fortune, it is scarcely less difficult to keep it. With even more of accuracy the same may be said of business. A fortune without care is apt to disappear, as snow wastes away in a languid thaw. And a business depends on an incessant vigilance, on method, on keeping abreast of the times. A business in these days can live but a short time on its past reputation, and what is true of a business is true of an empire. It is found out to be a sham; its aims, its government, its diplomacy, are seen to be out of date by watchful rivals; an excuse is found for a quarrel (and such excuses are easy); the empire is tested and fails, and succumbs.

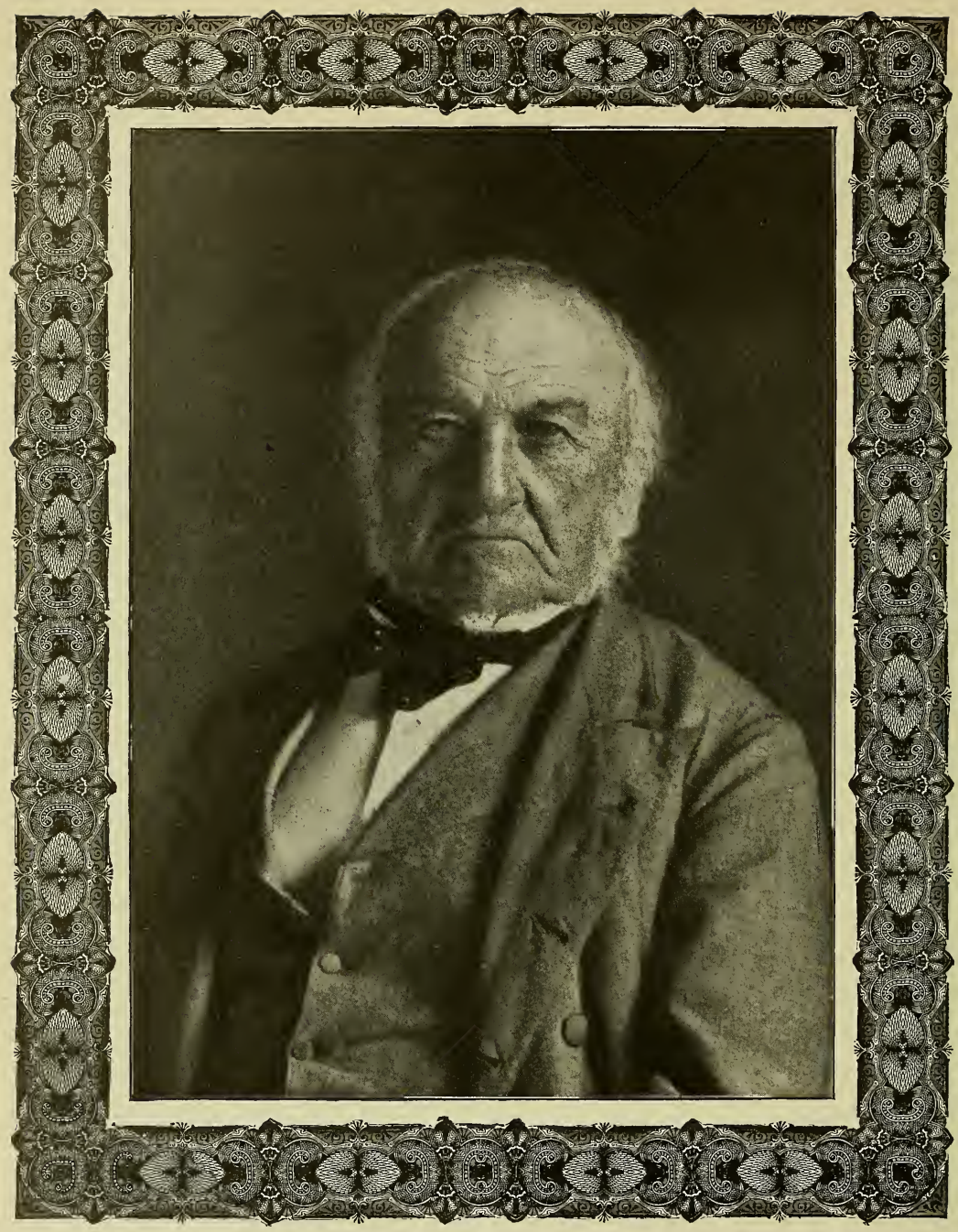
As in a business, too, a periodical stock-taking is necessary in a state. So far as mere money is concerned, this is regularly done. We know with some accuracy our income, our expenditure, and our debts; but money, though a national necessity and a valuable international weapon, is not everything. A business house in these days looks over its managers and its agents, and considers whether they continue efficient. It surveys its methods and compares them with those of its rivals; it discards those which are obsolete, and adopts all improvements. If it does not do this, it is doomed. This sort of stock-taking is unknown to the British Empire. The ordinary Briton thinks it is needless. He says comfortably that we have won Waterloo and Blenheim

and Trafalgar, and have produced Nelson and Wellington and Roberts; we have plenty of trade and plenty of money; how on earth could we do better? And this fatal complacency is so ingrained, that some despair of a remedy until we are awakened by a national disaster. For an Empire, like a business, if neglected, will become obsolete.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN ON IMPERIAL CONSOLIDATION.

THE Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, has bulked large in the recent political life of the Empire. He is an ardent Imperialist, as may be gathered from the following quotation from a speech delivered at the Colonial Conference in London in 1897:

"Now, gentlemen, undoubtedly the greatest, the most important, and at the same time the most difficult of all the subjects which we could consider is the question of the future relations, political and commercial, between the self-governing colonies and the United Kingdom. I do not think it is necessary for me to argue at all upon the advantages of such closer union. Strong as is the bond of sentiment and impossible as it would be to establish any kind of relations unless that bond of sentiment existed, I believe that we all feel that it would be desirable to take advantage of it and to still further tighten the ties which bind us together. In this country, at all events, I may truly say that the idea of federation is in the air. Whether with you it had gone as far is for you to say, and it is also for you to consider whether we can give any practical application to the principle. It may be well that the time is hardly ripe for anything definite in this regard. It is quite true that our own Constitution and your Constitutions have all been the subject of very slow growth, and that they are all the stronger because they have been gradually consolidated, and so, perhaps, with Imperial federation; if it is ever to be accomplished it will be only after the lapse of a considerable time and only by gradual steps. And undoubtedly one of those steps to which we must all attach very great importance, is the grouping of the colonies. We rejoice in this country that Canada has already shown the way, with results which everyone has seen have conduced greatly to her strength and to her prosperity. We observe with the most lively interest the proceedings which are taking place in Australia with the same view. We know that in South African politics the same idea has bulked very largely in the past, and probably will come to the front again. In regard to all these matters it is not for us to offer advice; it is not for us to impress upon you in any shape our interference or our assistance. If it be possible for us in any way to help to give effect to your own desires I need not say that we are entirely at your service; but in the meantime I can assure you, on behalf, I am sure, of the people of this country, that we most heartily wish success to your efforts, believing, as I have said, that it will in your case, as it has already done in the case of Canada, conduce to your prosperity and to your power. But as regards the larger question and anything in the nature of a federation of the empire, the subject seems to me to depend entirely upon the feeling which exists in the colonies themselves. Here you will be met half way. The question is whether up to the present time there is such a genuine popular demand for closer union as would justify us in considering practical proposals to give



RT. HON. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, one of the most eloquent of modern orators, perhaps the leading statesman of the world for a time, made his last speech in the British House of Commons on the 1st of March, 1894. Without being pathetic or dramatic, without a formal farewell, he spoke for the last time in that great meeting house which he had entered for the first time sixty-one years before, and in which for a score of years he had been the chief figure.

it shape. I feel that there is a real necessity for some better machinery of consultation between the self-governing colonies and the Mother Country, and it has sometimes struck me—I offer it now merely as a personal suggestion—that it might be feasible to create a great council of the Empire to which the colonies would send representative plenipotentiaries—not mere delegates who were unable to speak in their name without further reference to their respective Government, but persons who by their positions in the colonies, by their representative character, and by their close touch with colonial feeling would be able, upon all subjects submitted to them, to give really effective and valuable advice. If such a council were to be created it would at once assume an immense importance, and it is perfectly evident that it might develop into something still greater. It might slowly grow to that Federal Council to which we must always look forward as our ultimate ideal. And to a council of this kind would be committed, in the first instance, the discussion of all minor subjects of common interest, and their opinion would be taken and would weigh most materially in the balance before any decision were come to either by this country or by the Legislatures of the several colonies in regard to such matters.

"There is only one point in reference to this which it is absolutely necessary that we all should bear in mind. It may be that the time has come, and if not I believe it will come, when the colonies will desire to substitute for the slight relationship which at present exists a true partnership, and in that case they will want their share in the management of the Empire which we like to think is as much theirs as it is ours. But, of course, with the privilege of management and of control will also come the obligation and the responsibility. There will come some form of contribution towards the expenses for objects which we shall have in common. That, I say, is self-evident, but it is to be borne in mind even in these early stages of the consideration of the subject."

GLADSTONE ON HOME RULE.

THE Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone was one of the half-dozen great orators and statesmen of the nineteenth century. His greatest ambition was to give Ireland Home Rule, but he died with it unfulfilled. Some paragraphs from his speech at Swansea, Wales, June, 1887, will throw light on his attitude and afford an example of his oratory:

"You will readily believe that I have not only been impressed but almost oppressed by the sense of the events and manifestations of to-day, and if it were in your power really to invest me with the qualities which your kindness ascribes to me, I should possess faculties to serve my country infinitely in advance of any I can claim; but such as I am, I am at the command of my country. A limited span may still be allotted to me for public service after a term already extended much beyond what is usually given to man, and this will be given to the service of my country, in spite of my deep sense of the violence done to nature in carrying on through old age, especially as it approaches extreme old age, a life of contention; yet the service of my country is a purpose great and so special, as sir, it has been so justly described by you—a purpose, not only affecting the happiness of all classes of Ireland, but likewise having such a position in regard to

Imperial affairs and Imperial honor that, for the present at least, it may be said to overshadow and absorb in itself all and every other question. On that question, gentlemen, I should wish to say some words to you to-night. I have never felt that, in proposing to grant Ireland—subject to the unity of the Empire and the authority of Parliament—a full and real power to manage exclusively Irish affairs, I was proposing a Liberal measure in a mere party sense. A Liberal measure it is in this sense—in this broad and noble sense—that it is a just and a generous measure, and those who cast their eyes over the history of the present century will, I think, in future times acknowledge, and, I believe, that impartial historians will record in how large and comprehensive a degree the hand of the Liberal party has been practically associated with liberty and justice. But I am bound to say that I regard nothing in that measure of a character to associate with any extremes of political opinion. It is in the first place a Conservative measure. We, the Liberals, aim at calling back to existence, subject to due safeguards and control, a Parliament in place of the ancient Legislature which was ruthlessly and cruelly put an end to at the close of the last century. This is surely a Conservative measure. The Irish people are struggling in conformity with their ancient principles; and that, gentlemen, is no special feature of a democratic policy, and it is absolutely the reverse of an innovating policy.

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"Much has been said out of Wales, and perhaps something in Wales, as to the position which the representatives of Ireland would bear to the Parliament in Westminster. This subject has greatly perplexed many minds, but if you ask me how many, I must frankly own that I think it has not perplexed a great many minds among the people of this country. They have looked on the question broadly as a matter of truth, honor, and justice. They have taken a thoroughly national and Imperial view of it, and they have not allowed the consideration of any secondary question, however weighty, to prejudice them, or stop their straightforward course upon the path which they know leads to a desirable consummation. But at the same time much has been said, perhaps by some for the sake simply of throwing difficulty in our way —on that I will not dwell—and by others in perfect good faith. For example, there are many who say—and I do not put entirely a negative upon it—that the representation of Ireland at Westminster is a symbol of Imperial unity, and is in the nature of a means to secure it, and ought not to be lightly put aside. Well, in Scotland there is a feeling of a more definite character, and that feeling may possibly in a degree have found its way into Wales. You are aware better than I am to what extent that is the case. But in Scotland there is a considerable amount of desire for some kind of Home Rule for Scotland, and the persons who entertain that desire have been startled with this idea. They say to themselves, if Irish representatives are excluded from the Parliament of Westminster on account of their having a parliament in Dublin, we shall never be able to get any assembly for our own local affairs without being excluded from the Parliament of Westminster. And certainly I agree from the bottom of my heart with the Scotch in thinking that nothing could be more preposterous, more unnecessary, more absurd, than to exclude Scotch members from the Parliament of Westminster. Now, I know not whether a feeling of that kind prevails in Wales or not. I have not heard much of it. But, at any rate, whether it does or not, I think

there is ground for recognizing it as a fact, and endeavoring to give to the desire for information which is not unnaturally entertained whatever satisfaction the question may permit. Now, I am going to call your attention particularly to this question of the retention or exclusion of Irish members from Westminster, in connection with the establishment of a Parliament or local legislative body in Dublin for the management of exclusively Irish affairs; and I think it may be well to remind you of what has actually taken place on the subject, from which you will see how entirely free we are to deal with the whole of this question as policy and good sense may dictate. When the Irish Government Bill was introduced I was closely pressed to declare what were the essential conditions of that Bill, what were the essential objects in the project, so that it might be understood in the future what portions of the Bill were open to discussion and what were already closed to discussion; and on April 13, 1886, I laid down five points as essential points. One point was that Imperial unity should be preserved—of course, through the supremacy of Parliament. The second point was that all the kingdom should be kept upon the basis of essential political equality. The third was, that there should be an equitable distribution of Imperial burdens. I will not say anything now upon that, because I can conceive there is no doubt about it. Fourthly, that there should be safeguards for minorities. Well, that had reference to the jealousies which prevailed in Ulster, and we again declared that if there is a desire—a well-considered desire—on the part of the Protestant population in the portion of Ulster capable of being dealt with separately, we were perfectly agreed to consider any plan for that purpose. And, fifthly, the last essential was that the measure we proposed should be in the nature of what is called a final arrangement—a real settlement—we never can speak of absolute finality,—but still, that it should be in the nature of one of those real settlements, which we expect not to be followed at any early time by a reagitation of the subject. These were the five essential points of the measure, and you will observe that at that date the inclusion or exclusion of Irish members at Westminster was not among our essential points. It was left to be dealt with freely as the expediency and conviction of the country might determine."

BEACONSFIELD ON EDUCATION.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Lord Beaconsfield, was a great statesman and a distinguished novelist. As an orator he did not perhaps equal Gladstone, his great rival, but his style was wittier and brighter if less elevated. One of his most philosophical utterances was a speech made early in his career (1844). He was addressing an audience of business men at Manchester, and in part said:

"Why, when the great body of mankind had become familiar with this great discovery (the value of education), when they learned that a new source was opened to them of influence and enjoyment, is it wonderful that from that hour the heart of nations has palpitated with the desire of becoming acquainted with all that has happened, and with speculating on what may occur? It has indeed produced on the popular intellect an influence almost as great as—I might say analogous to—the great change which was produced upon the old commercial world by the discovery of

BENJAMIN DISRAELI (LORD BEACONSFIELD) passed from the British political stage some twenty years ago. A man of Hebrew parentage, without wealth, without social position, without aristocratic connections, he won his way to the leading position in the British Empire, and was twice Premier. He was gay, egotistical, ambitious. He became grave, dignified and powerful. His epigrams won him enemies but they also won him fame. He will long be remembered in Canada as one of the first English statesmen to declare that the colonies might become integral and important parts of a Greater Britain.

the Americans. A new standard of value was introduced, and after this, to be distinguished, man must be intellectual. Nor indeed am I surprised that this feeling has so powerfully influenced our race; for the idea that human happiness is dependent on the cultivation of the mind and on the discovery of truth, is, next to the conviction of our immortality, the idea the most full of consolation to man; for the cultivation of the mind has no limits, and truth is the only thing that is eternal. Indeed, when you consider what a man is who knows only what is passing under his own eyes, and what the condition of the same man must be who belongs to an institution like the one which has assembled us together to-night, is it—ought it to be—a matter of surprise that from that moment to the present you have had a general feeling throughout the civilized world in favor of the diffusion of knowledge? A man who knows nothing but the history of the passing hour, who knows nothing of the history of the past but that a certain person whose brain was as vacant as his own occupied the same house as himself, who in a moment of despondency or of gloom has no hope in the morrow, because he has read nothing that has taught him that the morrow has any changes—that man, compared with him who has read the most ordinary abridgment of history or the most common philosophical speculation, is as distinct and different an animal as if he had fallen from some other planet, was influenced by a great organization, working for a different end, and hoping for a different result. It is knowledge that influences and equalizes the social condition of man; that gives to all, however different their political position, passions which are in common, and enjoyments which are universal. Knowledge is like the mystic ladder in the patriarch's dream. Its base rests on the primæval earth, its crest is lost in the shadowy splendor of the empyrean; while the great authors, who for traditionary ages have held the chain of science and philosophy, or poesy and erudition, are the angels ascending and descending the sacred scale to maintain, as it were, the communication between man and heaven. This feeling is so universal, that there is no combination of society in any age in which it has not developed itself. It may indeed be partly restrained under despotic governments, under peculiar systems of retarded civilization, but it is a consequence as incidental to the spirit and the genius of the Christian civilization of Europe as that the day should follow the night, and the stars should be shining according to their laws and order. Why, the very name of the institution that brings us together illustrates the fact. I can recall, and I think I see more than one gentleman around me who equally can recall the hours in which we wandered amid—

"Fields that cool Ulyssus loves."

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"I still can remember that olive-crowned plain, that sunset crag, that citadel fame of ineffable beauty! That was a brilliant civilization developed by a gifted race more than 2,000 years ago, at a time when the ancestors of the manufacturers of Manchester, who now clothe the world, were themselves covered with skins and tattooes like the red men of the wilderness. But influences more powerful even than the useful lapse of time separate and distinguish you from that race.

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"Yet, amid the toil and triumphs of your scientific industry, upon you there comes the indefinable, the irresistible yearning for intellectual refinement; you build an edifice consecrated to those beautiful emotions

and to those civilizing studies in which they excelled, and you impress upon its front a name taken from—

"Where on Ægean shores a city rose,
Built nobly; clear the air and light the soil;
Athens the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence."

"Beautiful triumph of immortal genius. Sublime incentive to eternal fame! Then, when the feeling is so universal, when it is one which modern civilization is maturing and developing, who does not feel that it is not only the most benevolent, but the most politic thing you can do to avail yourself of its influence, and to direct in every way the formation of that character upon which intellect must necessarily now exercise an irresistible influence? We cannot shut our eyes any longer to the immense revolution; knowledge is no longer a lonely eremite affording a chance and captivating hospitality to some wandering pilgrim; knowledge is now found in the market-place, a citizen and a leader of citizens. The spirit has touched the multitude; it has impregnated the mass—

Totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet.

"I would yet say one word to those for whom this institution is not entirely but principally formed. I would address myself to that youth on whom the hopes of all societies repose and depend. I doubt not that they feel conscious of the position which they occupy—a position which, under all circumstances, at all periods, in every clime and country, is one replete with duty. The Youth of a nation are the Masters of Posterity; but the youth I address have duties peculiar to the position which they occupy. They are the rising generation of a society unprecedented in the history of the world; that is at once powerful and new. In other parts of the kingdom the remains of an ancient civilization are prepared ever to guide, to cultivate, to inform, to influence the rising mind. But they are born in a miraculous creation of novel powers, and it is rather a providential instinct that has developed the necessary means of maintaining the order of your new civilization than the natural foresight of man. This is their inheritance. They will be called upon to perform duties—great duties; I for one wish, for their sakes and for the sake of my country, that they may be performed greatly. I give to them that counsel that I have ever given to youth, and which I believe to be the wisest and the best—I tell them to aspire. I believe that the man who does not look up will look down, and that the spirit that does not dare to soar is destined perhaps to grovel. Every individual is entitled to aspire to that position which he believes his faculties qualify him to occupy; I know that there are some who look with what I believe is short-sighted timidity and false prudence upon such views. They are apt to tell us, 'Beware of filling the youthful mind with an impetuous tumult of turbulent fancies; teach youth rather to be content with his position; do not induce him to fancy that he is that which he is not, or to aspire to that which he cannot achieve.' In my mind these are superficial delusions. He who enters the world finds his level. It is the solitary being, the isolated individual alone in his solitude who may be apt to miscalculate his powers and misunderstand his character. But action teaches him the truth even if it be a stern one; association affords him the best criticism in the world, and I will venture to say that if he belongs to the Athenæum, though when he enters it he may think himself a genius, if nature has not given him a passionate and creative soul, before a week has elapsed he will become a very sober-minded individual."

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